







THE  
WORKS  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM JONES  
  
WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
BY  
LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS

TO

## THE TENTH VOLUME.

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	PAGE
THE MOALTAKAT; OR, SEVEN ARABIAN POEMS WHICH WERE SUSPENDED ON THE TEMPLE AT MECCA.	
Advertisement - - - - -	1
The Poem of Muriokais - - - - -	9
The Poem of Tarfa. - - - - -	21
The Poem of Zohair - - - - -	41
The Poem of Lebeid - - - - -	55
The Poem of Antara - - - - -	73
The Poem of Amru - - - - -	8
The Poem of Hareth - - - - -	21
Originals - - - - -	125

## POEMS, CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF TRANSLA- TIONS FROM THE ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

Dedication - - - - -	197
The Preface - - - - -	199
Solima, an Arabian Elegy - - - - -	206
The Palace of Fortune, an Indian Tale - - - - -	211
The Seven Fountains, an Eastern Elogue - - - - -	230
A Persian Song of Hafiz - - - - -	251

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
An Ode of Petrarch, to the Fountain of Valchiupa	255
M. de Voltaire's Paraphrase of the first Stanza	260
Laura, an Elegy from Petrarch	261
A Turkish Ode of Mesiki	271
The Same, in Imitation of the Pervigilium Veneris	277
Arcadia, a Pastoral Poem	281
Caissa; or, The Game at Chess	301
Carminum Liber	317
An Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations	329
Essay on the Arts called Imitative	361
The Muse recalled; an Ode	381
An Ode in Imitation of Alceus	389
An Ode in Imitation of Callistratus	391
Ad Libertatem Carmen	394
Lettre à Monsieur A****-du P****, dans laquelle est compris l'Examen de sa Traduction des Livres attribués à Zoroastre	402

THE

POLYM

A M R T O L K A I S.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself attended, on a journey by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, *he desires them to stop awhile*, that he might indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request, but exhort him to show more strength of mind, and urge two topics of consolation; namely, *that he had before been equally unhappy*, and *that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures*: thus by the recollection of his passed delight his imagination is kindled, and his grief suspended.

He then gives his friends a lively account of his juvenile frolics, to one of which they had alluded. It seems, he had been in love with a girl named *Onaiza*, and had in vain sought an occasion to declare his passion: one day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels. *Amazoknis* advanced slowly at a distance, and,

when the men were out of sight, had the pleasure of seeing *Onaiza* retire with a party of damsels to a rivulet or pool, called *Daratjuljul*, where they undressed themselves, and were bathing, when the lover appeared, dismounted from his camel, and sat upon their clothes, proclaiming aloud, that *whoever would redeem her dress, must present herself naked before him.*

They adjured, entreated, expostulated; but, when it grew late, they found themselves obliged to submit, and all of them recovered their clothes except *Onaiza*, who renewed her adjurations, and continued a long time in the water: at length she also performed the condition, and dressed herself. Some hours had passed, when the girls complained of cold and hunger: *Amriolkais* therefore instantly killed the young camel on which he had ridden, and, having called the female attendants together, made a fire and roasted him. The afternoon was spent in gay conversation, not without a cheerful cup, for he was provided with wine in a leather bottle; but, when it was time to follow the tribe, the prince (for such was his rank) had neither camel nor horse, and *Onaiza*, after much importunity, consented to take him on her camel before the carriage, while the other damsels divided among themselves the less agreeable burden of his arms, and the furniture of his beast.

The next relates his courtship of *Fathima*, and his more dangerous amour with a girl of a tribe at

war with his own, *whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates.* From these love-tales he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude, when he was passing a desert in the darkest night; and the mention of the morning, which succeeded, leads him to a long description of his hunter, and of a chase in the forest, followed by a feast on the game, which had been pierced by his javelins.

Here his narrative seems to be interrupted by a storm of lightning and violent rain: he nobly describes the shower and the torrent, which it produced down all the adjacent mountains, and, his companions retiring to avoid the storm, the drama (for the poem has the form of a dramatick pastoral) ends abruptly.

The metre is of the first species, called *long verse*, and consists of the *baechius*, or *amphibrachys*, followed by the first *epitrite*; or, in the fourth and eighth places, of the distich, by the *double iambus*, the last syllable being considered as a long one: the regular form, taken from the second chapter of *Commentaries on Dramatick Poetry*, is this;

“Amator | puellarum | ~~nigra~~ sae | pe fa litur”  
“Ocellis | nigris, labris | odoris, | nigri comis.”

## POEM

OR

## AMROLKAS.

1     “ STAY—Let us weep at the remembrance of our beloved, *at the sight of the station where her tent was raised*, by the edge of yon bending sands between DAHUL and HAUMEL,

2     “ TUDAM and MIKRA; a station, the marks of which are not wholly effaced, though the south wind and the north have woven the twisted sand.’

3     Thus I spoke, when my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, “ Perish not through despair: only be patient.”

4     A profusion of tears, answered I, is my sole relief; but what avails it to shed them over the remains of a deserted mansion?

5     “ Thy condition, they replied, is not more painful than when thou leftst HEWATRA,

" before thy present passion, and her neighbour  
 " bouri REBABABA, on the hills of MASEL."

6 Yes, I rejoined, when those two damsels departed, musk was diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of clove-gillyflowers :

7 Then gushed the tears from my eyes, through excess of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my sword-belt was drenched in the stream.

8 " Yet hast thou passed many days in sweet converse with the fair; but none so sweet as the day, which thou spentest by the pool of DARAT JULJUL.

9 On that day I killed my camel to give the virgins a feast; and oh! how strange was it, that they should carry his trappings and furniture!

10 The damsels continued till evening helping one another to the roasted flesh, and to the delicate fat like the fringe of white silk finely woven.

11 On that happy day I entered the carriage, the carriage of ONAIZA, who said, " Who to thee! thou wilt compel me to travel on foot."

12 She added (while the vehicle was bent

aside with our weight), " O AMRIOLKAIS,  
" descend, or my beast also will be killed."

13     I answered : " Proceed; and loosen his  
" rein; nor withhold from me the fruits  
" of thy love, which again and again may  
" be tasted with rapture."

14     " Many a fair one like thee, though not  
" like thee a virgin, have I visited by night;  
" and many a lovely mother have I divert-  
" ed from the care of her yearling infant  
" adorned with amulets :

15     " When the suckling behind her cried,  
" she turned round to him with half her  
" body; but half of it, pressed beneath my  
" embrace, was not turned from me."

16     Delightful too was the day, when FA-  
THIMA at first rejected me on the summit  
of yon sand-hill, and took an oath, which  
she declared inviolable.

17     " O FATHIMA, said I, away with so  
" much coyness; and, if thou hadst re-  
" solved to abandon me, yet at last relent.

18     " If, indeed, my disposition and manners  
" are displeasing to thee, rend at once the  
" mantle of my heart, that it may be de-  
" tached from thy love.

19     " Art thou so haughty, because my pas-

“ sion for thee destroys me ; and because  
 “ whatever thou commandest, my heart  
 “ performs ? ”

20     “ *Ibou-weepeft*—yet thy tears flow mere-

“ ly to wound my heart with the shafts of  
 “ thine eyes ; my heart, already broken to  
 “ pieces and agonizing.”

21     *Besides these*—with many a spotless vir-  
 gin, whose tent had not yet been frequent-  
 ed, have I holden soft dalliance at perfect  
 leisure,

22     *To visit one of them*, I passed the guards  
 of her bower and a hostile tribe, who would  
 have been eager to proclaim my death.

23     It was the hour, when the Pleiads ap-  
 peared in the firmament, like the folds of a  
 silken sail variously decked with gems.

24     I approached—she stood *expecting me* by  
 the curtain ; and, as if she was preparing for  
 sleep, had put off all her vesture, but her  
 night-dress,

25     She said—“ By him who created me  
 “ (and gave me her lovely hand), I am  
 “ unable to refuse thee ; for I perceive,  
 “ that the blindness of thy passion is not to  
 “ be removed.”

26     Then I rose with her ; and, as we walk-

ed, she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

27 Soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale surrounded with hillocks of spiry sand,

28 I gently drew her towards me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace: her waist was gracefully slender; but sweetly swelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold.

29 Delicate was her shape; fair her skin; and her body well proportioned: her bosom was as smooth as a mirror,

30 Or like the pure egg of an ostrich of a yellowish tint blended with white, and nourished by a stream of wholesome water not yet disturbed.

31 She turned aside, and displayed her soft cheek: she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in the groves of WEGERA looking tenderly at her young.

32 Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind, but, when she raised it, exceeded not the juiciest symmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned.

33 Her long coal-black hair decorated her

back, thick and diffused like bunches of dates clustering on the palm-tree.

34 Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the ribbon, which bound them, was lost in her tresses, part braided, part dishevelled.

35 She discovered a waist taper as a well-twisted cord; and a leg both as white and as smooth as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed, bending over the rivulet.

36 When she sleeps at noon, her bed is besprinkled with musk: she puts on her robe of undress, but leaves the apron to her handmaids.

37 She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of DABIA, or dentifrices made of ESEL-wood.

38 The brightness of her face illuminates the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit.

39 On a girl like her, a girl of a moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enigmoured eye.

40 The blind passions of men for common objects of affection are soon dispersed; but

from the love of thee my heart cannot be released.

41 O how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a morose adviser, vehement in censuring my passion for thee; nor have I been moved by his repreaches!

42 Often has the night drawn her skirts around me like the billows of the ocean, to make trial of my fortitude in a variety of cares;

43 And I said to her (when she seemed to extend her sides, to drag on her unwieldy length, and to advance slowly with her breast),

44 " Dispel thy gloom, O tedious night;  
" that the morn may rise; although my  
" sorrows are such, that the morning-light  
" will not give me more comfort than thy  
" shades."

45 " O hideous night! a night in which  
" the stars are prevented from rising, as if  
" they were bound to a solid cliff with  
" strong cables!"

46 Often too have I risen at early dawn,  
while the birds were yet in their nests, and  
mounted a hunter with smooth short hair,  
of a full height, and so fleet as to make  
captive the beasts of the forest;

47 Ready in turning, quick in pursuing,  
bold in advancing, firm in backing ; and  
performing the whole with the strength  
and swiftness of a vast rock, which a tor-  
rent has pushed from its lofty base ;

48 A bright bay steed, from whose polished  
back the trappings slide, as drops of rain  
glide hastily down the slippery marble.

49 Even in his weakest state he seems to  
boil while he runs ; and the sound, which  
he makes in his rage, is like that of a  
bubbling cauldron.

50 When other horses, that swim through  
the air, are languid and kick the dust, he  
rushes on like a flood, and strikes the hard  
earth with a firm hoof.

51 He makes the light youth slide from his  
seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a  
heavier and more stubborn rider.;

52 Rapid as the pierced wood in the hands  
of a playful child, which he whirls quickly  
round with a well-fastened cord.

53 He has the loins of an antelope, and the  
thighs of an ostrich ; he trots like a wolf,  
and gallops like a young fox.

54 Firm are his haunches ; and, when his  
hinder parts are turned towards you, he  
fills the space between his legs with a long

thick tail, which touches not the ground, and inclines not to either side:

55 His back, when he stands in his stall, resembles the smooth stone on which perfumes are mixed for a bride, or the seeds of coloquinteda are bruised.

56 The blood of the swift game, which remains on his neck, is like the crimson juice of *Hinna* on grey flowing locks.

57 He bears us speedily to a herd of wild cattle, in which the heifers are fair as the virgins in black trailing robes, who dance round the idol DEWAAK:

58 They turn their backs, and appear like the variegated shells of YEMEN on the neck of a youth distinguished in his tribe for a multitude of noble kinsmen:

59 He soon brings us up to the foremost of the beasts, and leaves the rest far behind; nor has the herd time to disperse itself.

60 He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers, and overpowers them in a single heat, without being bathed, or even moistened, with sweat.

61 Then the busy cook dresses the game, roasting part, baking part on hot stones, and quickly boiling the rest in a vessel of iron.

62 In the evening we depart; and, when the beholder's eye ascends to the head of my hunter, and then descends to his feet, it is unable at once to take in all his beauties.

63 His trapping's and girths are still upon him; he stands erect before me, not yet loosed for pasture.

64 O friend, seek thou the lightning, whose flashes resemble the quick glance of two hands amid clouds raised above clouds?

65 The fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil, poured on them, shakes the cord by which they are suspended.

66 I sit gazing at it, while my companions stand between DAARIDGE and ODHAIB; but far distant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed.

67 Its right side seems to pour its rain on the hills of KATAN, and its left on the mountains of SIFFAAR and YADBUL.

68 It continues to discharge its waters over EOTAIN till the rushing torrent lays prostrate the groves of Canabbel-trees.

69 It passes over mount KE'NAAN, which it deluges in its course, and forces the wild goats to descend from every cliff.

70 On mount TAIMA it leaves not one trunk of a palm-tree, nor a single edifice, which is not built with well-cemented stone.

71 Mount TEBEER stands in the heights of the flood like a venerable chief wrapped in a striped mantle.

72 The summit of MOGAIMIR, covered with the rubbish which the torrent has rolled down, looks in the morning like the top of a spindle encircled with wool.

73 The cloud unloads its freight on the desert of GHABELT, like a merchant of YEMEN alighting with his bales of rich apparel.

74 The small birds of the valley warble at day-break, as if they had taken their early draught of generous wine mixed with spice.

75 The beasts of the wood, drowned in the floods of night, float, like the roots of wild onions, at the distant edge of the lake.



THE  
POEM  
OF  
TARÀFA.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem was occasioned by a little incident highly characteristic of pastoral manners. TARAFĀ and his brother MĀBEB jointly possessed a herd of camels, and had agreed to watch them alternately, each on his particular day, lest, as they were grazing, they should be driven off by a tribe with whom their own clan was at war; but our poet was so immersed in meditation, and so wedded to his muse, that he often neglected his charge, and was sharply reproved by his brother, who asked him sarcastically, *Whether, if he lost the camels, they could be restored by his poetry?* " You shall be " convinced of it," answered TARAFĀ; and persisted so long in his negligence, that the whole herd was actually seized by the MODERITES. This was more than he really expected; and he applied to all his friends for assistance in recovering the camels: among others he solicited the help of his cousin MĀLEC, who, instead of granting it, took the opportunity of rebuking him with acrimony for his remissness in that instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention; telling him, that *he was a disgrace to his family, and had raised innumerable enemies.*

The defence of a poet was likely to be best made in poetical language; and TARAFĀ produced the following composition in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life, which had exposed him to censure.

He glories in his passion for women, and begins as usual with lamenting the departure of his beloved KHAUZA, or *the tender fawn*; whose beauty he describes in a very lively strain. It were to be wished, that he had said more of his mistress, and less of his camel, of which he interweaves a very long, and no very pleasing, description.

The rest of the poem contains an eloge on his own fortitude, sprightliness, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations on the unkindness and ingratitude of MALEC, and with all the common topics in favour of voluptuousness: he even triumphs on having slain and dressed one of his father's camels, and blames the old man for his churlishness and avarice. It is a tradition preserved by Abu Obeida, that one of the chiefs, whom the poet complimented in the eightieth couplet, made him a present of a hundred camels, and enabled him, as he had promised, to convince his brother, that poetry could repair his loss.

The metre is the same with that used by AMRI-  
OLKAIS.

## POEM

or

## T A R A F A.

1     “THE mansion of KHAULA is desolate,  
“and the traces of it on the stony  
“hills of TAHMED faintly shine, like the  
“remains of blue figures painted on the  
“back of a hand.”

2     *While I spoke thus to myself,* my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, “Perish not through despair, but act with fortitude.”

3     “Ah! said I, the vehicles, which bore away my fair one, on the morning when the tribe of MALEC departed, and their camels were traversing the banks of DEDA, resembled large ships.”

4     Sailing from ADULI; or vessels of the merchant IBN YAMIN, which the mariner now turns obliquely, and now steers in a direct course;

5     Ships, which cleave the foaming waves.

with their prows, as a boy at his play divides with his hand the collected earth.

- 6 In that tribe was a lovely antelope with black eyes, dark ruddy lips, and a beautiful neck gracefully raised to crop the fresh berries of ERAC, a neck adorned with two strings of pearls and topazes.
- 7 She strays from her young, and feeds with the herd of roes in the tangled thicket, where she brouzes the edges of the wild fruit, and covers herself with a mantle of leaves:
- 8 She smiles; and displays her bright teeth rising from their dark-coloured basis, like a privet-plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand moistened with dew:
- 9 To her teeth the sun has imparted his brilliant water; but not to the part where they grow, which is sprinkled with lead-ore, while the ivory remains unspotted.
- 10 Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams: unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.
- 11 Such cares as this, whenever they oppress my soul, I dispel by taking adventurous journeys on a lean yet brisk camel.

who runs with a quick pace both morning  
and evening;

12 Sure-footed, firm and thin as the planks  
of a bier; whose course I hasten over  
long-trodden paths, variegated like a  
striped vest.

13 She rivals the swiftest camels even of  
the noblest breed, and her hind-feet ra-  
pidly follow her fore-feet on the beaten  
way.

14 In the vernal season, she grazes on  
yon two hills among others of her race,  
whose teats are not yet filled with milk,  
and depastures the lawns, whose finest  
grass the gentle showers have made luxu-  
riantly green.

15 She turns back at the sound of her  
rider's voice; and repels the caresses of a  
thick-haired russet stallion with the lash of  
her bushy tail,

16 Which appears as if the two wings of  
a large white eagle were transfix'd by an  
awl to the bone, and hung waving round  
both her sides:

17 One while it lashes the place of him  
who rides hindmost on her; another  
while, it plays round her teats, which are  
become wrinkled and flaccid like a lea-

therin' bag, their milk no longer distending them.

18 Her two haunches are plump, and compact as the two smooth valves of a lofty castle-gate.

19 Supple is her back-bone: her ribs are like the strongest bows; and her neck is firmly raised on the well-connected vertebrae.

20 The two cavities under her shoulders are spacious as two dens of beasts among the wild lotus-plants; and stiff bows appear to be bent under her sinewy loins.

Her two thighs are exceedingly strong, and, when she moves, they diverge like two buckets carried from a well in the hands of a robust drawer of water.

22 Her joints are well knit, and her bones are solid, like a bridge of Grecian architecture, whose builder had vowed, that he would enclose it with well-cemented bricks.

23 The hair under her chin is of a reddish hue: her back is muscular: she takes long, yet quick, steps with her hind-feet, and moves her fore-feet with agility.

24 She tosses them from her chest with the strength and swiftness of cables firmly pulled by a nervous arm; and her shoul-

ders are bent like the rafters of a lofty dome :

25 She turns rapidly from the path : exceedingly swift is her pace ; long is her head ; and her shoulder-bones are strongly united to her sides.

26 The white and hollow marks of the cords, with which her burdens have been tied to her back, resemble pools of water on the smooth brow of a solid rock,

27 Marks, which sometimes unite and sometimes are distinct, like the gores of fine linen, which are sewed under the arms of a well-cut robe.

28 Long is her neck ; and, when she raises it with celerity, it resembles the stern of a ship floating aloft on the bilowy TIGRIS.

29 Her skull is firm as an anvil ; and the bones, which the sutures unite, are indented, and sharp as a file.

30 Her cheek is smooth and white as paper of SYRIA ; and her lips, as soft as dyed leather of YEMEN, exactly and smoothly cut.

31 Her two eyes, like two polished mirrors, have found a hiding-place in the caverns of their orbits, the bones of which

are like rocks, in whose cavities the water  
is collected :

32     Thou beholdest them free from blemish  
or spot, and resembling in beauty those of  
a wild cow, the mother of playful young,  
when the voice of the hunter has filled her  
with fear.

33     Her ears truly distinguish every sound,  
to which she listens attentively in her  
nightly journies, whether it be a gentle  
whisper or a loud noise;

34     Sharp ears, by which the excellence of  
her breed is known ! ears, like those of  
a solitary wild-bull in the groves of  
HAUMEL.

35     Her heart, easily susceptible of terror,  
palpitates with a quick motion, yet re-  
mains firm in her chest as a round solid  
stone striking a broad floor of marble.

36     If I please, she raises her head to the  
middle of her trappings, and swims with  
her fore-legs as swift as a young ostrich..

37     If I please, she moves more slowly ; if  
not, she gallops through fear of the  
strong lash formed of twisted thongs.

38     Her upper lip is divided, and the softer  
part of her nose is bored : when she

bends them towards the ground, her pace  
is greatly accelerated.

39 On a camel like this I continue my course, when the companion of my adventure exclaims : "Oh ! that I could re-deem thee, and redeem myself from the impending danger!"

40 While his soul flutters through fear, and, imagining that he has lost the way, he supposes himself on the brink of perdition.

41 When the people say aloud, "Who is the man *to deliver us from calamity ?*" I believe that they call upon me, and I disgrace not their conunission by supineness or folly.

42 I shake the lash over my camel, and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs.

43 She floats proudly along with her flowing tail, as the dancing-girl floats in the banquet of her lord, and spreads the long white skirts of her trailing vest.

44 I inhabit not the lofty hills through fear of enemies or of guests ; but, when the tribe or the traveller demand my assistance, I give it eagerly.

45 If you seek me in the circle of the af-

sembléd nation, there you find me; and, if you hunt me in the bowers of the vintner, there too you discover your game....

46 When you visit me in the morning, I offer you a flowing goblet; and, if you make excuses, I bid you drink it with pleasure, and repeat your draught.

47 When all the clan are met to state their pretensions to nobility, you will perceive me raised to the summit of an illustrious house, the refuge of the distressed.

48 My companions in the feast are youths bright as stars, and singing-girls, who advance towards us, clad in striped robes and saffron-coloured mantles:

49 Large is the opening of their vests above their delicate bosoms, through which the inflamed youth touches their uncovered breasts of exquisite softness.

50 When we say to one of them, "Let us hear a song," she steps before us with easy grace, and begins with gentle notes, in a voice not forced:

51 \* When she warbles in a higher strain, you would believe her notes to be those of camels lamenting their lost young.

52 Thus I drink old wine without ceasing,

and enjoy the delights of life ; selling and dissipating my property both newly acquired and inherited ;

53 Until the whole clan reject me, and leave me solitary like a diseased camel smeared with pitch :

54 Yet even now I perceive, that the sons of earth (*the most indigent men*) acknowledge my bounty, and the rich inhabitants of yon extended camp, *confess my glory*.

55 O thou, who censurest me for engaging in combats and pursuing pleasures, wilt thou, if *I avoid them*, insure my immortality ?

56 If thou art unable to repel the stroke of death, allow me, before it comes, to enjoy the good, which I possess.

57 Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I swear by thy prosperity, that I should not be solicitous how soon my friends visited me on my death-bed :

58 First; to rise before the censurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which sparkles and froths when the clear stream is poured into it.

59 Next, when a warriour, encircled by foes, implores my aid, to bend towards

him my prancing charger, fierce as a wolf among the GADHA-trees, whom the sound of human steps has awakened, and who runs to quench his thirst at the brook.

60 Thirdly, to shorten a cloudy day, a day astonishingly dark, by toying with a lovely delicate girl under a tent supported by pillars,

61 A girl, whose bracelets and garters seem hung on the stems of OSHAR-trees, or of *ricinus*, not stripped of their soft leaves.

62 Suffer me whilst I live, to drench my head with wine, - left, having drunk too little in my life-time, *I should be thirsty in another state.*

63 A man of my generous spirit drinks his full draught to-day; and to-morrow, when we are dead, it will be known, which of us has not quenched his thirst.

64 I see no difference between the tomb of the anxious miser, gasping over his hoard, and the tomb of the libertine lost in the maze of voluptuousness.

65 You behold the sepulchres of them both raised in two heaps of earth, on which are elevated two broad piles of solid marble among the tombs closely connected.

65 Death, I observe, selects the noblest heroes for her victims, and reserves as her property the choicest possessions of the torpid hoarder.

67 I consider time as a treasure decreasing every night; and that, which every day diminishes, soon perishes for-ever.

68 By thy life, my friend, when death inflicts not her wound, she resembles a camel-driver, who relaxes the cord which remains twisted in his hand.

69 What causes the variance, which I perceive, between me and my cousin MALEC, who, whenever I approach him, retires and flees to a distance?

70 He censures me, whilst I know not the ground of his censure; just as KARTH, the son of AABED, reproved me in the assembly of the tribe.

71 He bids me wholly despair of all the good which I seek, as if we had buried it in a gloomy grave;

72 And this for no defamatory words which I have uttered, but only because I sought, without remissness, for the camels of my brother MABED.

73 I have drawn closer the ties of our relation, and I swear by thy prosperity, that,

in all times of extreme distress, my succour is at hand.

74 Whenever I am summoned on momentous enterprises, I am prepared to encounter peril; and, whenever the foe assails thee impetuously, I defend thee with equal vehemence.

75 If any base defamers injure thy good name by their calumnies, I force them, without previous menace, to drain a cup from the pool of death;

76 Yet, without having committed any offence, I am treated like the worst offender, am censured, insulted, upbraided, rejected.

77 Were any other man *but* MALEQ my cousin, he would have dispelled my cares; or have left me at liberty for a season..

78 But my kinsman strangles me with cruelty, even at the very time when I am giving thanks for past, and requesting new, favours; even when I am seeking from him the redemption of my soul.

79 The unkindness of relations gives keenest anguish to every noble breast than the stroke of an INDIAN cimeter.

80 Permit me then to follow the bent of

my nature, and I will be grateful for thy indulgence, although my abode should be fixed at such a distance as the mountains of DARGHED.

81 Had it pleased the Author of my being, I might have been illustrious as KAIS, the son of KHALED; had it pleased my Creator, I might have been eminent as AMRU, the son of MORTHED:

82 Then should I have abounded in wealth; and the noblest chiefs would have visited me as a chieftain equally noble.

83 I am light, as you know me all, and am nimble; following my own inclinations, and briskly moving as the head of a serpent with flaming eyes.

84 I have sworn, that my side should never cease to line a bright INDIAN blade with two well-polished and well-sharpened edges.

85 A penetrating cimeter! When I advance with it in my defence against a fierce attack, the first stroke makes a second unnecessary: it is not a mere pruning-sickle,

86 But the genuine brother of confidence, not bent by the most impetuous blow; and, when they say to me, "Gently," I

restrain its rage, and exclaim, "It is  
"enough."

87 When the whole clan are bracing on  
their armour with eager haste, thou mayst  
find me victorious in the conflict, as soon  
as my hand can touch the hilt of this  
cimeter.

88 Many a herd of slumbering camels have  
I approached with my drawn sabre, when  
the foremost of them *awakening* have fled  
through fear of me :

89 But one of them has passed before me,  
strong-limbed, full-breasted, and well-fed,  
the highly-valued property of a morose  
old churl, dry and thin as a fuller's club.

90 He said to me, when the camel's hoof  
and thigh were dismembered, "Seest thou  
not how great an injury thou hast done  
me ?

91 Then he turned to his attendants, say-  
ing, "What opinion do you form of that  
young wine-drinker, who assails us im-  
petuously; whose violence is precon-  
certed ?"

92 "Leave him," he added, and let this  
camel be his perquisite; but, unless you  
drive off the hindmost of the herd, he  
will reiterate his mischief."

93 Then our damsels were busy in dressing  
the camel's foal, and eagerly served up the  
luscious bunch.

94 O daughter of MABED, sing my praises,  
if I am slain, according to my desert, and  
rend thy vest with sincere affliction !

95 Compare me not with any man, whose  
courage equals not my courage ; whose  
exploits are not like mine ; who has not  
been engaged in combats, in which I  
have been distinguished ;

96 With a man slow in noble enterprises,  
but quick in base pursuits, dishonoured in  
the assembly of the tribe, and a yile out-  
cast.

97 Had I been ignoble among my coun-  
trymen, the enmity of the befriended and  
the friendless might have been injurious to  
me ;

98 But their malevolence is repelled by  
my firm defiance of them, by my boldness  
in attack, by my solid integrity, and my  
exalted birth.

99 By thy life, the hardest enterprises nei-  
ther fill my day with solicitude, nor  
lengthen the duration of my night,

100 But many a day have I fixed my sta-  
tion immoveably in the close conflict, and

defended a pass, regardless of hostile menaces,

101 On my native field of combat, where even the boldest hero might be apprehensive of destruction ; where the muscles of our chargers quake, as soon as they mingle in battle ;

102 And many an arrow *for drawing lots* have I seen well-hardened and made yellow by fire; and then have delivered it into the hand of a gamester noted for ill-fortune.

103 *Too much wisdom is folly*; for time will produce events, of which thou canst have no idea; and he, to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.



THE  
•PQM  
OF  
ZOHĀ'R.

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

THE war of DABIS, of which *Amriolkqis* is by some supposed to have been the cause, had raged near forty years, if the *Arabien* account be true, between the tribes of ABS and DHOBYAN, who both began at length to be tired of so bloody and ruinous a contest: a treaty was therefore proposed and concluded; but HOSEIN, the son of DEMDEM, whose brother HAREM had been slain by WARD, the son of HABES, had taken a solemn oath, not unusual among the Arabs, that he would not bathe his head in water, until he had avenged the death of his brother, by killing either WARD himself, or one of his nearest relations. His head was not long unbathed; and he is even supposed to have violated the law of hospitality by slaying a guest, whom he found to be an ABSITE descended lineally from the common ancestor GALEB. This malignant and vindictive spirit gave great displeasure to HARETH and HAREM, two virtuous chiefs of the same tribe with HOSEIN; and, when the ABSITES were approaching in warlike array to resent the infraction of the treaty, HARETH sent his own

son to the tent of their chief with *a present of a hundred fine camels*, as an atonement for the murder of their countryman, and a message importing his firm reliance on their honour, and his hope, *that they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of his son.* Upon this Rabeiah, the prince of ABS, having harangued his troops, and received their approbation, sent back the youth with this answer; that “he accepted the “camels as an expiatory gift, and would supply “the imperfection of the former treaty by a “sincere and durable peace.”

In commemoration of this noble act, ZOHAIR, then a very old man, composed the following panegyrick on *Hareth* and *Harem*, but the opening of it, like all the others, is amatory and elegiac: it has also something of the dramatick form.

The poet, supposed to be travelling with a friend, recognises the place where the tent of his mistress had been pitched twenty years before: he finds it wild and desolate; but his imagination is so warmed by associated ideas of former happiness, that he seems to discern a company of damsels, with his favourite in the midst of them, of whose appearance and journey he gives a very lively picture; and thence passes, rather abruptly, to the praises of the two peace-makers and their tribe; inveighs against the malignity of HOSEIN; personifies *War*, the miseries of

which he describes in a strain highly figurative; and concludes with a number of fine maxims, not unlike the proverbs of *Solomon*, which he repeats to his friend as a specimen of his wisdom acquired by long experience.

The measure is the same with that of the first and second poems.

THE

POEM

OF

Z.O H A I R.

---

ARE these the only traces of the lovely  
OMMAUFIA? Are these the silent ruins of  
her mansion in the rough plains of DER-  
RAAGE and MOTHATAPELEM?

- 2 Are the remains of her abode, in the two stations of RAKMA, become like blue stains renewed with fresh woad on the veins of the wrist?
- 3 There the wild cows with large eyes, and the milk-white deer, walk in slow succession, while their young rise hastily to follow them from every lair.
- 4 On this plain I stopped, after an absence of twenty summers, and with difficulty could recollect the mansion of my fair one after long meditation;
- 5 After surveying the black stones on which her cauldrons used to be raised, and the

canal round her tent, like the margin of a fish-pond, which time had not destroyed.

6 Soon as I recollect the dwelling-place of my beloved, I said to the remains of her bower: "Hail, sweet bower; may thy "morning be fair and auspicious!"

7 But, I added, look, my friend! dost thou not discern a company of maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above *the streaks of JORTHAM*?

8 They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of KENAAN. Oh! how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does KENAAN contain!

9 They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

10 They now appear by the valley of SABAAN, and now they pass through it: the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

11 When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

12 The locks of stained wool, that fall from their carriages, whenever they alight, re-

semble the scarlet berries of night-shade not yet crushed.)

13 They rose at day-break; they proceeded at early dawn; they are advancing towards the valley of RAS directly and surely, as the hand to the mouth.

14 Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents, like the Arab with a settled mansion.

15 Among them the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious observant eye may be gratified with charming objects.

16 In this place, how nobly did the two descendants of GAIDH, the son of MORRA, labour to unite the tribes, which a fatal effusion of blood had long divided!

17 "I have sworn by the sacred edifice, round which the sons of KORAISH and JORHAM, who built it; make devout processions;

18 Yes, I have solemnly sworn, that I would give due praise to that illustrious pair, who have shown their excellence in all affairs, both simple and complicated..

19 Noble chiefs! You reconciled ABS and PHORYAN after their bloody conflicts; after the deadly perfumes of MINSHAM had long scattered poison among them..

20 You said, " We will secure the publick  
 " good on a firm basis : whatever profusion  
 " of wealth or exertions of virtue it may  
 " demand, we *will* secure it." .

21 Thence you raised a strong fabrick of  
 peace ; from which all partial obstinacy and  
 all criminal supineness were alike remoyed.

22 Chiefs, exalted in the high ranks of  
 MAAD, *father of Arabs!* may you be led  
 into the paths of felicity ! The man, who  
 opens for his country a treasure of glory,  
 should himself be glorified.

23 They drove to the tents of their appeased  
 foes a herd of young camels, marked for  
 the goodness of their breed, and either in-  
 herited from their fathers or the scattered  
 prizes of war.

24 With a hundred camels they closed all  
 wounds: in due season were they given,  
 yet the givers were themselves free from  
 guilt.

25 The atonement was auspiciously offered  
 by one tribe to the other; yet those, who  
 offered it, had not shed a cupful of blood.

26 Oh ! convey this message from me to  
 the sons of DHOBYAN, and say to the con-  
 federates: Have you not bound yourselves  
 in this treaty by an indissoluble tie?

27 Attempt not to conceal from GOD the designs which your bosoms contain; for that, which you strive to hide, GOD perfectly knows.

28 He sometimes defers the punishment, but registers the crime in a volume, and reserves it for the day of account; sometimes he accelerates the chastisement, and heavily it falls!

29 War is a dire fiend, as you have known by experience; nor is this a new or a doubtful assertion concerning her.

30 When you expelled her from your plains, you expelled her covered with infamy; but, when you kindled her flame, she blazed and raged:

31 She ground you, as the mill grinds the corn with its lower stone: like a female camel she became pregnant; she bore twice in one year, and, at her last labour, she was the mother of twins:

32 She brought forth Distress and Ruin, monsters full-grown, each of them deformed as the dun camel of AAD: she then gave them her breast, and they were instantly weaned.

33 O what plenty she produced in your land! The provisions, which she supplied

were more abundant; no doubt, than those which the cities of IRAK dispense to their inhabitants; weighed with large weights, and measured in ample measures! .

34 Hail, illustrious tribe! They fix their tents where faithful allies defend their interests, whenever some cloudy night assails them with sudden adversity.

35 Hail, noble race! among whom neither can the revengeful man wreak his vengeance; nor is the penitent offender left to the mercy of his foes.

36 Like camels, were they turned loose to pasture between the times of watering; and then were they led to copious pools, horrid with arms and blood:

37 They dragged one another to their several deaths; and then were they brought back, like a herd, to graze on pernicious and noxious weeds..

38 I swore by my life, that I would extol with praises that excellent tribe, whom HOSEIN, the son of DEMDEM, injured, when he refused to concur in the treaty..

39 He bent his whole mind to the accomplishment of his hidden purpose: he revealed it not; he took no precipitate step.

40. He said; "I will accomplish my design;

" and will secure myself from my foe with  
" a thousand horses well-caparisoned."

41 He made a fierce attack, nor feared the number of tents, where *Death*, the mother of vultures, had fixed her mansion;

42 There the warriour stood armed at all points, fierce as a lion with strong muscles, with a flowing mane, with claws never blunted;

43 A bold lion, who, when he is assailed, speedily chastises the assailant; and, when no one attacks him openly, often becomes the aggressor.

44 Yet I swear by thy life, *my friend*, that their lances: poured not forth the blood of IBN NEHEIC, nor of MOTHÄLLEM cruelly slain:

45 Their javelins had no share in drinking the blood of NATFEL, nor that of WAHEB, nor that of IBN MOJADDEM,

46 The deaths of all those chiefs I myself have seen expiated with camels free from blemish, ascending the summits of rocks.

47 He indeed, who rejects the blunt end of the lance, which is presented as a token of peace, must yield to the sharpness of the point, with which every tall javelin is armed.

48 He, who keeps his promise, escapes blame; and, he, who directs his heart to the calm resting-place of integrity, will never flammer nor quake *in the assemblies of his nation.*

49 He, who trembles at all possible causes of death, falls in their way; even though he desire to mount the skies on a scaling-ladder.

50 He, who possesses wealth or talents, and withholds them from his countrymen, alienates their love, and exposes himself to their obloquy.

51 He, who continually debases his mind by suffering others to ride over it, and never raises it from so abject a state, will at last repent of his meanness.

52 He, who sojourns in foreign countries, mistakes his enemy for his friend; and him, who exalts not his own soul, the nation will not exalt.

53 He, who drives not invaders from his cistern with strong arms, will see it demolished; and he, who abstains ever so much from injuring others, will often himself be injured.

54 He, who conciliates not the hearts of men in a variety of transactions, will be

bitten by their sharp teeth, and trampled on by their pasterns.

55 He, who shields his reputation by generous deeds, will augment it; and he, who guards not himself from censure, will be censured.

56 I am weary of the hard burdens which life imposes; and every man who, *like me*, has lived fourscore years, will assuredly be no less weary.

57 I have seen Death herself stumble like a dim-sighted camel; but he, whom she strikes, falls; and he, whom she misses, grows old, even to decrepitude.

58 Whenever a man has a peculiar cast in his nature, although he supposes it concealed, it will soon be known.

59 Experience has taught me the events of this day and yesterday; but, as to the events of to-morrow, I confess my blindness.

60 \* Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is his heart: the rest is only an image composed of blood and flesh.

61 \* He, who confers benefits on persons unworthy of them, changes his praise to blame, and his joy to repentance.

62 \* How many men dost thou see, whose abundant merit is admired, when they are

silent, but whose failings are discovered, as soon as they open their lips !

63 \* An old man never grows wise after his folly ; but, when a youth has acted foolishly, he may attain wisdom.

64 \* We asked, and you gave : we repeated our requests, and your gift also was repeated ; but whoever frequently solicits, will at length meet with a refusal.

**THE**

**POEM**

**OF**

**L E B E I D.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

ALTHOUGH the opening of this poem be that of a love-elegy; and the greater part of it be purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress, or the complaints of a lover; for the poet, *who was also a genuine patriot*, had been entertained at the court of NO-MAAN, king of HIRA in Mesopotamia, and had been there engaged in a warm controversy with RABEIAH, son of Zeiad, chief of the Abyssites, concerning the comparative excellency of their tribes: LEBEID himself relates, what might be very naturally expected from a man of his eloquence and warmth, *that he maintained the glory of his countrymen and his own dignity against all opponents*; but, in order to perpetuate his victory, and to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced the following poem, at the annual assembly, and, having obtained the suffrages of the criticks, was permitted, we are told, to hang it up on the gate of the Temple..

The fifteen first couplets are extremely picturesque, and highly characteristick of Arabian manners: they are followed by an expostulatory address of the poet himself, or of some friend, who attended him in his rambles, on the folly of his fruitless passion for Nuwaru, who had slighted him, and whose tent was removed to a

considerable distance. Occasion is hence taken to interweave a long description of the camel, on which he intended to travel far from the object of his love, and which he compares for swiftness to a cloud driven by the wind, or a wild-ass running to a pool, after having subsisted many months on herbage only; or rather to a wild-cow hastening in search of her calf, whom the wolves had left mangled in the forest: the last comparison consists of seventeen couplets, and may be compared with the long-tailed similes of the Greek and Ruman poets. He then returns to *Nawara*, and requites her coyness with expressions of equal indifference; he describes the gaiety of his life, and the pleasures which he can enjoy even in her absence; he celebrates his own intrepidity in danger, and firmness on his military station; whence he takes occasion to introduce a short, but lively, description of his horse; and, in the seventieth couplet, alludes to the before-mentioned contest, which gave rise to the poem: thence he passes to the praises of his own hospitality; and concludes with a panegyrick on the virtues of his tribe.

The measure is of the fifth class, called *perfect* verse, which regularly consists of the compound foot *benedicent*, six times repeated, in this form:

“ *Tria grata sunt | animo meo; ut | melius nihil,*  
 “ *Oculi nigri, | cyathus nitens, | roseus calyx.*

But when the couplet admits the third epitrite, *pastoribus*, and the double iambus, *amantium*, it may be considered as belonging to the seventh, or *tremulous*, class; between which and the *perfect*, the only distinction seems to be, that the *tremulous* never admits the *anapestick* foot. They are both, in the language of *European* prosody, *iambicks*, in which the even places are invariably pure; and the odd places always exclude the dactyl: when the uneven feet are *trochees* or *pyrrhicks*, the verses become *choriambick* or *peonick*; but of this change we have no instance in the poem before us.

THE  
P O E M  
OF  
L E B E I D.

- 1 DESOLATE are the mansions of *the fair*, the stations in MINIA, where they rested, and those where they fixed their abodes! Wild are the hills of GOUL, and deserted is the summit of RIJAAM.
- 2 The canals of RAYAAN are destroyed: the remains of them are laid bare and smoothed by *the floods*, like characters engraved on the solid rocks.
- 3 Dear ruins! Many a year has been closed; many a month, holy and unhallowed, has elapsed; since I exchanged tender vows with their fair inhabitants.
- 4 The rainy constellations of Spring have made their hills green and luxuriant: the drops from the thunder-clouds have drenched them with profuse, as well as with gentle showers;

5      *Showers*, from every nightly cloud, from  
every cloud veiling the horizon at day-break,  
and from every evening-cloud, responsive  
with hoarse murmurs.

6      Here the wild eringo-plants raise their  
tops: here the antelopes bring forth their  
young by the sides of the valley; and here  
the ostriches drop their eggs.

7      The large-eyed wild-cows lie suckling  
their young, a few days old; their young,  
who will soon become a herd on the plain.

8      The torrents have cleared the rubbish,  
and disclosed the traces of habitations, as the  
reeds of a writer restore effaced letters in a  
book;

9      Or as the black dust, sprinkled over the  
varied marks on a fair hand, brings to view  
with a brighter tint the blue stains of woad.

10     I stood asking news of the ruins con-  
cerning their lovely habitants; but what  
avail my questions to dreary rocks, who  
answer them only by their echo?

11     In the plains, which now are naked, a  
populous tribe once dwelled; but they  
decamped at early dawn, and nothing of  
them remains but the canals, which en-  
circled their tents, and the THUMAM-  
plants, with which they were repaired.

12 How were thy tender affections raised,  
when the damsels of the tribe departed;  
when they hid themselves in carriages of  
cotton; like antelopes in their hair, and the  
tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing  
sound!

13 They were concealed in vehicles, whose  
sides were well-covered with awnings and  
carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured  
veils:

14 A company of maidens were seated in  
them *with black eyes and graceful motions*,  
like the wild heifers of TUDAH, or the roes  
of WEGERA tenderly gazing on their young.

15 They hastened their camels till the sultry  
vapour gradually stole them from thy sight;  
and they seemed to pass through a vale,  
wild with tamarisks and rough with large  
stones like the valley of BEISHA.

16 Ah! what remains in thy remembrance  
of the beautiful NAWARA, since now she  
dwells at a distance, and all the bonds of  
union between her and thee, both strong  
and weak, are torn asunder?

17 A damsel, who sometimes has her abode  
in FAID, and sometimes is a neighbour to  
the people of HEJAAZ ! how can she be  
an object of thy desire ?

18 She alights at the eastern side of the two mountains, *Aja* and *Salma*, and then stops on the hills of MOHĀJJER; ROKHAAM also and FĒRDA receive her with joy.

19 When she travels towards YEMEN, we may suppose that she rests at SAWAYIK; and baits at the stations of WĀHĀAF and TELKHAAM.

20 Break then so vain a connexion with a mistress whose regard has ceased; for hapless is an union with a maid, who has broken her vow!

21 When a damsel is kind and complacent, love her with ardent affection; but, when her faith staggers and her constancy is shaken, let your disunion from her be unalterably fixed.

22 Execute thy purpose, O Lebeid, on a camel, wearied by long journeys, which have left but little of her former strength; a camel, whose sides are emaciated, and on whose back the bunch is diminished:

23 Yet even in this condition, when her flesh is extenuated, and her hair thin, when after many a toilsome day, the thong of her shoes is broken,

24 Even now she has a spirit so brisk, that she flies with the rein, like a dun cloud

driven by the south wind, after it has discharged its shower;

25 Or like a female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk; while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage.

26 He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her late fondness, fills him with surprise.

27 He ascends the sandy hillock of THAL-BUR, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones.

28 There they remain till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past; they subsist on herbage without water; their time of fasting and of retirement is long.

29 The thorns of the BUHMA-plant wound their hind-legs, and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently in their course.

30 At length they form in their minds a fixed resolution of seeking some cool rivulet, and the object of their settled purpose is nearly attained.

31 They alternately raise high clouds of dust with an extended shade, as the smoke rises from a pile of dry wood newly kindled and flaming;

32 When fresh ARFADGE-plants are mingled in the heap, and the north-wind plays with the blazing fire.

33 He passes on, but makes her run before him; for such is his usual course, when he fears that she will linger behind.

34 They rush over the margin of the rivulet, they divide the waters of the full stream, whose banks are covered with the plants of KOLAAM,

35 " Banks, which a grove of reeds, part erect and part laid prostrate, overshades or clothes as with a mantle.

36 Is this *the swiftness of my camel?* No; rather she resembles a wild-cow, whose calf has been devoured by ravenous beasts, when she had suffered him to graze apart, and relied for his protection on the leader of the herd;

37 A mother with flat nostrils; who, as soon as she misses her young one, ceases not to run hastily round the vales between the sand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries;

38 With cries for her white-haired young,  
who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun  
wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided  
his mangled limbs, and their feast has not  
been interrupted.

39 They met him in the moment of her  
neglect; they seized him with eagerness;  
for oh, how unerring are the arrows of  
death!

40 She passes the night in agony; while  
the rain falls in a continued shower, and  
drenches the tangled groves with a profuse  
stream.

41 She shelters herself under the root of a  
tree, whose boughs are thick, apart from  
other trees, by the edge of a hill, whose  
fine sands are shaken by her motion:

42 Yet the successive drops fall on her strip-  
ed back, while the clouds of night veil the  
light of the stars.

43 Her white hair glimmers, when the dark-  
ness is just coming on, and sparkles like  
the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters  
them from their string.

44 At length, when the clouds are dispersed,  
and the dawn appears, she rises early, and  
her hoofs glide on the slippery ground.. .

45 She grows impatient, and wild, with

grief: she lies frantick in the pool of SOAYIR, for seven whole days with their twin-sisters, *seven nights*;

46 And now she is in total despair; her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by suckling and weaning her young.

47 She now hears the cry of the hunters; she hears it, but sees them not; she trembles with fear; for she knows that the hunters bring her destruction.

48 She sits quivering, and imagines, that the cause of her dread will appear on one side and the other, before and behind her.

49 When the archers despair of reaching her with their shafts, they let slip their long-earedhounds, answering to their names, with bodies dry and thin.

50 They rush on; but she brandishes against them her extended horns, both long and sharp as javelins made by the skilful hand of SAMHAR,

51 Striving to repel them; for she knows that, if her effort be vain, the destined moment of her death must soon approach:

52 Then she drives *the dog CASAAB* to his fate: she is stained with his blood; and SOKHAAAM is left prostrate on the field.

53 On a camel like this, when the flashes of  
the noon-tide vapour dance over the plain,  
and the sultry mist clothes the parched  
hills,

54 I accomplish my bold design, from which  
I am not deterred by any fear of reprehen-  
sion, from the most censorious man.

55 Knowest thou not, O NAWARA, that I  
preserve the knot of affection entire, or cut  
it in two, as the objects of it are constant or  
faithless?

56 That I would leave without reluctance a  
country not congenial to my disposition,  
although death were instantly to overtake  
my soul?

57 Ah! thou knowest not how many serene  
nights, with sweet sport and mirthful re-  
velry,

58 I pass in gay conversation; and often re-  
turn to the flag of the wine-merchant, when  
he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine  
at a high price:

59 I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate  
in dark leathern bottles long reposited, or  
in casks, black with pitch, whose seals I  
break, and then fill the cheerful goblet.

60 How often do I quaff pure wine in the  
morning; and draw towards me the fair lu-

tani<sup>7</sup>, whose delicate fingers skilfully touch  
the strings !

61 I rise before the cock to take my morn-  
ing draught, which I sip again and again,  
when the sleepers of the dawn awake.

62 On many a cold morning, when the freez-  
ing winds howl, and the hand of the north  
holds their reins, I turn aside their blast  
*from the travellers, whom I receive in my  
tent.*

63 When I rise early to defend my tribe,  
my arms are born by a swift horse, whose  
girths resemble my fash adorned with genii.

64 I ascend a dusty hill to explore the situa-  
tion of the foe, and our dust flying in  
clouds reaches the hostile standard.

65 At length, when the sun begins to sink  
into darkness, and the veil of night conceals  
the ambuscade and the stratagems of our  
enemy,

66 I descend into the vale ; and my steed  
raises his neck like the smooth branch of a  
lofty palm, which he, who wishes to cut it,  
cannot reach :

67 I incite him to run like a fleet ostrich, in  
his impetuous course, until, when he boils  
in his rage, and his bones are light,

68 His trappings are strongly agitated ; a

shower flows down his neck ; and his surcingle is bathed in the scalding foam.

69 He lifts his head : he flies at liberty with the loose rein ; and hastens to his goal, as a dove hastens to the brook, when her feverish thirst rages.

70 There is a mansion (*the palace of no-maan*) filled with guests, unknown to each other, hoping for presents and fearing re-proof :

71 It is inhabited by men, like strong-necked lions, who menace one another with malignant hate, like the demons of BADIYA, with feet firmly rivetted in the conflict.

72 I disputed their false pretensions, yet admitted their real merit, according to my judgement ; nor could the noblest among them surpass me in renown.

73 Oft have I invited a numerous company to the death of a camel, bought for slaughter, to be divided by lot with arrows of equal dimensions :

74 I invite them to draw lots for a camel without a foal, and for a camel with her young one, whose flesh I distribute to all the neighbours.

75 The guest and the stranger, admitted to my board, seem to have alighted in the

sweet vale of TEBAALA luxuriant with vernal blossoms.

76 To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron, worn with fatigue, like a camel doomed to die at her master's tomb, whose vesture is both scanty and ragged.

77 There they crown with meat, while the wintry winds contend with fierce blasts, a dish flowing like a rivulet, into which the famished orphans eagerly plunge.

78 When the nations are assembled, some hero of our tribe, firm in debate, never fails by superior powers to surmount the greatest difficulty.

79 He distributes equal shares : he dispenses justice to the tribes : he is indignant, when their right is diminished ; and, to establish their right, often relinquishes his own.

80 He acts with greatness of mind and with nobleness of heart : he sheds the dew of his liberality on those, who need his assistance : he scatters around his own gains, and precious spoils, the prizes of his valour.

81 He belongs to a tribe whose ancestors have left them a perfect model ; and every tribe, that descends from us, will have patterns of excellence, and objects of imitation.

82 If their succour be asked, they instantly

brace on their helmets, while their lances  
and breast-plates glitter like stars.

83 Their actions are not sullied by the rust  
of time, or tarnished by disgrace ; for their  
virtues are unshaken by any base desires.

84 He hath raised for us a fabrick of glory  
with a lofty summit, to which all the aged  
and all the young men of our tribe aspire.

85 Be content, therefore, with the dispensa-  
tions of the Supreme Ruler ; for He, who  
best knows our nature, has dispensed justice  
among us.

86 When peace has been established by our  
tribe, we keep it inviolate ; and He, who  
makes it, renders our prosperity complete.

87 Noble are the exertions of our heroes,  
when the tribe struggle with hardships ;  
they are our leaders in war, and in peace  
the deciders of our claims :

88 They are an enlivening spring to their  
indigent neighbours, and to the disconsolate  
widows, whose year passes heavily away.

89 They are an illustrious race ; although  
their enviers may be slow in commending  
them, and the malevolent censor may in-  
cline to their fce.



THE  
POEM  
OF  
ANTARA.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem appears to have been a little older than that of ZOHAIR; for it must have been composed during the war of DAVIS, which the magnanimity of the two chiefs, extolled by ZOHAIR, so nobly terminated. ANTARA, the gallant *Absite*, of whom so much has already been said in the preliminary discourse, distinguished himself very early in the war by his valour in attacking the tribe of DHOBYAN, and boasts in this composition, that he had slain DEMDEM, the father of HOSEIN and of HAREM, whom was, the son of HABES, afterwards put to death. An old enmity subsisted, it seems, between our poet and those two young men, who, as ANTARA believed, had calumniated him without provocation; and his chief object in this poem was to blazon his own achievements and exploits, and to denounce implacable resentment against the calumniators, whom his menaces were likely to intimidate: yet so harshly an argument is tempered by a strain in some parts elegiac and amatory; for even this vengeful impetuous warrior found himself obliged to comply with the custom of the ARABIAN poets, *who had left, as he complains, little new imagery for their successors.*

He begins with a pathetick address to the bower of his beloved ABLA, and to the ruins of her deserted mansion : he bewails her sudden departure, the distance of her new abode, and the unhappy variance between their respective clans : he describes his passion and the beauties of his mistress with great energy : thence he passes to his own laborious course of life, contrasted with the voluptuous indolence of the fair, and gives a forcible description of his camel, whom he compares to a male ostrich hastening to visit the eggs, which the female, whose usual neglect of them is mentioned by naturalists, had left in a remote valley. He next expatiates on his various accomplishments and virtues ; his mildness to those who treat him kindly, his fierceness to those who injure him ; his disregard of wealth, his gaiety, liberality ; and above all, his military prowess and spirit of enterprise, on which he triumphantly enlarges through the rest of the poem, except four couplets, in which he alludes obscurely to a certain love-adventure ; and, after many animated descriptions of battles and single combats, he concludes with a wish, that he may live to slay the two sons of DEMDEM, and with a bitter exultation on the death of their father, whom he had left a prey to the wild beasts and the vultures.

The metre is, *iambick*, like that of the poem immediately preceding.

THE

POEM

OF

A N T A R A.

1 HAVE the bards, who preceded me,  
left any theme unsung? *What, therefore,*  
*shall be my subject?* *Love only must supply*  
*my lay.* Dost thou then recollect, after long  
consideration, the mansion of thy beloved?

2 O bower of ABLA, in the valley of JIWAA,  
give me tidings of my love! O bower of  
ANLA, may the morning rise on thee with  
prosperity and health!

3 There I stopped my camel, large as a  
tower, the anguish of my passion having  
delayed the accomplishment of my bold en-  
terprise,

4 Whilst ABLA was dwelling in JIWAA,  
and our tribe were stationed in HAZN, and  
SAMAAN, and TATHALEM.

5 Hail, dear ru'ns, with whose professors I  
had old engagements; more dreary and

more desolate *are you become*, after the departure of my beloved OMM ALHEITHAM.

6 She dwells in the land of my foes, like roaring lions : oh ! how painful has been my search after thee, fair daughter of MAKHREM.

7 I'felf myself attached to her at our first interview, although I had slain her countrymen in battle : I assure thee, by the life of thy father, that of my attachment there can be no doubt.

8 *Thou hast possessed thyself of my heart* ; thou hast fixed thy abode in it (imagine not that I delude thee) and art settled there as a beloved and cherished inhabitant.

9 Yet how can I visit *my fair one*, whilst her family have their vernal mansion in ONEIZATAIN, and mine are stationed in GHAILEM ?

10 Surely thou hast firmly resolved to depart from me, since the camels of thy tribe are bridled even in so dark a night.

11 Nothing so much alarms me *with a signal of her destined removal*, as my seeing the camels of burden, which belong to her tribe, grazing on KHIMKHIM-berries in the midst of their tents :

12 Among them are forty-two milch camels,  
dark as the plumes of a coal-black raven.

13 Then, ANTARA, she pierced thee to the  
heart with her well-pointed teeth exquisitely  
white, the kiss of which is delicious, and  
the taste ravishingly sweet :

14 From the mouth of this lovely damsel,  
when you kiss her lips, proceeds the fra-  
grance of musk, as from the vase of a per-  
fumer ;

15 Or like the scent of a blooming bower,  
whose plants the gentle rains have kept  
in continual verdure, which no filth has  
fullied, and to which there has been no  
resort.

16 Every morning-cloud, clear of hail, has  
drenched it with a plentiful shower, and  
has left all the little cavities in the earth  
both round and bright as coins of silver :

17 Profusely and copiously it descends; and  
every evening the stream, which nothing  
intercepts, gushes rapidly through it.

18 The flies remain in it with incessant buzz-  
ing, and their murmurs are like the song  
of a man exhilarated with wine :

19 Their sound, when they strike their slender legs against each other, is like the sound  
of a flint, from which the sparks are forced

by a man with one arm, intent upon his labour.

20 While thou, *fair ABLA*, reclinest both evening and morning on the lap of a soft couch, I pass whole nights on the back of a dark-coloured horse well caparisoned.

21 My only cushion is the saddle of a charger with firm thick feet, strong sided, and large in the place of his girths.

Shall a camel of SHADEN bear me to thy tent, a camel far removed from her country, destitute of milk, and separated from the herd?

23 She waves her tail in her playful mood, and proudly moves her body from side to side even at the end of her nightly excursion: she strikes the hills with her quickly-moving and firmly-trampling hoofs.

24 Thus the bird without ears, between whose feet there is but a small space, the *fast ostrich* beats the ground in his evening course:

25 The young ostriches gather themselves around him, as a multitude of black YEMENIAN camels assemble round their Abyssinian *herdman*, who is unable to express himself in the language of Arabia.

26 They follow him guided by the loftiness

of his head, which resembles the carriage of travelling damsels, raised on high, and covered like a tent :

27 His head, *though lofty*, is small ; when he is going to visit the eggs, which his female left in DHULASHEIRA, he looks like an *Ethiop* with short ears in a trailing garment of furred hides.

28 My camel drinks the water of DEHRAD-HAIN, but starts aside with disdain from the boisterous rivulets of DAILEM.

29 She turns her right side, as if she were in fear of some large headed screamer of the night,

30 Of a hideous wild cat fixed to her body, who, as often as she bent herself towards him in her wrath, assailed her with his claws and his teeth.

31 I continue all day on the well-cemented tower of her back, strongly raised, and firm as the pillars of him who pitches a tent :

32 When she rests, she crouches on the soft bank of RIDAA, and groans through fatigue like the soft sounding reed, which she presses with her weight.

33 Her sweat resembles thick rob or tenacious pitch, which the kindled fire causes to bubble in the sides of a cauldron :

34 It gushes from behind her ears, when  
she boils with rage, exults in her strength,  
and struts in her pride, like the stallion of  
her herd, when his rivals assail him.

35 O ABLA, although thou droppest thy veil  
before me, yet know, that by my agility I  
have made captive many a knight clad in  
complete armour.

36 Bestow on me the commendation, which  
thou knowest to be due; since my nature  
is gentle and mild, when my rights are not  
invaded.

37 But, when I am injured, my resentment  
is firm, and bitter as coloquinteda to the  
taste of the aggressor.

38 I quaff, when the noontide heat is abated,  
old wine purchased with bright and well-  
stamped coin;

39 I quaff it in a goblet of yellow glass va-  
riegated with white streaks, whose com-  
panion is a glittering flaggon well secured  
by its lid from the blasts of the north.

40 When I drink it, my wealth is dissipated;  
but my fame remains abundant and unim-  
paired;

41 And, when I return to sobriety, the dew  
of my liberality continues as fresh as before.

give due honour, therefore, to those qualities, which thou knowest me to possess.

42 Many a consort of a fair one, whose beauty required no ornaments, have I left prostrate on the ground; and the life-blood has run sounding from his veins, opened by my javelin like the mouth of a camel with a divided lip:

43 With a nimble and double-handed stroke I prevented his attack; and the stream, that gushed from the penetrating wound, bore the colour of anemones.

44 Go, ask the warriours, "O daughter of MALEC, if thou art ignorant of my valour, ask them that, which thou knowest not;

45 Ask how I act, when I am constantly fixed to the saddle of an elegant horse, swimming in his course, whom my bold antagonists alternately wound;

46 Yet sometimes he advances alone to the conflict, and sometimes he stands collected in a multitudinous throng of heroes with strong bows..

47 Ask; and whoever has been witness to the combat, will inform thee, that I am impetuous in battle, but regardless of the spoils.

48 Many a warriour, clad in a suit of mail, at whose violent assault the boldest men

have trembled, who neither had saved himself by swift flight nor by abject submission,

49 Has this arm-laid prone with a rapid blow from a well-straitened javelin, firm between the knots :

50 Broad were the lips of the wound ; and the noise of the rushing blood called forth the wolves, prowling in the night, and pinched with hunger :

51 With my swift lance did I pierce his coat of mail ; and no warriour, however brave, is secure from its point.

52 I left him, like a sacrificed victim, to the lions of the forest, who feasted on him between the crown of his head and his wrists.

53 Often have I burst the interior folds of a well-wrought habergeon worn by a famed warriour appointed to maintain his post ;

54 Whose hahds were brisk in casting lots, when winter demands such recreation ; a man censured for his disregard of wealth, and for causing the wine-merchant to strike his flag, by purchasing all his store.

55 When he saw me descend from my steed, and rush towards him, he grinned with horror, but with no smile of joy.

56 My engagement with him lasted the

whole day, until his head and fingers, covered with clotted gore, appeared to be stained with the juice of IDHЛИM.

57 Then I fixed him with my lance: I struck him to the heart with an INDIAN cimeter, the blade of which was of a bright water, and rapid was the stroke it gave:

58 A warriour, whose armour seemed to be braced on a lofty tree; a chief, who, like a king, wore sandals of leather stained with EGYPTIAN thorn; a hero without an equal.

59 O lovely heifer! how sweet a prey was she to a hunter permitted to chase her! To me she was wholly denied: O would to heaven, that she had not been forbidden me!

60 I sent forth my handmaid, and said to her, "Go, ask tidings inquisitively of my beloved, and bring me intelligence."

61 She said, "I have seen the hostile guards negligent of their watch, and the wild heifer may be smitten by any archer, who desires to shoot her."

62 Then she turned towards me with the neck of a young roe, well-grown, of an exquisite breed among the gazals of the wood, a roe with a milk-white face.

63 I have been informed of a man ungrateful for my kindness; but ingratitude turns the

mind of a benefactor from any more beneficence.

64     The instructions, which my valiant uncle gave me, I have diligently observed ; at the time when the lips are drawn away from the bright teeth,

65     In the struggle of the fight, into whose deepest gulps the warriours plunge themselves without complaint or murmur.

66     When my tribe have placed me as a shield between them and the hostile spears, I have not ignobly declined the danger, although the place where I fixed my foot, was too narrow to admit a companion.

67     When I heard the din of MORRA raised in the field, and the sons of RABEIA in the thick dust,

68     And the shouts of DHOHOL at the moment of assault, when they rush in troops to the conflict with all their sharp-biting lions,

69     When even the mildest of the tribes saw the skirmish under their standards (and Death spreads Savock under the standard of the mildest nation),

70     Then I knew with certainty, that, in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull :

71 As soon as I beheld the legions of our enemies advancing, and animating one another to battle, I too rushed forward, and acted without reproach.

72 The troops called out ANTARA ! while javelins, long as the cords of a well, were forcibly thrust against the chest of my dark steed.

73 I ceased not to charge the foe with the neck and breast of my horse, until he was mantled in blood.

74 My steed, bent aside with the stroke of the lances in his forehead, complained to me with gushing tears and tender sobbing:

75 Had he known the art of discourse, he would have addressed me in a plaintive strain ; and, had he possessed the faculty of speech, he would have spoken to me distinctly.

76 In the midst of the black dust, the horses were impetuously rushing with disfigured countenances ; every robust stallion and every strong-limbed short-haired mare.

77 Then my soul was healed, and all my anguish was dispersed, by the cry of the warriours, saying, " Well done ANTARA ; " charge again ! "

78 My camels ~~we~~ are obedient to my will,

as often as I desire to kindle the ardour of  
my heart, and press it on to some arduous  
enterprise.

79 Yet I fear lest death should seize me, be-  
fore the adverse turn of war has overtaken  
the two sons of DEMDEM;

80. Men, who attacked my reputation, when  
I had given them no offence, and vowed,  
when I had never assailed them, to shed my  
blood ; .

81 Yes ! they injured me—but I have left  
their father, like a victim, to be mangled  
by the lions of the wood, and by the eagles  
advanced in years.



**THE**

**P O E M**

**OF**

**A M R U**

## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us very much in the dark on the subject of the two following poems; but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by AMRU and HARETH at the head of their respective clans, before AMRU the son of HINDA, king of HIRA in *Mesopotamia*, who had assumed the office of mediator between them after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to pre-eminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of NAHAS and of ZAUZENI, the two poems are separated; and in that of OBAIDALLA, the poem of HARETH is totally omitted; a remarkable fact, of which I have made some use to a different purpose in the preliminary dissertation. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general turn of AMRU's composition, I should conceive that the king of

**HIRA**, who, like other tyrants, wished to make all men just but himself, and to leave all nations free but his own, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of **TAGLEB**, and to appoint a prefect over them, but that the warlike possessors of the deserts and forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leaders and poet to send him defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some **ARABIAN** writers assert, what there is abundant reason to believe, that the above-mentioned king was killed by the author of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest; and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate on the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in *Arabick*, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with **MABREIZI**, that the two tribes of **REGR** and **TAGLEB**, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of **COLEIB** the *Taglebite* had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of **HIRA** their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that **AMRU**, the son of **CELTUM**, prince of

the *Taglebites*, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the *Aralis*, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond all imagination, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of JOSHAM the son of BECK, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any farther exertions of virtue.* He begins with a strain perfectly *Anacreontick*, the elegiac style of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristick of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well found-

ed, that, according to some authors, if MAHOMED had not been born, the *Taglebites* would have appropriated the dominion of all *Arabia*, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

This poem is composed in *copious* verse, or metre of the *fourth* species, according to the following form :

“Amatores | puerarum | misellos  
“Ocellorum | nitor multos | fecellit.”

But the compound foot *amore furens* is used at pleasure instead of the first epitrite; as,

“Venus tuta puer | la. tarda venis | ad hortum,  
“Parata lyra est, | paratus odor | rosarum.”

THE

## POEM

or

## A M R U

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- 1 . HGLLA!—Awake, sweet damsel, and bring our morning draught in thy capacious goblet; nor suffer the rich wines of ENDEREIN to be longer hoarded:
- 2 Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems to be tinctured with saffron; and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.
- 3 This is the liquor, which, diverts the anxious lover from his passion; and, as soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly composed:
- 4 Hence thou seest the penurious churl, when the circling bowl passes him, grew regardless of his self:
- 5 \* When its potent flames have seized the discreetest of our youths, thou wouldst imagine him to be in a phrensy.

6     Thou turnest the goblet from us, O  
mother of AMRU; for the true course of  
the goblet is to the right hand:

7     He is not the least amiable of thy three  
companions, O mother of AMRU, to whom  
thou hast not presented the morning bowl.

8     \* How many a cup have I purchased in  
BALBEC! how many more in DAMASCUS  
and KASIREIN!

9     Surely our allotted hour of fate will  
overtake us; since we are destined to death,  
and death to us.

10    O stay awhile, before we separate, thou  
lovely rider on camels; that we may relate  
to thee our sorrows, and thou to us thy  
delights! .

11    O stay—that we may inquire, whether  
thou hast altered thy purpose of departing  
hastily, or whether thou hast wholly de-  
ceived thy two confident lover:

12    In the hateful day of battle, whilst he  
struggles amid wounds and blows, may the  
Ruler of the world refresh thy sight with  
coolness, and gratify it with every desired  
object!

13    O AMRU, when thou visitest thy fair  
one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking  
enemies are closed in rest,

## THE POEM OF AMRU.

14 She displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a long-necked snow-white young camel; that frisks in the vernal season over the sand-barks and green hillocks;

15 And two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those, who presume to touch them:

16 She discovers her slender shape, tall and well-proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising with all their attendant charms;

17 \* Her hips elegantly swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness;

18 \* With two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets making a stridulous sound.

19 My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the travelling camels of my fair one driven along in the evening;

20 When the towns of YEMAMA appear in sight, exalted above the plains, and shining like bright sabres in the hands of those, who have unsheathed them,

21     *When she departs,* the grief of a she-camel, who seeks her lost foal, and returns despairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguish ;

22     *Nor that of a widow,* with snowy locks, whose mourning never ceases for her nine children, of whom nothing remains, but what the tomb has concealed.

23     *Such is our fate !* This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledges in the hand of destiny for events, of which we have no knowledge.

24     *O son of HINDA,* be not precipitate in giving judgment against us : hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information.

25     That we lead our standards to battle, like camel's to the pool, of a white hue, and bring them back stained with blood, in which they have quenched their thirst ;

26     That our days of prosperity, in which we have refused to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant.

27     Many a chief of his nation, on whom the regal diadem has been placed, the refuge of those who implored his protection,

28     Have we left prostrate on the field, while his horses waited by his side, with veins of

their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

29 \* Often have we fixed our mansions in DHU THALUH towards the districts of SYRIA, and have kept at a distance those who menaced us.

30 We were so disguised in our array, that the dogs of the tribe snarled at us; yet we stripped the branches from every thorny tree (*every armed warrior*) that opposed us.

31 When we roll the millstone of war over a little clan, they are ground to roar in the first battle;

32 From the eastern side of NAJD the cloth of the mill is spread, and whatever we cast into it soon becomes impalpable powder.

33 You alight on our hills as guests are received in their station, and we hasten to give you a warm reception, lest you should complain of our backwardness;

34 We invite you to our board, and speedily prepare for your entertainment a solid rock, which, before day-break, shall reduce you to dust.

35 Surely hatred after hatred has been manifested by thee, O hostile chief, and thy secret rancour has been revealed;

36 But we have inherited glory, as the race  
of MAAD• well knows; we have fought  
with valour till our fame has been illus-  
trious ::

37 When the falling pillars of our tents  
quiver over our furniture, we defend our  
neighbours from the impending ruin:

38 We disperse our gifts to our countrymen,  
but disdain to share their spoils; and the  
burdens, which we bear, we support for  
their advantage.

39 When the troops of the foe are at a dis-  
tance from us, we dart our javelins; and,  
when we close in the combat, we strike  
with sharp sabres;

40 Our dark javelins exquisitely wrought  
of KHATHAIAN reeds, slender and delicate;  
our sabres bright and piercing:

41 With these we cleave in pieces the heads  
of our enemies; we mow, we cut down  
their necks as with sickles:

42 Then might you imagine the skulls of  
heroes on the plain, to be the bales of a  
camel thrown on rocky ground.

43 Instead of submitting to them, we crush  
their heads; and their terror is such, that  
they know not on which side the danger  
is to be feared.

44 Our cimeters, whose strokes are furiously interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twisted fashes in the hands of playful children.

45 Their armour and ours, stained reciprocally with our blood, seems to be died or painted with the juice of the crimson syringa-flower.

46 At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehensive of some probable disaster,

47 Then we lead on our troop; like a mountain with a pointed summit; we preserve our reputation, and advance in the foremost ranks,

48 With youth, who consider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes experienced in war:

49 We challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their sons from approaching the mansion of our children.

50 On the day, when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete steel;

51 But on the day, when we have no such anxiety for them, our legions assemble in full council,

52     Led by a chief among the descendants  
of JOSHAM the son of BECR, we bruise  
our adversaries, both the weak and the  
strong.

53     \* O! the nations remember not the time,  
when we bowed the neck; or ever flagged  
in the conflict.

54     Oh! let no people be infatuated and  
violent against us; for we will requite their  
infatuation, which surpasses the folly of  
the most foolish.

55     On what pretence, O AMRU, son of  
HINDA, should we be subject to the so-  
vereign, whom thou wouldest place over  
us?

56     By what pretence, O AMRU, son of  
HINDA, dost thou yield to our calumnia-  
tors, and treat us with indignity?

57     Thou hast menaced us: thou hast thought  
to intimidate us; but gently, O king! say,  
when were we ever the vassals of thy mo-  
ther?

58     Our javelins, O AMRU, disdain to relax  
their vehemence before thee in assailing our  
foes:

59     Whenever a man uses force to bend  
them, they start back, and become inflexi-  
bly rigid,

60 So rigid, that, when they return to their former state, they ring with a shrill noise, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.

61 Hast thou ever been informed, that JOSHAM, the son of BECR, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiss?

62 We have inherited the renown of AL-KAMA, the son of SAIF, who by dint of valour obtained admission for us into the castles of glory.

63 We are heirs to MOHAJIL, and to ZOHEIR the flower of his tribe: O of how noble a treasure were they the preservers!

64 From ATTAB also and from CELTHUM we have received the inheritance transmitted from their progenitors.

65 By DHU'L-BORRA, of whose fame thou hast heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect those who seek our aid.

66 Before him the adventurous COLEIB sprung from us: and what species of glory is there, which we have not attained?

67 When our antagonists twist against us the cords of battle, either we burst the knot; or rend the necks of our opponents.

68 We shall be found the firmest of tribes

in keeping our defensive alliance, and the most faithful in observing the bond of our treatises.

69 When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of an excursion; we gave succour more important than the aid of other allies.

70 To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in DHU QRA THEI, until our milch-camels of a noble breed were forced to graze on withered herbs.

71 We protect with generosity the man who submits to us, but chastise with firmness him, by whom we are insulted.

72 We reject the offers of those who have displeased us, but accept the presents of those with whom we are satisfied.

73 We succoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave support to the left.

74 They made a fierce attack against the legions which opposed them, and we not less fiercely assailed the squadrons by which we were opposed.

75 They returned with booty and with rich spoils, and the sons of kings were among our captives.

76 To you, O descendants of BACK TO YOUR

we address ourselves : have you not yet learned the truth concerning us ?

77 Have you not experienced, with what impetuosity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force they have darted their javelins ?

78 We are armed with bright sabres, and clad in habergeons made in YEMEN ; our cimeters are part straight, part bent. .

79 We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning ; the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts :

80 When at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel. .

81 The plaits of our hawberks resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course.

82 On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on short-haired steeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we rescued from our foes, after they had been taken.

\* 83 They rush to the fight, armed with breast-plates of steel ; they leave it with their manes disheveled and dusty, and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks.

84 We inherited this excellent breed from our virtuous ancestors, and, on our death, they will be inherited by our sons.

85 All the tribes of MĀĀD perfectly know, when their tents are pitched in the well-watered valleys,

•86 That we support the distressed in every barren year; and are bountiful to such as solicit our bounty;

87 \* That we defend the oppressed, when we think it just; and fix our abode in ARABIA, where we find it convenient;

88 That we give succour to those that are near us, when the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink.

89 We entertain strangers at our board whenever we are able; but we hurl destruction on those who approach us hostilely.

90 We are the tribe who drink water from the clearest brooks; whilst other clans are forced to drink it foul and muddy..

91 Go, ask the sons of TĀMAH and of BOMIA, how they have found us in the conflict?

92 Behind us come our lovely, our charming, damsels, whom we guard so vigilant-

ly, that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with disrespect;

93 Fair maidens descended from JOSHAM, the son of RECR, who comprise every species of beauty, both in the opinion of men and in truth:

94 They have exacted a promise from their husbands, that, when they engaged with the hostile legions, distinguished by marks of valour,

95 They would bring back, as spoils, coats of mail and cimeters, and captives chained in pairs.

96 \* Thou mayst behold us sallying forth into the open plain, whilst every other tribe seeks auxiliaries through fear of our prowess.

97 When our damsels are on foot, they walk with graceful motions, and wave their bodies like those of libertines heated with wine.

98 They feed with their fair hands our coursers of noble birth, and say to us, " You are no husbands of ours, unless you protect us from the foe."

99 Yes; if we defend not them, we retain no possessions of value after their loss, nor do we think even life desirable:

100 But nothing can afford our sweet maids  
so pure a protection as the strokes of our  
sabres, which make mens' arms fly off like  
the clashing wands of playful boyes.

101 \* We seem, when our drawn cimeters  
are displayed, to protect all mankind, as  
fathers protect their children.

102 \* Our heroes roll the heads of their  
enemies, as the strong well-made youths  
roll their balls in the smooth vale.

103 This world is ours, and all that ap-  
pears on the face of it; and when we do  
attack, we attack with irresistible force.

104 When a tyrant oppresses and insults a  
nation, we disdain to degrade ourselves by  
submitting to his will.

105 We have been called injurious, al-  
though we have injured no man; but, if  
they persist in calumniating us, we will  
show the vehemence of our anger.

106 As soon as a child of our tribe is  
weaned from his mother, the loftiest chiefs,  
of other clans bend the knee, and pay him  
homage.

107 We force our enemies to taste the un-  
mixed draught of death; and heavy is the  
overthrow of our adversaries in battle.

108 We fill the earth with our tents, until  
it becomes too narrow to contain them ;  
and cover the surface of the ocean with  
our ships.

**THE**

**P O E M**

**H A R E T H.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

WHEN AMRU had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of TAGLEB, and had received the loud applause of his own party, HARETH arose; and pronounced the following poem, or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authors, without any meditation, but which, as others assert with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe ASMAI, the poet was considerably above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, *he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabian orators, he leaned, while he was speaking.*

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man, from whom he was asking a favourable judgement. HARETH, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the

queen, whose name was ASOMA, and who heard him behind the tapistry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, HINDA, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and, he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts, which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of BECR for the many calamities which the TAGLEBITES had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, of poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the BECRITES, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet AMRU from the style of his eloquence, as CÆSAR first discovered the impetuous vehemence of BRUTUS's temper from his speech, delivered at Nice,

in favour of king *Deiotarus*; but neither the *Arabian* nor the *Roman* tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men, whom they had irritated even to fury.

This poem is composed in *light* verse, or metre of the *eleventh* class, consisting of epitrites, ionick feet, and pæons, variously intermixed, as in this form :

“ Amárylli, | dulci lyrà | modulare  
“ Molle carmen | sub arbore | fusa sacrâ.”

Sometimes a molossus ends the distich, as,

“ Dulce carmen | sub arboře | fusa sacrâ  
“ Modulare, | dum sylvulæ | respondent.”

The close of a couplet in this measure has often the cadence of a *Latin* or *Greek* hexameter: thus, v. 20.

*Tis-háli kháilin khilála dbáca rogáo.*

That is, literally,

*Hinnitús modulautur equi, fremitúsquo camelis.*

## P·O E·M·

OF

## H A R E T H.



1      DOTH fair ASOMA give us notice of  
her departure? Oh, why are sojourners so  
frequently weary of their sojourning!

2      She is resolved to depart after our mutual  
vows among the sandy hillocks of SHAM-  
MA, and in the nearer station of KHALSA;

3      Vows, repeated in MOHAYAT, SIFAH,  
and AGLAI, in DHU FITAK, ADHIB and  
WAFA,

4      Vows, renewed in the bowers of KATHA,  
and the dales of SHOREIB, in the Two  
Valleys, and in the plains of AYLA.

5      I see no remains of the troth which she  
plighted in those stations; and I waste the  
day in tears, frantic with grief: but oh!  
what part of my happiness will tears re-  
store?

6 Yet, O HARETH, a new passion invites thee ; for HINDA is before thy eyes, and the fire, which she kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode :

7 She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly stations of AKEIK and SHAKHSEIN, and it blazes like the splendour of the sun.

8 I have been contemplating her fire from a distance on the hill, whence our excursions are made ; but oh ! the scorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her.

9 But I seek assistance in dispelling my care, when the sojourner of the tent hastily leaves his abode through fear of some impending calamity,

10 On a camel swift as an ostrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the desert,

11 Who hears a soft sound, and dreads the approach of the hunter, in the afternoon, just before the dusk of evening :

12 The mayst thou see behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which she strikes the earth, a cloud of dust thin as the goffamer ;

13 And the traces of her hoofs, which are

such as to be soon effaced by the winds  
blowing over the sandy plain.

14 With her I disport myself in the sultry  
noon, whilst every son of valour is like a  
blind camel devoted to death.

15 Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have  
lighted on us affairs, which give us af-  
fliction and anguish;

16 For our brethren, the family of ARA-  
KEM, the dragon-eyed, have transgressed  
the bounds of justice against us, and have  
been vehement in their invectives:

17 They have confounded the blameless  
among us with the guilty, and the most  
perfect innocence has not escaped their  
censure.

18 They have insisted, that all, who pitch  
their tents in the desert, are our associates,  
and that we are involved in their offences.

19 They assembled their forces at night,  
and, as soon as the dawn appeared, there  
was nothing heard among them but a  
tumultuous noise.

20 Of those who called, and those who  
answered; the neighing of horses, and,  
among the rest, the lowing of camels.

21 O thou, who adornest thy flowery

speeches concerning us before AMRU, can this falsehood be long undetected ?

22 Imagine not that thy instigation will animate him against us, or humiliate us ; since long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us,

23 Yet we continued advancing ourselves in defiance of their hate, with laudable self-sufficiency and exalted reputation.

24 Before this day the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved by envious indignation and obstinate resentment.

25 Fortune seemed to raise for us a dark rock, with a pointed summit, dispelling the clouds,

26 Thick and firm, secured from calamity, not to be weakened by any disaster however grievous and violent.

27 \* Intrust to our wisdom every momentous affair, from which you desire to be extricated, and by which the assemblies of chiefs are made unhappy.

28 \* If you inquire concerning our wars between MILAHA and DHAKIB, you will find on their plains many an unavenged, and many an avenged, corse:

29     \* Or, if you examining diligently the questions, in which all tribes are deeply interested, you will see the difference between your offences and our innocence :

30     \* But if you decline *this fair discussion*, we shall turn from you with resentment, concealing hatred in our bosoms as the mote is concealed in the closed eye-lids.

31     \* Reject, if you please, the terms which we offer ; but of whom have you heard, that surpasses us in glory ?

32     \* You have perfectly known us on the days, when the warriours have assailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raised a tumultuous din ;

33     \* When we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of BAHREIN, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plain of HLEA.

34     Then we advanced against the sons of TAMEIM, and, when the sacred month required a cessation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

35     In opposition to us, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did precipitate flight avail the faint-hearted.

36 No ; thi<sup>t</sup>, coward, who ran hastily from the plain, was not saved by the summit of rocks or the roughness of craggy paths.

37 By these exertions we maintained our pre-eminence over the tribes, until MONDIR, son of the beautiful MAISEMA, obtained the dominion :

38 He was a prince, who bore witness to our valour on the day of HAYARAIN, when the calamity of war was, in truth, a calamity :

39 A prince who subjected nations ; whose equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

40 Desist then from vaunting and from hostility : you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims, but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your wo.

41 Remember well the oaths taken in DHU'LMEJAAZ, the covenants and vows of amity, which were made there of old.

42 Beware of injustice and violence ; nor let your intemperate passions impel you to violate your contracts written on tablets.

43 Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our respective engagements.

44 Are we responsible for the crimes of

CANDA? Shall their conquering chief have  
the spoils, and shall reprisals be made upon  
us?

45 Are we responsible for the excesses of  
~~HANEFA~~, and for all the conflicts, which  
the dusty plain has seen accumulated?

46 Must we answer for the offences of the  
sons of ATEIK? No: whoever has broken  
his covenant, we are innocent of their  
war.

47 Doth the guilt of IBAAD hang on our  
heads, as the burden is suspended on the  
centre of the camel's girths?

48 Has the blame due to KODHAA fallen  
upon us? or, rather, are we not secure  
from a single drop of their faults?

49 Are we responsible for the crimes of  
IYAAD, as it was said to the tribe of  
THASM, "Your brethren are rebels?"

50 These, who raised the dissension, belong  
not to us, neither KAIS, nor JONDAL, nor  
HADDAA.

51 Vain pretexts? Unjust aspersions! That  
we should suffer for others, as the roe is  
sacrificed in the place of the sheep!

52 Fourscore warriors, indeed, advanced  
from TAMEIM, and their hands carried  
lances, whose points were Fate.

53 Yet, they profaned not the hallowed places of the sons of RIZAAN on the hills of NITAA, when they called on them for mercy :

54 They left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive herds and flocks so numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries.

55 The vanquished tribe came afterwards to implore restitution, but not a single beast, either black or of a bright hue, was restored to them :

56 So they retired with heart-breaking fictions, nor could any stream of water quench their ardent rage :

57 After this, a troop of horsemen, led by the impetuous GHALLAAK, assailed them without remorse or pity :

58 Full many a son of EAGLES has been smitten, whose blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black dust covered his corse.

59 Are your cares comparable to those of our tribe, when MONDIR waged war against them? Are we, like you, become subject to the son of HINDA?

60 When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of MAISUNA, and sojourned in the nearer station of KHALTHA,

61 From every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles :

62 He led them on, and supplied them with dates and with water : so the will of GOD was accomplished, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.

63 Then you invited them to attack you by your want of circumspection, and the vain security of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hostile.

64 They surprised you not, indeed, by a sudden assault ; but they advanced, and the sultry vapour of noon, through which you saw them, increased their magnitude.

65 O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveighest against us before king AMRU, will there be no end of thy unjust invectives ?

66 Between AMRU and us many acts of amity have passed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit arisen.

67 He is a just prince, and the most accomplished that walks the earth : all praise is below his merit :

68 A prince descended from IREM ! A warrior, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of genii, for he protects his

domain, and refuses to punish even his opponents :

69 A monarch, who knows us by three infallible signs, by each of which our excellence is decided :-

70 *The first* is the conspicuous token of our valour, when all ARABIA come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of MAAD under their banners,

71 And assembled, in complete armour, round the warlike KAIS, that valiant prince of YEMEN, who stood *firm and brilliant* like a white cliff.

72 Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could restrain but our long and glittering spears ;

73 But we repelled them with strokes, which made their blood gush from their fides, as the water streams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it. .

74 We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of THAHLAAN ; we thrust them before us, till the muscles of their thighs were breeched in gore.

75 We did with them a deed, the name of which GOD only knows ; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who sought their own fate.

76 Next advanced HOJAR, son of OMMI  
KATHAAM, with an army of PERSIANS,  
clad in discoloured brafs,

77 A lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue,  
rampling on his prey; but a vernal season  
of beneficence in every barren year:

78 Yet we smote them on the foreheads  
with the edges of our cimeters, which qui-  
vered in their flesh like buckets drawn from  
a deep well encircled with stone.

79 Secondly, we broke the chains of AM-  
RIOLKAIS, after his long imprisonment  
and anguish.

80 We forcibly revenged the death of  
MONDIR on the king of GASSAAN, that  
his blood might not flow in vain.

81 We redeemed our captives with nine  
kings of illustrious race, whose spoils were  
exceedingly precious.

82 With the horses, with the dark horses,  
of the sons of AUS came whole squadrons,  
fierce as eagles with crooked beaks:

83 We scarce had passed through the cloud  
of dust; when they turned their backs; and  
then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our  
vengeance!

84 Lastly, we gave birth to AMRU the son  
of OMM AYAAAS, for not long ago were

the bridal gifts presented to us *as kinsmen*:

85 May our faithful admonition reach all  
our kindred tribes, extended as wide as our  
confanguinity, in plains beyond plains !



وَجِئْبَرِكِنْدَا لِوْمَ لِبَسْ بِقَاجِشْ  
اَذَا اَهْيَ نَصِيتْ وَلَا يَعْصِيلْدَرْ  
جِيلَا لِفَنْقُو وَالنَّبْلِي الْابْنِي لِخَابِصُ الْبِهَارِ شَبَهْ  
لِفَنْقُو الظَّبِيَّة وَنَفَّهْ بِغَنِيَّهْ وَلَا يَطْلُدُ الْذَّرِيَّ لَا  
مَحْلِ عَلَيْهِ وَدَشَلَهْ تَعَصِيدَهْ وَلَا يَسْرِفَا سَرِي  
لِبَسْ كَوَبَهْ الْمَقْرَدْ وَادَاطَ لِقَوَاهْ لِبَسْ بِنَاهْشَرْ  
وَفَرْجَ بِزَرْ لِمَسْ اَسْرَدَهْ مَهْ  
اَتِيَّتْ كَفِيرُ الْخَلَكَهْ الْمَعْنَى بِحَمَّا  
الْفَرْعَ الْسَّرِّ الْنَّامْ وَالْمَنْ وَلِلَّنَهْ هَاعِرْ يَلِينْ  
الْعَلَى وَشَاهَلَهْ مَنْ الْعَفَسْ وَالْحَمْ وَالْعَلَحُومُ الْدَّيْدَدْ  
وَادَوَائِتْ كَيْدَرْ اَصْلِ الْنَّازَهْ رَالْعَسَدْ وَالْقَنْدَرْ لِثَنَاهْ  
الْعَدَهْ دَهْ الشَّرِيعْ وَالْمَنْقَشَكَهْ الْذَّيْ فَعَدَهْ تَلْبَعَهْ  
وَلِعَصَنْ كَثَرَهْ مَنْ الْشَّكَالْ وَالْسَّهُولْ وَعَرَرْ التَّرَانْ  
وَبِهَا الْمَعْنَكَهْ هَوَ الْمَتَدَلِي الْنَّازَهْ لِلْمَعْنَهْ فَلَهْ  
عَذَابَهْ هَا سَتِيرَدَاتْ اَذَ السُّرْ  
ضَلُّ اَنِيَّعَ صَوْنِي مَتَّيْ وَمَهْيَا  
الْنَّدَاءِ الْذَّوَابِ رَاحِدَهْ عَدِيرْ وَلِسَرَدَهْ وَوَيْيَا  
وَلَا يَسْرِدَهْ الدَّلَلْ عَلَى عِزْجِيَّهْ لَكَرَرَهْ دَوَلهْ بَلْ  
الْبَلَهْ لِي سَافَرَهْ الدَّنَاسِ جَمْ عَفَصَهْ وَهَرَسَاحَهْ  
الْسَّوْفَقَلْ بَخَتْ الْذَّوَابِ دَهْيَ سَنْطَهْ مَهَادَهْ بَرَهَلَهْهَا  
وَبِهَا عَضَرْ لِشَعْرَ وَبَيْتَهْ بَعْضَهْ فَالَّذِي قُلَّ لِبَضْ



وَجِيدٌ كُحْدَابٌ لَرْمَ لَهِسْ بَعَاهِشْ،  
أَذْأَقِي تَصْتَهْ وَلَأَبْعَهْلَدْ

يُجَيلُ الْفَنْوَ وَالْعَبْلَى الْأَبْيَعِنْ مَا حَالَ عَنِ الْبَيْاضِ شَبَهْ  
بَعْنَى الظَّبِيبَةِ وَنَفَسَهِ دَقْتَنَهُو الْمَعْطَلُ الَّذِي لَا  
حَلَّ عَلَيْهِ وَشَلَّهُ الْمَعْدَلُ وَقَوْلَهُ لَهِسْ بَنَاهَسْ إِي  
لَهِسْ كَوَهْ الْمَنْتَهَرُ ذَا دَأْطَرُ لَقَوْلَهُ لَهِسْ بَنَاهَشْ  
وَفِرْعَ بَرْزَنْ الْمَلَكَ أَبْسَوَدْ فَاحِدَهْ.

أَثَيْتُ كَيْنَزْ أَشْخَالَهُ الْمَتَفَكِّرَهْ

الْفَرْعَ الْمَشْرُرُ الْنَّامُ وَالْمَنَنُ وَالْمَنَنَهُ مَا عَنْ يَابْ  
الْأَسْلَدُ وَشَاهَهُ مِنَ الْعَصْبُ وَالْلَّهُمُ وَالْفَاحِشُ الْمَدِيدُ  
الْسَّوَادُ وَإِيْثَ كَثِيرُ اصْطَلُ الْبَنَافُ وَالْفَنَودُ وَالْفَرَوْلَهَا  
الْعَدْقُ وَغَرُ الشَّرَاعُ وَالْمَنْعَكَلُ الَّذِي قَدْ حَلَّ بَعْضًا  
فِي بَعْضٍ كَثُرَهُ مِنَ الْفَشَكَالُ وَالْشَّكَوَلُ وَهُوَ الشَّرَاجُ  
وَفِي الْمَنْعَكَلُ هُوَ الْمَتَدَلُ الْنَّازَلُ إِلَى الْخَنَفَلَهْ  
عَدَّا إِيْرَهَا سُتَّشِرُ دَادَ إِلَى الْمُقْنَ

تَقْلِيلُ النَّفَاقَاصِ فِي مَنْثَى وَمُرْسِلَهْ

الْأَنْدَابَرَا الَّذِي دَأَبَبَ وَأَحَدَهَا عَذْبَرَهْ وَسِتَّشِرُ دَادَ دَوْرَعَا  
ذَا بَصَلُ الْسَّنَدُ الْفَنَلُ عَلَيْهِ بَغْرِيجَهَهَ لَكَتَرَهَا وَقَوْلَهُ إِلَى  
الْمَلَهَ لِي مَلَفَقَهَا وَالْمَغَامِنِ جَمَعْ عَقَصَهَهَ وَهُوَ سَاجِنَهَهَ  
الْكَشْعُرُ عَقِيلُ شَحَّتُ الْذَّوَلَبَ وَهِي مَسْطَبَهَهَ مَسَوَفَهَهَ بَرْسَلَهَهَا  
فِيهَا بَعْضًا لَشَعْرَ وَيَلْعَنُ وَبَعْضَهُهَهَ فَالْمَذَبِي خَلَلَ بَعْضَهَهَهَ

# **ORIGINALS.**

## **K A L A** **A M R I O L K A I S I** **ALCENDIYYO.**

1

kifá nebci min dhicrai hhabeibin' wamenzili  
bisikthi álliwai báína áldahhúli fahhaúmeli

2

fatúdh'ihha fálmjkráhí lam yâfo resmohá  
limá nasijat-há min jeñúbin' washemáli

3

wokúfán' bihá s'ahhbeí álayyi mathíyyahom  
yekúluna lá-tahfíc ásyán' watehhammali

4

waínna shifáyi ábrah'on' moħarákah'on'  
fahal ìnda resmin' dárisin' min moāwwali

5

cadábica min ómni álhhowáritli kablahá  
wajáratihá ómmi árabábi bimásali

6

ídhá kámiatá tadh'awwañ álmisco minhomá  
naseíma ál sebá jaát birayyá álkaranfoli

7

fafádh'at domúð álâíni minneí 's'abábah'an'  
álái álnahhri hhattái ballá demâeí mihhmeli

8

álá rubba yaúmin' leca minhonna s'álabhin'  
welá siyyamá yaúmon' bidáratí juljulí

9

wayaúma ákarto lilâdháraí mathíyyateí  
fayá ájabá min cúrihá álmotahhammali

10

fadh'alla álâdháraí yertameína bilahhmihá  
washahhmin' cahodäbi áldimeksi á'mofettali

11

wayaúma dakhalta álkhidra khidra ônaízah'in'  
fakálat leça álwailáto ínnaca mürjali

12

tekúlo wakad mála álgabeíto biná maâán'  
ákarta baéíreí yá ámri álkaísi fáazeli

13

fákolto lehá seíreí waárkheí zimámaho  
wälá tobâdeíneí ân jenáci álmoâllali

14

famithlici hhobláí kad thárakto wamurdh'iin'  
faálhaítöhá ân dhéí temáyima mohhwili

15

ídhä má becaí min khañfhá íns'arafteí leho  
bihikkin' watahhtéí shikkohá lam yochhawwali

16

wayaúmán' Alaí dh'ahri álctheíbi taâdhdharat  
 âlayyi waálat hhilfah'an' lám.tohhallali

17

áfáthíma mahlán bâdh'a hađhá áltedalljali  
 waín, conti'kad ázmâti s'ormaei fajmili

18

waín teco kad faáccí miñheí khaleíkah'on  
 fasolleí thiyábeí min thiyábici tensali

19

ágarraci minneí áンna hhubbaçi kátileí  
 waïnnaci mañmá támerí álkalba yafâli

20

wamá dharafat áináci illá litadh'ribéi  
 bisahmaíci feí ááshári kalbin' mokattali

21

wabaídhah'ó khidrin lá ydrámo khibáwohá  
 temattâto miñ lehwin'•bihá ghaíra môjañi

22

tejáwazto áhhrásán' ílaíhá wamâsherán'  
 âlayyi hñirásán' laú yosirrjuna maktalei

23

ídhá má álfhurayyá feí álfemáï taârradh  
 taârradh'a áfhnáï álwisháhhi álmofas'sáli

24

fajeíto wakad nadh'dh'at hñiaúmin' thiyábahá  
 ledáí álfstri illá libsatí álmotafad'h'ali

25

fakálat yemaína állahi má leca hheílah'ón'  
wamá ín áraí ânca álgawáyah'a tanjaleí

26

fakomto bihá ámshéí tajorro waraáná  
âlaí áthraíná ádhyála mirthín morajjali

27

falemmá ájazná sáhhah'a álhayyi wántahheí  
biná bath'no khabtin' dhei kifáfin' ákankali

28

has'arto bifáúdaí ráfihá fatamáyalat  
âlayyi hadh'eíma álcash-lhi rayyá álmokhalkhali

29

mohafhafahon' baíd'h'ao ghaíro mofádh'ah'in  
teráeibohá maskúlah'on' cálfajanjali

30

cabicri álmokánah'i álbayádh'i bi's'ofrah'in'  
gadháhá nemeíro álmáï gaíra məhhallali

31

tas'uddo watobdeí ân áseílin' watetakeí  
binádh'irah'in min wáhhshi wéjráha moth'fili

32

wajeídin cajeídi álréími laísa bifáhhishin'  
ídhá heína s'at-ho welá bimoáth'th'ali

33

wafarín' yazéíno álmátna áswada fáhhimin'  
átheíth'in' cákiniwi álnakhlah'i álmotaáthcili

34

gadáyirohá mostashzirah'ón' íláí álôlaí  
tadh'illo álikás'o feí móthañnyan' wamursali

35

wacash-hhin' latheífiń' cáljadeíli mokhas's'arin'  
wasákip' cæánbúbi álfakiyyi álmhqdhallali

36

wafodh'-hheí fate:to álpiscí faúka firañihá  
nauúmo áldh'ohhai lam tantathik ân táfadh'dh'oli

37

watâthú birakhs'in' gaíri shathnin' caïnnahá  
ásareiô dh"abyin' áú mesáweíco ís-hhili

38

tadh'yo áldh'eláma biálisháï çaiinnahá  
menárah'o momfaí ráhibin' motabattili'

39

íláí mithlihá yernú álhaleímo s'abábah'an'  
ídhá má ásbacçarrat baína dirin' wamijwali

40

tasallat ámáyáto álrijáli ân álsibái  
walaifa fawâdeí ân hawáci bimunsali

41

ílá rubba khas'min' feíci álwaí radadtóho  
nas'eíhhin' álaí tâdhálihí gaíri mútali'

42

walaílin' camaúji álbahjri árkhaí sôdúlaho  
álayyi biánywéi álhomúmi liyabtaleí

43

fakolto leho leimná tamath'th'ai bis'olbihí  
waárdafa ájázán' waŋáa bicalcali

44

álá áyyohá állaílo áltháweílo álá ánjaleí  
bis'obhhin' wamá álás'báhho minca biámthali

45

fayá leca min laílin' caïnná nojúmaho  
biámrasin' cittánin' ilaí s'ommi. jandali

46

wakad ágtadeí wálth'aíro feí wocanátihá  
bimonjirdin' kaída álqwábidi haícali

47

micarrin' mifarrin' mokbilin' modbirin' maâán  
cajolmudi s'akhrin' hhath'th'aho álfaló min áli

48

comaítin' yazillo állibdo án hhádhí matnihí  
camá zallati áls'afwáo biálmotanazzili

49

âlai áldhabli jayyáshin' caïnná áhtizámoho  
idhá jásha feíhi hhamyoho galyo mirjali-

50

mifahhin' idhá má álfábihhato âlai álwanaí  
átharna álgibárán biálcadeídi álmoraccáli.

51

yezillo álgolámo álkhiffó ân s'ahawátihi  
wayolweí biáthwábi álâneífi álmothakkali

52

dereírin' cakhadhrúfi álwaleídi ámarraho  
tetáboô caffaíhi bikhaíth'in' mowas'sali

53

leho áyth'alâ dh"abyin' wafáká noâmah'in'  
waírkháo firhhánin' watakréibô tutfañi

54

dh'aleiîn' ídhá áftadbartaho fadda farjaho  
bidh'áfin' fowaíka álardi'i laísa biáázali

55.

caïnnna serátaho'ledaí álbaiti káyimán'  
medáca árúsm' áu s'aláyata þhàndh"ali

56

čaïnnna dimáo álhádiyáti binahhrihi  
óśárah'o hhinnáin' bishalbin' morajjalí

57

faânnna lená firbo'n caïnpa niâájaho  
âdhárai' duwárin' feí méláin' modhayyali

58

faádbarña cáljazí álmofas'sali baínahí  
bijeídin'. miâmpmin' feí álâsheirah'i makhwali

59

faálhhakaná biálhádiyáti wadúnaho  
jawáhhiroh'a feí s'arrak'in' kam'tazayyali

60

faâádaí ïdáan' baína thúrin' wanâjañin'  
dirácán' walam yondh'ahh bimáin' fayogsali

61

fadh'alla thóháto állahhmi min baíni mundh'ijin'  
dh'afeífi shiwáin' áú kadeírin' moájjali

62

waruhhná yecádo álthárfo yaks'oro dúnaho  
metaí má tarakkaí álâíno feíhi tasah-hali

63

fabáta álaíjhí ferjoho walijámqho  
wabáta biâínaí káyimán' gaíro mursali

64

ás alína terái barkáñ' óreíca wameidh'aho  
calamí ályadeíni feí hhabbiyyin' mocallali

65

yodh'iyya senáho áú mes'abeíhho ráhibijn'  
áhána álfeléitha biáldhobáli álmofattali

66

kaâdto leho was'ohhbateí baína dh'arijin'  
wabaína álâdhaíbi bôda má motaámmali

67

âlaí kathanin' biálshaími áymena s'aúbihi  
waáyferoho âlaí álsitári fayadhbuli

68

faádh'-hhái yasohho álmáo hhaúla cotaísíh'in  
yacabbo âlaí áládhkáni daúhha álcáñahbuli

69

wamarra âlaí álkanáni min nefayánihi  
faánzala miñho álôs'ma min culi menzili

70

watáimáa lam yatroc bihá jidhâ nakhlahân·  
welá ójomán illá masheídán' bijendali

71

caínna thebeîrân' feí âraneíni wâblihi  
cabeíro ónâsûn' feí bijádi mozammali

72

caïnna dhuraí ráso álmojaímiri godwah'an'  
mina álfáili wâlgoththâi filcahó migzali

73

waálkaí bisahhrâi álgibaíthi baâââho  
nozúla álvemáneí dhei álíyábi álmohhammalí

74

caïnna mecáciyya áljiwâi godayyah'an'  
sobihhna soláfán' min râhhéiki mosalfalí

75

caïnna álfibââ feíhi gharkai âshiyah'an'  
biárjáyihi álkis'waí ánâbeísho óns'oli

K Á L A  
T H A R A F A H O N  
ALBECRIYYO.

1 likhaúlah'a áthlalon' biborkah'a thahmedi  
telúhho cabákei álwašhmi feí dh'ahiri ályedi

2 wokúfán' bihá s'ahhbei álayyi math'iyihom  
yekúlana lá tahlic áfsyan' watejalledi

3 cañna hhod'úa álmáleciyyah'i guđwah'an'  
khaláyá fefeínin' biálnawás'afí min dedi

4 ádhúliyah'in' áú min sefeíni íbni yáminin'  
yejúro bihá álmelláhho th'úrán' wayahtedi

5 yašhokka hhabába álmái hlaízúmohá bihá  
camá kafarha áltorba álmofáwilo biálycdi

6 wafeí álhayyi áhhwai yanfodho álmerda  
shádinon'  
medh'áhiro semth'ai lülúin' wazabarjedi

7

khadhúlin' toráei rebrebán' bikhameílahín'  
tonáwiло áth'ráfa álberéiri wátertédi

8

watabsimo ân álmaí cai'nná monawwérán'  
takhallala hharra álremli dis'oh' leho nedí

9

sakat-ho íyáh'o álshemfi illá lothátihi  
ásiffa wálam tacadmi álaíhi biáthmedi

10

wawejhin' caïnná álshemfa hhallat ridáahá  
álaíhi níkeí állaúni lam yatakhaddedi

11

waïnné leámdh'éí álhommá ñnda áhhtidh'árihi  
biáújáí mirkálín' terúhho watagtedi

12

ámúnin' cálwáhhi áláráñi nefátohá  
álaí láhhabin' caïnnahó dh'ahra borjedi

13

tobárcí itákán' nájiyatín' waátbaât  
wadh'eifán' wadh'eifán' faúka maúrin' moâbbedi

14

terábbaita álkoffáíni biálshúli téctaéi  
hhadáyika máuleí álásirrahí ághyedi

15

tereíô ílaí s'úti' almoheíbi wátertakeí  
bidneí khos'alín' rúâáta átlañ mulbedi

16

**caī' nna** jonáhhái madh'rajiyyí tecanafá  
**khafáfeíhi** shuccá feí álâieíbi bimasfedi

17

fath'úrán' bihi khalfa álzen'eíli watáratán'  
 álaí khashafin' cálphiñna záwin' mojaddedi

18

lehá fakhadáni ácmola álnahhdh'o feíhomá  
**caī nnahomá** bábá meneífin' momarredi

19

watháyyi mehhálin' cálhoniyyí khalúfoho  
**waájronah'in'** lozzat bidáyin' monadh'dh'edi

20

**caī' nna** cináfaí dh'álah'in' yacnofánihá  
**waáth'ra** kifliyyán' tahhta s'olbiñ' mowayyedi

21

lehá mirfakáni áftilláni **caī' nnamá**  
 temorro biselmai dálijin' motashaddedi

22

cakanth'ariñ'a álrúmiyyí áksama rabbohá  
 letoñtanafá hhattái tosháda bikermédi

23

s'ohábiyyah'i álâthnúna mújedah'o álkeraí  
 baéídah'o wakhdi álrijli mawwárah'o ályedi

24

ómirrat yedáhá fatlo shezrin' waájnihhat  
 lehá ádh'odáhá feí sakeífin' mosannedi

25

jenúhhon' difákón' ândelon' thomma ófrigat  
lehá citafáhá feí maâáliyo, mos'aââdi

26

caï'nna ôlúbi álnisi feí daáyátihá  
mawárida fnin khalkáj feí dh'âhri kerdedi

27

tolákeí waáhhyánán' tebeíno caïnnahá  
benáyiko gorrin' feí kameísin mokaddedi

28

waátlaô nehádh'on' ídhá s'aâdat bihi  
casucáni bús iyyin' bidejlah'a mos'idi

29

wajumjumah'in' mithla áláláh'i caïnnamá.  
waâai álmoltakeí minhá jláí jarfi mabredi

30

wakhaddon' cakirth'ási álkhamiyyi wamishfarin'  
cafebti ályemáneí kaddoho lam yojaddei

31

waâínáni cálmaáwwitaíni áftacannata  
bicahfeí hhijájin' s'akhráh'in' kalti maúridi

32

th'ahhúrándo âwári álkadhaí fateráhomá  
camachhúlatáí madhúúrah'in' ómma férkedi

33

was'ádikatá samâa áltawájjiso lisforaí  
lihajsin' khaffiyin' áu lis'aúnp' monâddedi

34

mowallalatáni târifo álítka feíhomá  
cafámiátaí sháhin' bihhaúmeli mofredi

35

waárwaô nebbádh'in' ábhádhdon' molemlemon'  
camirđáti s'akhrin' feí s'afeíhhin' mos'amintedi

36

waín sheíta sámaí wásíth'a áleúri rásohá  
waâanat bidh'abâihá nejáa álkhafaídedi

37

waín sheíta lam tofkil waín sheíto árkalat  
makháfah'a melwiyyin' mina álkasldi mohhs'edi.

38

waâálamon' makhrútin' mina álánsi máfinon'  
áteíkön' metaí torjam biki álárđl'o tazdedi

39

álaí mithlihá ámdhaí ídhá kála s'áhhibeí  
ála laitaneí áfdeíca minhá waáftçedéí

40

wajáshat ítajhi álnaffo khaúfán' wakhálaho  
mos'ábán' walaú ámsai álaí gaíri mics'edi

41

ídhá álkaúmi kálúa men fatyan' khiko ínnanei  
óneíto falam ácseł walam átabelledi.

42

áhhalto álahhá biálkath'eii faájdhamat  
wakad khabba álo álámâzi álmotawakkedi

43

fadħálat camá dhálat waleídali'o mejlisin'  
toreí rabbohá ádhyála sahhlin' momaddedi

44

walesto biħħelláli áutiláî mekháfah'an'  
waleciż metaí yestcerfidi álkaúmo árfedi

45

waín tabignéi feí hhalkah'i álkaúmi telkaneí  
waín tekstanis'ncí feí álhawáneíti tes'tħ'edi

46

metaí tátineí ós biħħca cásuń rawiyyah ań  
waín conta ānhá gániyán' fárgna wázdedi

47

waín yaħtika álħayyo áljameíô tolákineí  
īlaí dħirwah'i álbaiti álrafcíi úlmosammeđi

48

nedámáeí beidh'on' cálnojumi wakaínah'on'  
terúhho ālaínā baína bordin' wamojsedi

49

rahheíbon' kithábo áljaábi mihha rakċikoho  
bijassi álnedámá badh dh'ah'o álmotajarredi

50

ídħá nahħno kulná áfmaēná ánbarat lená  
ālaí rasliħá math'rükah'an·lam toħaddedi

51\*52•

wamá zála tħishrabeí álkhomúra wafadhdhatnej  
wabaiēi wainfákei Nigrejfei wainultedei

53

ilaí án tehhámatneí álâsheírah'ó cullohá  
waófridto ífráda álbaéíri álmnoâbbedi

54

râyato beneí gabráá lá yencirúnaneí  
walá áhli hádháca álhíráfi álmomaddedi

55

álá áyyohodhá álláyimeí álhhdh'ora álwagaí  
waán ásh-hadi állandhdháti hal ánta mukhledi

56

faín conta lá testh'eíâ dafâ meniyyateí  
fadâneí óbádirho bimá melecat yedi

57

falaúlá theláthon' honna min eíshah'i álfataí  
wajaddicá iam áhhfál metaí kámá òwwadeí

58

faminhonna sebkeí álaádhiláto bishurbéh'in'  
comeítin' metaí má taglo biálmáï tezbédi

59

wacarreí ídhá nádeí álmoodh'áfo mohhannibán'  
caseídi álgadh'á neblahtoho álmotawarredi

60

wataks'eíri yaúma áldojni wáldojno mjjibon'  
bibeñecah'in' tahlita álhíráfi álmoânnmedi

61

caïnna álbora'na wáldemáleíja ôllikat  
alaí ôshorin' áú khirwâin' lam yokhadh'dh'edi

62

fadherneí árawweí hám̄eteí feí hhayátihá  
mekháfah'a shirbin' feí álh̄hayáh'i mos'arredi

63

careímon' yorawwei naffaho feí hhayátihi  
setâlamō ín' mutná gadón' áyyoná áls'adeí

64

áraí kab̄a nehhámin' bekheílin' bimálihi  
cakabri gawiyyin' feí álbith'áleh'i mufiedi

65

teráí jathwataíni min turábin' âlaíhomá  
s'efáiyihho s'om'min' min s'afeíhhín' monadh'dh'edi

66

áraí álmáúta yâtámo álciráma wayas'sh'afeç  
âkeílah'a máli álfâhhishi' álmotaşhaddedi

67

áraí áldehra canzán' nákis'än' culla laílah'in'  
wamá tankos'o. áláyyámo wáldchro yanfodi

68

leâmroca ínna álmáúta má ákhthá álfataí  
leca álh'iwwaló álmurkhai wathonyáho biályedí

69

famá leí áráheí wábna ámmieí málicán'  
metaí ádno nînho yaná ânneí wayabôdi'

70

yelúmo wamá ádreí áláyna yelúmoneí  
camá lámaneí feí álh̄hayyi kemhö ábnö áâbedi

71

waáyásaneí miŋ culli khaírin' th'alabtoho  
caí nna wadh'ánáhò ílaí remsi mulhhedi

72

âlaí gaíri dhenbin' kultoho gaíra ínnaneí  
naſhadto falam 'ágfal hhamúlah'a mâbedi

73

wakarrabto biálkorbaí wajaddica ínnaneí  
metaí yeco ámron' lilneceſbah'i áſh-hedi

74

waï'n ódâ liljollái ácun min hhomátihá  
waï'n yática áláâdáo biáljehdi ájħedi

75

waïn yakdhífúá biálkadhi īrdh'ica áskihom  
bicáſt hhiyádh'i álmaúti kabla áltahaddodi

76

bilá hhadathin' áhħidaħtotoho wacamohhdithin  
hijáeí wakadhfcí biálħhicáh'i wàmuth'redeí

77

falaú caná maúlāya ímrán' huwa ġaíroho  
lefarraja carbeí áú leándh'araneí gadeí

78

walecinná maúlāya ímrón' huwa khánikeí  
âlaí álfħecri wáltifáli áú áná muftedi

79

wadh'olmo dhawei' álkorbaí áſháddo mad-  
hádħ'atan'  
âlaí álm̄era miñ wakī álhhiſámi álmohennedi

80

fadherneí wakholkeí ínnaneí leca sháciron'  
walaú hhalla baítí náyián' ânda dh'argedé

81

falaú sháa rabbeí con̄to kaísa íbna khálidin'  
walaú sháa rabbeí con̄to âmrū íbna merthedi

82

faólféita dhá mália' catheírin' waâádaneí  
benúna cirámin' sádah'on' limasawwedi

83\*

áná álrajolo áldh'arbi állandhei târifúnaho  
khásháshon' caráfi álhayyah'i álmotawakkidi

84

faálaito tâ yanfacço cash-hhei beth'ánah'an'  
liádhbi rakeiki álshafrataín' mohennedi

85

hhisámon' idhá má kuimta muntasíráán' bihi  
cafai áluúdo mînho álbeda laifa bimâdh'edi

86\*

ákhei thikah'in' lá yanthineí ân dh'aréibah'in'  
idhá keila maklán' kála hhájizoho kadeí

87

idhá ábtadará álkaúmo álfóláhha wajadtaneí  
meneiâán idhá ballat bikáyimah'in' yeđi

88

waberco kojúdin' kadáthárat mekhafateí  
nawádiyahá ámshéi biâdh'bîn' mojarfedé

89

famarrat coháh'on' dháto khaífin' jelálah'an'  
 ákeílaho shaikhin' cálwábeíli yelendedi

90

yekúlo wakad tarra álwadh'eifi wasákahá  
 álesta teráí án kad áteíto bimaúyidi

91

wakála álá má dhá terúna bisháribin'  
 shedeídin álaíná nefyoho motaámmédi

92

fákálúá dherúho ínnamá nefohá leho  
 waíllá tereddúá kás iya álburci yezdedi

93

fadh'halla álámáo, yemtelilna hhuwárahá  
 wayasái álainá biálfadeísi álmofarhedi

94

faï'n mutto fániéíneí bimá áná áhloho  
 washakkeí álayyi áljaíba yá bneh'a mábedi

95

walá tajáleíneí caímraí laísa hammoho  
 cihammeí walá yogneí gináyeí wamaishi-hedi

96

bathiyan' áni áljollaí sereíñ ílai álkhaná  
 dheleílin' biájmáí átrijáli moleh-hedi

97

falaú conto waglán' feí átrijáli ledh'arraneí  
 ádáwah'i dhei álás'hábi wálmotawahhedi

98

walacin nafaí ânneí álrijála jerátaeí  
âlaíhim, waíkdámeí wásidkeí wāmahhtedi

99

liâmrica má ámreí álayyi bigummah'in'  
niháreí walá laileí álayyi biserm̄tedi

100

wayaúma hhabasto álnaffa ìnda áâtirácihá  
hhifádhnán âlaí àurátihi wáltehedodi

101

âlaí maúth'inin' yekhshái álfetaí ìndaho álradaí  
metaí tâtaric̄ minho álferáyis'o tarêdi

102

waás'fara madh'búhhin' nedh'arto hhawáraho  
âlaí álnári wáftáúdâtoho cappa muj'medi

103

setobdeí leca áláyyámó má conto jáhilán'  
wayáteíca biálákhbári men lam tozaww'cdi

K' A L A  
Z Q H A I R O N

ALMAZENIYYO.

1  
ámin ómmi áufeí dimnah'on' lam tecellami  
bihhaúmánáti álderráji fálmotathéłami

2  
diyáron' lehá biálräkmateíni caínnahá ..  
merájéiô wašhmin' feí nawáshiri mísami

3  
bihá áléíno wálárámo yoñsheína khilfah'an'  
waítlábhá yanhadh'na min culli mejthami

4  
wakafto bihá min bâdi iñhreína hhijah'an  
faláyán' árafto áldára bâda tawah-homi

5  
átháfeia sofáán feí moàrrasi morjilin'  
wanúyán' cajedh'mi álhhaúdh'i lam yatathallami

6  
falemmá árafto áldára koltø lirabihá  
ála nám s'ebáhhán' áyyohá álrabâ wáslami

7

tebas'ser khaleílei hal terai min dh"âayinin'  
tahhammalna biálolyái min faúki jorthamí

8

jaâlna álkjnána ân yemeíniñ' wahhazqaho  
wacam biálkináni min mohhillin wamohhrimi

9

waâalaína ánmálán' itákjón' wacallah'on'  
wiráda álhawásheí laúnoha laúno ândami

10

dh"cherna mina álsaúbáni thomma jazánaho  
âlai culli kaír iyin' kasheibin wamofámi

11

wawaracna feí álsaúbáni yâlúna matnahó  
âlaâhinna dulla álnáimí álmotanâimi

12

caïnna fotáto álihni feí culli menzili  
nazalna bihj habbo álfená lam yohhath'hámi

13

bacarna becúrán' waâstakherna bifohhräh'in'  
fahonna wawádeí álraffí cailyaddi lîlfâmi

14

falemmá waradna álmáa zûrká jomámah'an  
wadhâna îsiyya álhhadh'iri álmotakhayyimi

15

wafeihinna molhiyan' lîlath'eífi wamendh'eror  
âneikon' lijáni álnádh'iri álpotawâssiñi

16

faâeí fâiyán' gáidh"o bno murrah'a bâdamá  
tabazzalæ má baína álâsheírah'i biáldemi

17

faáksamto biálbáiti álladhí th'áfa hhaúlaho  
rijalon' benúho mím koraíshin' wajorhami

18

yameínán' lixâma álsayyadáni wajidtomá  
âlaí culli hhálin' min sahheílin wamobrami

19

tedáreétomä âbsän' wadobbyána bâdamá  
tefánúá wadakkûá baínahom íth'ra ininshami

20

wakad kultomá án nodrica álfalma wásiâán'  
bimálii "wamárúfin' mina álkaúlî neflami

21

faás bahhtomá minhá âlaí kñaíri maúth inin'  
baêidaína minhá min ôkúkin' wamáthami

22

âdh"címaína feí âlyá maâddin' hodeítomá  
·wamir yastabihh cenzán' mina álmajdi yédh"amí

23

waásbahha yohhdeí feíhomó min tiládicom  
·nagánimo shatteí inin ífálín' mozannami

24

toâffaí álcólúmo biálmáéñi faás bahñat  
yonajjimohá men laísa feíshá bimojrími

25

yonajjimohá kaúmón' likaúmin' garámah'an  
walam yohareíkúá baínahom̄ milá \*mihhjami

26

álká ábligi áláhhláfa ânnéí rífálah'an'  
wadhöbyána hal áksamtomó cufli moksami

27

felá teftomna állaha má feí nofúsicom'  
liyakhfaí wamahmá yo ūrima állaho yâlami

28 .

yowakhkher fayúdhâ feí citábin' fayoddokher  
liyaúmi alhhisábin' áú yaâjjal fayonkami

29

wamá álhkarbo illá má álimtom wadhoktomúá  
wamá húa ânhá biálhhadeíthi álmorâjjami

30

mataí tebâthúhá tebâthúhá dhameímah an'  
watadh'rí ídhá ádh'raítomúhá fatodh'rampi

31

fatâriccomo árca álrahhá bithifáliha  
watolkihh cisháfán' thomma tontij fatotyâmi

32

fatontij lecom gilmána ásháma cullahom  
caáhhmera âadín thomma tordh'i fatofth'âmi

33

fatogill lecom má lá togillo ljáhlihá.  
koryán biáliráki min kafeízin' wadirhemi

34

lehhayyin' hhelálin' yâs'imo' álnási ámrahom  
ídhá tħarakat ílhħaqi ālliyáli bimôdh"ami

35

cirámon' falá dhú áldh'igni yodricho teblaho  
ledaíhim waħxa áljanei ālaíhim bimōllem;

36

raūuá mā raūuá min dh"amyihim thomma  
áuradúá  
gimárán' toferraí biálfelħahhi wabiáldemi

37

fakadh'dh'ua menjáyá ħaínihim thomma ás'eruá  
ħlaí caláin' mostubilin' motawakkhami.

38

leħnri lēnima álhayyja jerrā ālaíhom  
bimá lá yuwáteiħim hhos'añu ibno dh emdh'emi

39

wacána tháwaí cish-ħhán' ālaí moħtacinnah'in'  
felá húa abdáhá walam yatakaddamni

40

wakála faákdheiħi hhajati thomma átaki  
aduyyi biálfin' miu warayyi molajjámi

41

faħadda walarn yofzô boyútán' çatheírah'an'  
ledaí ħhaítu álkat rħħlahá ċemmø kâħšami

42

ladaí ásfadın shacei ālfilħha mokádkifin'  
leħo libaðon adħx-faróħo lam tokallami

43

jerriyyin' mataí yodh'lam yoâákib bidh'olmihi  
sereíâán' waíllá yobda biáldh'olmí yadh'lami

44

lcâmraca má jarrat álaíhim rimáhhohom  
demq íbno neheícin' áú kateíli' álmoothallami

45

walá sháracat feí álhharbi feí demi ñaufelin'  
walá wahabin' minhá walá íbni álmojadhdhami

46.

wacullán' áráhom ásbahhúá yâkilúnaho  
s'ahheíhháni málín' th'áliâatin' mokharremi

47

wamen yâs'i álth'râfa álzijáji faínnoho  
moth'eio álâwalei' roccibat culla lahzemi

48

wamen yúfa lá yodhmo wamen yahdi kalbaho  
ílaí moth'maeíni álbirri lá yatajamjami

49

wamen hába ásbába álmenáya yanâlaho  
waláú ráma ín yermaí álfemai bisollamí

50

wamen yecô dhá fadhlín' fayabkhal bifadhlîhi  
âlaí kaúmihî yostagna ânho wayodhmami

51.

wamen lá yazal yestâlhîkâlnâsa naffaho  
walá yâfihá yaúmán' miña áldhulli yandami

52

wamen yagtarib yahhsib âduwwán' s'adeikaho  
 wamen lá yocarrim naffaho lá yacorrami

53

wamen lá yadhud ân hhaúdh'ihi bafiláhhíhi  
 yohaddem wanđen lá yadh"limi álnáſa yodh"lami

54

wamen lá yos'áni feí ómúrin' catheírah'in'  
 yodh'arras biányábin' wayúth'á biminsami

55

wamen yejáli álmárúſa men dúni irdh'ihi  
 yafirho wamen lá yattakeí álfhatma yoshtamí

56

faímto tecáleifa álhayáti wamen yaish  
 themáneína hhaúlán' lá ábán' leca yesfámi

57

ráyato álmenáyá khabih'a áfhwáqa men tos'ib  
 tomit-ho wamen tahhdh"cí yoámmar fayahrami

58

wamahmá yeçun ìnda ámriyin' min khaleikah'in'  
 waín khálahá takhfeí álaí álnáſi tólamí

59

waáalamo má feí ályaúmi wálámfi kablaho  
 walecinnan'ei ân ilmi má feí gadin'âmi

# K Á L·A

## L E B E Í D.O.N

### ÁLAÁMERIYYO.

áfati áldiyáro māhhallohá fāmokámohá  
biminyan' tábada gaúlojhá faṣijámohá

2

fāmodáfū álrayáni ôrriya refmohá  
khalakán' camá dh'amiṇa álwahhiyyo fūlāmohá

3

deminon' tejerramo bāda.âhdi áneífahá  
hhajajon' khalaúna hhelāloha wahharámohá

4

rozikat īmerábeíâ álnojúmi was'ābahá.  
wadko álrawájdi júdohá farihámohá

5

min culli fāriyah'in' wagádin' modjinin'  
waâshiyah'in' motajáwibin' írzámohá

6

faâlā forúâ áláyhokaṇi wāthfalat  
biáljelhataíni dh'ibáwohá wāniâmohá

7

wálâíno fácinah'ón' álaí áth'láyihá  
ñúdhán' taájjila biálfadh'áï bihámohá

8

wajalá álsoyúlo âni álh'olúli caï'nnahá  
zuburon' tojiddo motúnihá áklámohá

9

áú rajô wáshimah'in' ásiffa núúrohá  
cifafán' taárradh'a faúkahonna wishámoha

10

fawakafto ásálohá wácaífa sowáloná  
sommán' khawálida má yabeíno celámohá

11

óriyat wacána bihá áljomeíô faábcárúá ..  
minhá wagüdira núyohá wathómámohá

12

shákatca dh"âno álhhayyi yaúma tehhammalúá  
fatacennafúá koth'onán' taš'irro khiyámohá

13

min culli mañhfúsín' yedh' illo ásíyyoho  
zaújon' álaíhi cillah'on' wakirámohá

14

zujalán' caï'nna niâája túdh'ihha faúkahá  
wadh"abáa wejrah'a 'óth'th'afán' árámohá

15

hhofizat wázáyalahá álíseráho caï'nnaha  
ájzáô beíshah'a áthlohá waridh'amohá

16

bel má tadhaccaro min nawári wakad badat  
watakath' th'aât ásbábohá warimámohá

17

\*moriyyah'on' khollat bifaída wajáwarat  
áhla álhijázi faáína mînca mérámohá

18

bimisháriki áljebeiaíni áyú bimohhafferin'  
fatadh ammanat-há ferdah'on farokhámohá

19

fafawáíkon' ín áymenat famódh" annah'on'  
minhá wihiháfo álkihri úu th'ilkhámohá

20

faákth' álobánah'a men taârradh'a waş'lohe  
walisherri wás'ili khullah'in' s'arrámohá

21

wáhhbo álmojámila biáljezeíli was'ormoho  
bákin' idhá dh"aliât wazága kawámohá

22

bithaleíhhin' ásfarin' taracna bakiyxahán'  
minhá faáhhnaka şolbohá wäsenámohá

23

fa-ídhá tagálai lahhmohá watahhafferat  
watakath' th'aât bâda álciláli hhidámohá

24

falehá hibábon' feí álzimámí caïnnahá  
sahhbáa ráhha maá álnieiimí jkhámohá

25

áu molmiìn' wasikat liáhhkabi láhhaho  
th ardo álfohhúli wadh'arbohá wacidámohá

26

yálú bihá hhadaba álácamí mosahh-hhaján'  
kad rábaho ísyánóhá wawihhámohá

27

biáhhizzah'i álthalbúni yerbâo faúkahá  
kafro álmerákibi khaúfohá árámohá

28

hhattáí idhá falakhá jumádaí fittah'in'  
jazán' fath ála s'iyámohá wakiyáyóhá

29

warah'i dóbirahá álsáfá wataháyyajat  
reihho álmos'ayisí faúmóhá wasahámohá

30

rajaáá biámrihomá ílaí dhei mirrah'in'  
hhas'adín' wanajhho s'archmah'in' íbrámohá

31

fatanázaáá fábihthán' yoth'eíro dh'iláloho  
cadukháni mashálah'in' yoshiibbo'dh'íramohá

32

mashmúlah'in' golíthát binebáti árfajin'  
cadukháni nárin' fáth'iin' áfnámohá

33

famadhái wakaddamáhá wacánat áádah'an'  
minho idhá heía árradat íkdámohá

34

fatawassathá árdhá álsariyyi was'addaâá  
masjúrah'an' motajáwirán' **kullámohá**

35

mahhfúfah'an' wasth'a ályarâi yodh"illoho  
minho mos'arraô gábah'in' **waklyámohá**

36

áfatilca ám wahhfíiyah'on' masbúâh'en'  
khadhalat waádiyah'o álsiwári kiwámohá

37

khans'ao dh'ayyaâti álfereíri salam yazal  
árdh'o álfshakáyiki.th'aúfohá wabogámohá

38

lemoâfferin' kahdip' tenázaâ shilwoho  
gabson' cawásibo má yemunno th'aâámohá

39

s'adafna miñhá girrah'an' fás'abnahá  
ínna álmenáyá.lá tath'eisho sihámohá

40

bátat waásbala wácifon' min deímah'in'  
torwaí álkhamáyila dáyimán tasjámohá

41

tejáfo áslán•kális'án' motanabbidhán'  
biójúbi ínkáin' yemeílo hayámohá

42

yálú th'areíkah'a matnahá motawátirón'  
feí laílah'in' cafara álnojúma gamámohá

43

watadh'iyya feí wajhi áldh"alámi moneírah'an'  
cajománah'i álbahhriyyi falla nidh"ámoha

44

hhattáí idhá ánhhasara áldh"elámo waásfarat  
bacarat tazillo ãni áltharáí ázlámoha'

45

âlahat taballada feí niháï s'oáyadin'  
febâán' towámán' cámilán' áyyámohá

46

hhattáí idhá yayisáí waás-hhaka hhálikon'  
lam yoblihi írdh'áôhá wafithámohá

47

watasanmaât ruz áláneísi faráâhá  
ân dh'ahri gaíbin' wálárteíso fakámohá

48

fagadat cullá álfarjaíni tahhsibo ánnaho  
maúlaí álmokháfah'i khalfohá wátmámohá

49

hhattáí idhá yaíso álrómáh'o waársalúa  
gödh'ofán' dawájino kafilán' áás'ámohá

50

falahhikna wáâtacarat lehá medrayyah'on'  
câlsamhariyyah'i hhoddohá watemámohá

51

lítadhúdáma waáykanat ín lam tadhud  
án kad ájamma maâ álhhatúfi hhamámohá

52

fatakas's adat minhá cisába fadh' arrajat  
bicron wagúdira feí álmicarri sijámohá

53.

fabitilca ídh rakasa állawámiô biáldh'ohhaí  
wájtába árdiyah'a álserábi ícámohá

54

akdhí állobánah'a lá ófarrith'o reíbal'an  
áu án yalúma bihhájah'in' lawwámohá

55.

úwalam tecun tadreí nawáro beínnani  
wás'salo ikdi hhabáyilin' jadhdhámohá

56

tarráco ámcinah'in' ídhá lam árdhahá  
áu yertabith' bâdha álnofúli hhimámohá

57

bel ánti lá tadreína cam'min laillah in'  
thalikin' ledheídhin' lahwohá wanidámohá

58

kad bitto fámirahá wagáyah'a tájirin'  
wáfaíta ídh rofaít waâzza modámohá

59

óglci álsibáa beculli ádcana áátikin'  
áu júnah'in' kodihhat wafodh'dh'a khitámohá

60

bis abúhhin' sáfiyah'in' wajadhbí careínahin'  
bimowatterin' tátáloho íbhámohá

61

bácarto hhíjatahá áldojája bisohhrah'in'  
lióalla mīnhá hheína hobba niyámohá

62

wagadáhi reíhhin' kad wazito wakortah'in'  
ídh ásbahhat biyadi áls himáli zimároná

63

walekad hhamaíto álhayyya tähhmila shiccati  
foroth'on' wisháhhi ídh gadaúto lijamohá

64

faálúto murtakabán' álaí dhei habwah'in'  
khorajin' ílaí áálámihinna katámohá

65

hhataí ídhá álkat yadán' feí cásfrin'  
waájapñe áárato álthegúri dh'álámohá

66

ás-halto wántas'abat cajidh' maneífah'in'  
jerdáa yahhs'oro dúnahá jorrámohá

67

raffátohá th'aída álniâáini wafaúkalio  
hhatái ídhá fakhinat wakhaffa ídh ámohá

68

kalikat rihhálatohá waáfbala nahhrohá  
wábtalla min zabdi álhameíni hhiżámohá

69

tarkáí watajh'ano feí álináni watautihhai  
wirda álhhamámahí ídhá jadda hhamámohá

70

wacatheírah'ón' gúrbáwohá majhúlah'ón'  
torjaí nawáfilohá wayokhshái dhámohá

• 71

golbin' tašhaddara biáldokhúli caïnnahá  
jinnq álbádiyyi rawásiyán' áktámoħá

72

áncarto báth ilahá wabúto bihhakkihá.  
yaúmán' walam yafkhar álayyi cirámohá

73

wajezúro íysári'ñ daâúto lihhatfihá  
bimagálíkin' motashábihin áálámohá

74

ádúú biñinna liâákirin' áú mothfilin'  
bodhilat ljeíráni áljaméijí lihhámohá

75

fáldh'aífo wáljáro álgäreíbo cár'nnamá  
habath'á tabálah'a mokhsibán' áhdh'ámohá

76

táweí ilai áláth'nábi culli radhiyyah'in'  
mithlo álbaliyyah'i kális'in' áhdamohá

77

wayocallakúna ídhá álriyáhho tenáwahhat  
kholoján' tomeddo shawáriián' áytámohá

78

ínná ídhá áltákati álnojámió lam yazal  
minná lizázo ádh'eímaħ'in' jaħámohá

79

wamokassimín' yôth'éí álásheírah'o hhakkahá  
 wamogadhmiriñ' lihhokúkihá hadh'ámohá

80

fadh'lán' wadhú caremin' yoéíno álai álnadañ  
 samhhon' casúbo ragáyibin' gannámohá

81

min máshariñ' fannat lehom ábáwohom  
 waliculli kaúmin' sonnah'on waímámohá

82

ín yafzaúuá yolkáí álmogáfira ìndahom  
 wálfinno yalmaô cálçawáçibi lámoħá

83

lá yath'baúúna walá yebúro faâálohom  
 ín lá taméílo tmaâ álhawaí áhhlámoħá

84

fabenúá lená baítán' rafeíáán' semcoho  
 fasamaí ūlaíhi cohlohá wàgolámohá

85

fáknâ bimá-kasama álmeleíco faínnamá  
 kasama álkhaláyika baínaná álamoħá

86

waï'dhá álámánah'o koffimat feí máshariñ  
 áúfaí biáâdh"ami hhaðh"dh"iná kassámohá

87

fahom ~~á~~ ídhá álásheírah'o áfðh"aat  
~~á~~ wárisohá wahoñ hoccoámohá

88

wahom rabeíón' lilmojáwiri feíhomó  
walmormiláti ídhá tatháwála. Áámohá

89

wahom ájâsheírah'o ín yobath'hái hhéidón'  
áú áñ yanéello māa álādwi liyámohá

# K A L A

## A N T A R A H O N

ALABSIYYO.

1  
ħāl gáderā álshoáráo min motaraðdimi  
ám hal árafsa áldári bâda tawah-homi

2  
yá dára áblah'a biáljawáï tecellamei  
waímméi 'sébáhhán' dára áblah'a wáflimi

3  
fawakafto feihá nákitéi wacáïnnahá  
fadanon' liákdheí hhájah'a álmotalawwimi

4  
watahhillo áblah'a biáljawáï waíhlohá  
biálhhaazni fáls'ammáni fálmotathalloini

5  
hhoyyeíta min th'alalin' tekádema áhdoho  
ákwaí waákfara bâda ómmi álhaíthami

6  
hhallat biárdh'i álzáyireíha faásbahħat  
áfirán' álaí th'ollábici iħnaħha makħrami

7

6lliktohá áradh'án' waáktolo kaúmahá  
zámán' leámra ábeíca laísa.bimozími

8

walekad nazalti felá tadh"unnei gaíroho  
minneí bimenzilah i álmohhabbi álmocremi

9

caífa álmezáro wakad terabbaô áhlohá  
bióneízataíni waáhloná biálgailami

10

ín conti ázmáti álsiráka faínnamá  
zummat rocábicomó bilaíln modh'limi

11

má ráâneí illá hhomúlah'ó áhlihá  
wasath'a áldiyári tasuffo hhabba álkhimkhimi

12

feihá áthnitáni waárbaûna hhalúbah'an'  
fúdán' cakhásiyah'i ágorábi álás-hhami

13

ídhe testabeíca bidheí gorúbin' wádh'ihhin  
ádhbin' mokabbalaho ledheídhó álmath'amí

14

wacaí nna fárah'a tájirin' bikaféimah'in  
fabakat áwáridh'qahá ílaíca min álfamí .

15

áú raúdh'ah'in' ínfán' tadh'aminana nebtahá  
gaíthon kaléilo áldimii laísa.bimálamí

16

jádat álaíhi cullo becrin' hhurrah'in'  
fataracna cullo' karárah'in' cáldirhemí

17

fahh-hhán' watscábán' faculli áshiyyah'in  
yajref álaíha álmão íam yat'arrami

18

wakhalá áldhobába bihá falaísá bibárihhin'  
garidán' cafili álfaráibi álmotarannimi

19

haziján' yahhocco d'hiráâho bidhiráîhi  
kadhma álmoçibbi álaí álzenádi álajdhami

20

tomseí wato'sbihho faúka dh"ahri hhashíyyah'in'  
waábeito faúka foráh'a ád-hama moljami

21

wahhashiyyateí farjin' álaí ábli álfshawái  
nehdin' meráciloho nebeílo álmahlzemi

22

hal tabloginneí dárahá shadaniyyah'on'  
loônañ biñahhrúmi álfherábi mäs'orrami

23

khath'th'árah'on' gibba álsoraí zayyáfañ'on'  
tath'iso álácamá biwakhdi khuffi'n máithhami

24

wacaïnnamá tath'iso álácamá áshiyyah'an'  
bikareíbi báñia álmimsamáñi mos'allami

25

táweí leho kolosó álniáâmi camá áwat  
 .hhizakon' yemániyah'on' liájamí thimthími

• 26 •

yatabâna kullah'a rásihi wacaïnnaho  
 hharijon' álaí nâshin' lehonna mokhayyami

27

sâlin' yaûúdo bidteí álâsheírah'i baídâhah  
 cálâbdi dhei álferwi álhawéili áláslami

28

sharibat bimái áldohhradh'aími fásbahhat  
 zaúráa tenforô ân hhiyádh'i áldailemi

29

wacaïnnamá yenâya bijánibi diffahá  
 álwahhshei min hazaji álihiyyi muwawwîmi

30

hirron' Janebon' cullamá áthifat leho  
 gadh'baí áttakâhá biályadaíni wabiâlfamî

31

âbkaí lehá th'ula álzemáni mokermâdán'  
 sanadán' wamishla daâyîmî álinotakhayyimi

32

baracat álaí•mâi álridâi caïnnamá  
 baracat álaí kasabin' ájashsha mohadh'dhâmi

33

wacâna rabbán' áú cahheilán' mokadán'  
 hhashsha álwofûda bihi jâwânjbi komkomi

34

yenbáô min dhisraí gadh'úbin jesrahin'  
zayyáfah'in' inithla álfateíki álmoçdami

35

ín togdafeí dúneí álkináî faïnnaneí  
th'ibbon' biákhdhi álfárisí álmostalyimí

36

áthaneí âlayyi bimá álimti faïnnanci  
fahlon' mokhálafateí ídhá lam ódh'lami

37

faïdhá dh'olimto faïnna dh'olmeí básilon  
mirron' modhákatoho cath'ámi álkamí

38

walekad sharibto min álmodámahí bâda má  
racadà álhaw'.jiro biálini'húsi álmâlamí

39

bizojah'in' s'afría dháli i ásirrah'in'  
korinat biásfari feí álhím'ili mosfaddani

40

faïdhá sharibto faïnnaneí mostahlicon'  
máléi wárdhei wáfirón' lam yoclámi

41

waïdhá s'ahhaúto femá ókas'siro ân nadai  
wacamá álimti shemiyileí watecerromí

42

~~washaleilo~~ gápiyah'in'.taracço mojaddalán'  
temcú fereis atoho cañidki áláâlamí

43

fabakat yedáya leho biâájili thânah in'  
warashâshi nâfidah'in' calâuni álândami.

44

hallâ fâlati álkhaílo yá bnata málincin'.  
in' cõti jáhilah'an' bimá lam tâlamî

45

ídâ lá ázâlo álaí rihhâsh'i sâbihhiñ'  
nehdin' taâáworoho álcômâh'o mocellami

46

thûrân' yojarrado lilth iâánî watârah'an'  
yâwei ilâi hhas'adi álkissel âramrami

47

yokhbîrço min shahida álwakeíh'a. inqaneí  
ágshaí álwagáí waâiffo înda álmagnami

48

wamodajjajin' cariha álcômâh'o nizâlaho  
lá momniin harabán' walá mostaslimi

49

jádat yedáya leho biâájili thânah in'  
bimothkâfin' sidki álcaûûbi mokawwami

50

birahheibah'i álfargaíni yahdeí jetsohá  
biâllaíli môfassa áldhiyâbj áldh orrami.

51

fashaceeto biâlromhhi áláshâmmi thiyyâbahô  
laifa álcareíno álaí álkanâ binohhrâmi

52

fataractoho jazra álfibáî yanoshnahó  
má baína kullah'a rásihi wálñis'ami

53

wamashacei sâbigah'in' hatacto forújahá  
biálsaií ân hhámeí álhhalkeíkah'i mólámi

54

rabidhin' yéddáho biálkidáhhí ídhá fhatá  
hatáco gáyáti áltejári molawwami

55

lemmá raáneí kad nazalto óreídoho  
ábdaí nawájidhoho ligáiri tebassomi

56

fathâñatcho biálromhhi thomma álaútoho  
bimohcendah'in' sáfeí állhadeídah'i mikhdhami

57

âhdeí bihi medda álnehári caïnnamá  
khodh'iba álbenáno warásoho biálldh'lami

58

bath'alin' caïnná thiýabaho feí farhhihi  
yohhdha' niâalo álfseb'i laísa yatawámi

59

yá sháh'o má kanas'in' limen hhallat leho  
hhorimat álayyi walaítohá lam tohhrami

60

fabaâth-to járiyateí fakolto lehá ídh-habeí  
fatajassafeí ákhbárahá leí wáâlimi

61

kálat ráito mina áláâádeí girrah'an'  
wálsháh'o momçinah'on limen hú murçami

62

wacañnamá áltafatat bijeídi jjidáyah'in'  
rashán mina algizlání•hurrin' árthami

63

nobbeíto ámrán' gaíra shácira nîmatei'  
wálcofro mukhbath'h'on' linefsi álmonîmi

64

walekad hhafidh'to was'áh'a ámmeí biáldh"ihhai  
ídh taklis'o álsheftáno ân wádh'-hhi álfami

65

feí hhaúmahí álhharbi állateí lá taştaceí  
gamrátihá álábth'alo illá tagamgomi

66

ídh yatakúha bei álásinnah'a lam ákhim  
ânhá waleçinneí tad hayika mokdameí

67

lemá samâto nidáa morrah'a kad álá  
wábnaí rabeíah'a feí álgibári álaktami

68\* 69

wamohhallámon yafûúna taþhta liwáyihim  
wálmaúto taþhta liwáî áli mohhallami

70

áyaknat ân sayacúna ïnda lkáyihim  
dh'arbon' yath'eiro âni álfirákhl' áljoththami

71

lemá ráyato álkaúnia ákbala jamôhom  
yatadhámeruna cararto gáiro moñhammami

72

yadûúna ântara wálrimáhhi caïnnahá  
âshth'áno beírin' feí lobári álad-hami

73

má zilto ármeíhim bigorrah'i nahhrihi  
walibánihi hhataí teserbala biáldemi

74

wázawwara min wákî álkaná bilibánihi  
washacaí ílayyi biâbrah'in' watahhahmhhomi

75

laú cána yadreí má álmohháwarah'o áshtacaí  
walecána laú âlima áceláma mocellomi

76

walkhaílo taktahhimo álkhibára âwábifán'  
min baíni shaíd'h'amah in' waárjadä shaíd'h'ami

77

walekad shaíai kaþbeí waádh-haba sokmohá  
keílo álfawárisí waíca ântarah'o ákdimi

78

dhululon rucábéi hhaítho sheíto moiþáyiéi  
lobbeí waáhhfozoho biámrin' mobrämi

79

walekad khasheíto bián ámúto walam tacun  
lilhharbi däyirah'en' âláí íbneí dh'emdhemi

8o

álfshátímeí irdh'eí walam álfhitmohá  
wálnádhiraína dhá lám álkahómá demi

8r

ín yafálá falekad taracto ábáhomá  
jezrá álfibái yvaculli niffin' kashámi

K A L A  
A M R U O N

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

álá hibbeí bes'ahhnica fásbihheíná  
welá tobkeí khomúrá álándereíná

2  
moshâshâah<sup>q</sup>n' caïnna álhhos'sa feihá  
ídhá má álmáo khálatháho shahheína

3  
tejúro bædheí állobánah<sup>i</sup> ân hawáho  
ídhá má dhákahá hhattaí yeleíná

4  
terai állahhza álfshahheíhha ídhá ámarrat  
âlaíhi letnálihi feihá meheíná

5 \* 6  
madadti álcáfa ânná ómma ámrúin.  
wacána álcáfo mojrähá ályemeíná

7  
wamá sherro álheláthoh<sup>i</sup> ómma ámrúin  
bes'ahhibici állandhí lá tosbihheíná

8 \* 9

waïnná faúfa todiconá álmenáyá  
mokaddarah'án' lená wamökaddereíná

10

kifeí kabla ál tafarroki yá dh"âeíná  
nekhabberaci ályekeína watokhbireíná

11

kifeí nesúlaci hal áhhdathti s'ormán'  
lewashci álbaíni ám khonti álameíná

12

biyúmi careíhah'in dh'arbán' wath'ânán'  
ákerra behi mawáleíci álôyúná

13

toreíci ídhá dakħalti álaí kħafain'  
wakad áminat ôyúno álkáħħihheiná

14

dhiráeí áith'aliñ' admári becrin'  
terabbaati álajáriá wálmitúná

15

wathadyán' mithla hhokki álááji rakhs'án'  
hhas'ánán' minn ġoccoffi állámiseína

16

wamatnai lednah'in' th'álat.walánat  
rawádifohá tenño bimá waleíná

17 \* 18 \* 19

tadhacrato álsibaí wáshħatko lemima  
rāyato hhomúlahá q'solán' nhodeiná

20

waáâradh'ati ályemámah'o, wáshmakharrat  
caásyáfin' biáidí 'mos líteíná

21

femá wajidat cawajdeí ómma sakbin'  
ádh'allattaho ferajjáati 'álhbáneíná

22

welá shamth'aa lam yatroe shekáhá  
lehá min tisâh in' illá janeíná

23

waïnna gáddán' waïnna ályaúma rahnon'  
wabâda gadin' bimá lá tâlameíná

24

ábá hindip' felá tâjal âlaíná  
waándh'irná nokhabbirca ályakeíná

25

béïnná nûrido álráyáti bëidh'an'  
wanos'dirohonna hhomrán' kad raweíná

26

waáyyámin' lená gorrin' th'iwálin'  
âsaína álmelca fêihá án.nadeíná

27

wafayyidi mâsherin' kad tawwajúho  
bitáji álmelci yahhmeí álmohhjicíná

28

terapá álkhaíla áákifah'on' âláhiin  
talladah'on' áinnatähá s'ofúna

29 \* 30

wakad harrat cilábo álhhai minná  
washadhabon̄ katádah'a men yaleíná

31

metaí nepkol ilaí kaúmin' rohháná  
yecúnúrá feí állikáï lebá th'ahheiná

32

yecúno thikálohá sharkiyyo najdin'  
walahwatohá kodh'áph'a ájinâeína

33

nczeltom menzila áládh'yáfi minná  
faâjjalná álkiraí án teshtomúná

34

kareinácom faâjjalná kirácom  
kobaíla áls'obhhi mirdáh'an' th'ohhúna

35

waïnna áldh'igna bâda, áldh'igni yafshúá  
âlaíca wayokhrijo aldaíi áldafeíná

36

warithna álmajda kad álimat maâddon'  
noth'âino dûhako hhaqtaí yabeíná

37

wanahhnó jdhá imádo álhhayyi kharrat  
âlaí álahhfâdhia amnâa men yaleíná

38

nodáfiô ânhomo áláâdai' kidmán'  
wanahhmilo ânhomo má hammañúná

39

**n**oth'âino má terákhai álnáso ânná  
**w**anedh'ribo biálfoyúfi ídhá gasheiná

40.

**b**isomrin' mán kaná álkhatth'ái lodnin'  
**d**hawábila áú bibeídh'in' yátaleíná

41

**n**ašokko beňá rúúsa álkaúmi shíkka  
**w**anakhtalibo álrakába fayakhtaleíná

42

**t**ekhála jemájima álábih'ála feílhá  
**w**osúkan' biálámáizi yértameíná

43

**n**ahhirro rúúsfahom 'feí gaíri birlin'  
**f**emá yadrúna má dhá yačtakúná

44

**c**aïnna soyúfaná feiná wáfeihim  
**m**ákháreíkon' biáídí láibeiná

45

**c**aïnna thiyábaná minná waminhom  
**k**hodh'ibna biárjawánin' áú th'olcina

46

**í**dhá má âyya biálásnáfi hhayyon'  
**m**ina álhaúli álmoshabbahi án yecúná

47

**n**as'abná mithla rahwali'á dháta hhaddin'  
**m**oháfad'hah'an' waconná álfábičeíná

48

bisityánin' yerúna álkatla majdán'  
washeíbin' fáj álhhpúbi mojarrabeíná

49

hhodayyá álnási cullihimi jameián'  
mökáraâh'an' beneíhim án bèneíná

50

faámmá yaúma' khashyataná âlaíhùm  
fatos bihho gárah'an' motalabbabeíná

51

waámmá yaúma lá nekhsheí âlaíhim  
fatos bihho feí mejálisíná thobeíná

52

birási min benáj joshami íbni beçrin'  
nedokki bihá álsohúlah'a wálkhozúná

53\* 54

ílá lá yejhalañ áhhadon' âlaintá  
fanajhalo faúka jehki áljáhileíná

55

biáyyi mesheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'  
tótheíô biná álwisháh'a-watazdereíná

56

biáyyi mësheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'  
necúno likeilisom feiná kath'eíná

57

teheddadáná waáúâdâná-rúwaídán  
metaí conná liómmica moktaweíná

58

faïnna kenátaná yá ámrú fáyat  
âláí áláâdâi kablača án teleiná

59.

ídhá gadh'dh'a álthikáfi bihá ishmázat  
wawallat-hom áshúzanah'an' zohúná

60

áshúzanah'an' ídhá ánkalabát áranñat  
tadokko kafá álmothakkafi waáljabeiná

61

fahal hhoddithta feí jashami íbni becrin'  
binaks'in' feí khothúbi áláwwaleiná

62

warithna majda álkañnah'a íbni sa'fin'  
ábáhha lená bhos'úna álmajdi déiná

63

warithto mohalhalán' waálkhaíra minho  
zohaírá'n' nîma dhikhri áldhákhireíná

64

wááttábán' wacełthúmán' jameíán'  
bihim nilná torátho áláwwaleiná

65

wadhá álborrahi álladheí hhodithta ânho  
bihi nohhmáí wanahhmeí álmoljaemá

66.

wamiñná kablaho álfáéí wólaibon'  
faáyyi álmajdi illá kađ waleiná

67

metaí nākid kareinajaná bikhablin'  
najodhdho iwas h̄ áú nākisi álkareíná

68\*

wanújado nahhno ámnâhom dhimárán'  
waáúfâhom idhá ákادúá yâmeíná

69

wanahhno gadâh'a áukada feí khézârin  
rafadná faúka rifdi álráfideíná

70

wanahhno álhhabisúna bedhei árátheí  
tašoffo áljöllah'o álkhúrō áldereíná

71

wanahhno álhácimúna idhá óthîná.  
wanahhno áláázimúna idhá ôseíná.

72

wanahhno áltáricúna limá fakhith'ná  
wanahhno álakhidéna limá radh'eíná

73

wacunná áláymeneíná idhá áltakeíná  
wacána áláysegeíná benúa ábeíná

74

fas'álúá ſ'aúlah'an' feímen yaleíhim  
was'olná ſ'aúlah'an' feímen yaleíná

75

faábúá biálnihábi wabiálsebáyá  
wai'bñái álmolúci mós affadéiná

76

ílaícom yá beneí becrin' ílaícom  
álammá târifúá minná ályakeíná

77.

álammá tâlemúá minná wamincom  
catáyibi yath'ainna wayertaxieíná

78

álaíná ádbeídho waályalabo ályeimáneí  
waásyáfin' yakomna wayanhhañeíná

79

álaíná cullo sábigah'in'dilás'in'  
terái faúka álnejádi lehá gódh'úná

80

ídha wodh'iáat ân álábth'ali yaúmán'  
ráyata lehá jolúda álkaúmi'jaúná

81

fai'na motúnahonna motúna gadrip'  
tos'affikohá áreiáhhó ídhá járeíná

82

watahhmiloná gadáh'o alraúi jordon'  
ôrifna lená nekáyidho ákteleíná

83 \* 84

warithnáhonna ân íbdáï' s'idkin'  
wanaúrothihá ídhá mutná beneíná

85.

wákad álima álkabáyilo'mníñ moâddin'  
ídhá kòbabon'biábthahhihá beneíná

86

beïnná álâásimúna bëculli cihhlin'  
waïnná álbâdhilúna limojtedeíñá

87\* 88 .

waïnná álmániúna limá yaleíná  
ídhá má álbeídhi dhábalati áljofúná

89

waïnná álmonimúna ídhá kadırna  
waïnná álmohlicúna ídhá áteíná

90

waïnná álfsháribúna álmáas'afwan'  
wayashrebo gaíraná ácarán' wath'eíná

91

álá áblig beneí álth'amáhhi áhná  
wadomiyyan' facaifa áraftomúna

92

álaí átháriná ɬeidhón' cirámon'  
nohhádhiro án tofárika áú tehúná

93

dh'aâáyino min beneí jashami bní bëcrin'  
khalath'na bimajsemin' hhasabán' wadeíná

94

ákhadhna álaí boûúlatihonna áhdan'  
ídhá lákúá fawárisa môleameíná

95

liyastalibanna ábdánán' wabeídhan'  
waásraí feí álhhadéidí mokarraneíná

96\* 97

ídhá má rohhná yamsheínä áluwaíná  
camá ádh'th'arabat moñuno qisháribéiná

yakitna jiyadaná wayakolna lestrom  
boúúlataná ídhá lám temnäúúná

99

ídhá lam nañhmihinna felá bekeíná  
lishayan' bâdahonna welá hhoyeíná

100

wemá manaâ áldh'aâúina mithla dh'arbin'  
terai minho álsawâídö cálkileíná

101\* 102\* 103

lená áldunyá wamen ádh'-hhai âlaíhá  
waneb'thisho hheína neb'thisho kâdireíná

104

ídhá má álmolco fáma áináfa khasfán'  
âbaíná án nekirra áldh'olla feíná

105

nosammaí dh"álimeíná wemá dh"alamná  
walecinná senabdá dh'alimeíná

106

ídhá balaga álfith'amo lená s'abiyyon'  
tekhirro leho áljabábero sajideíná

107\* 108

meláná álbarra hhattaí dh'áka ânna  
wad'hahra álbahri nemláwoho sefeína

# K! A L·A

## H·H Á R·E ·T·H O N

### ALYASHCORIYYO.

1  
áádhanatná bibaínihá áfomáo  
robba tháwin' yomello minho áltháwáo

2  
bâda áhdin' Ichá biborkah'a shemáï  
faádmaí diyárahá álkhalth'áo :

3  
fálmohhayyáh'o fáls'ifáhho fáglaí  
dheí fit'háküp faâádhíbon fálwafáo

4  
fariyádh'o álkhathá faáúdiyah'o álfshireíbi  
fálshôbatáni fáláyláo .

5  
lá áraí men ahîto feihá fai'bci  
ályauáma dilhán' wamá yeruddo álbocáo

6  
wabiâínaíca áukadat hîndon'.álnára  
'ás'eilán' telwei bihá álalyáo

7

áúkadat-há baína álâkeíki fashakh'sáini  
biúúdin' tamá yalúhho' áldh'iyáo

8

fatanawwaqto nárahá min baéídin'  
bikhezázin' haíhátó imínca. áls'iláo

9

gaíra ínneí kád ástaéino álaí álhómmi  
ídhá khaffa biálthawiyyi álnejáo

10

bizofúsin' caínnahá híklah'on' ómmo  
riyálin dawaiyyah'on' fakfáo

11

áanasat nebáton waafzaâhá álkennás'o  
âsrán' wakad danaí álimsáo

12

fataráí khalfahá min álrají  
wálwakí'mcneínán' caínnahó íhbáq

13

wath'írákán' min khalfihinna th'írákon'  
fákith'áton telweí behá. áls'ahhráp

14

áatalah-há bihá álhawájiro ídh cullo  
íbno ónthaí beliyyah'on' ámyáo

15

waátáná mina álhawádithi ánbáo  
wakhiath'bon'nônai behi wánosáo

16

ínná íkhwánona álárákémi·yaglúna  
âlaíná feí kelíhim íhpfáo

17

yakhjlith'úna álberiyya minná bedheí áldhanbi  
walá yanfaô úlkhalíyyo álkhaláo

18

zaâmúúá ínna cullo mén dh'araba áleíra  
mowálin lená waïnná álwäláo

19

ájmaûúá ámrâhom bilaílin' fâlammá  
ás'bahhúá ás'bahhat lehom dhaúdh'áo

20

mín monádin' wamin moješbin' wamin  
tis-háli khaílin' khilála dháca rogáo

21

áyyohá álmánth'íko álmorakkisho ânná  
înda âmrúip' wáhal ledháca bekáo

22

lá takhilná âlaí giratica ínná  
kablo má kad wašhái biná áláâdáo

23

fabekeíná âlaí álshenáah'i tenmeíná  
jodûdon wagarrâh on kâsfáo

24

kabla má ályau'ma bayyadhat biôvúni  
álpáfi feihá taâyyat'hó waïbáo

25

wacaï'naa álmerúna terdeí híná  
 árâna júnin' yenjábo ânho álâmáo

26

mocfahirrân âlai álhawâdithi má terthúho  
 lildehri mowyidon' sammáo

27—33\* 34 "

thomma milná ílaí tameímin' faáhhramná  
 wafeíná benáto morrin' ímáo

.. 35

lá yakeímo álâzeízo biálbeledi álsahli  
 walá yanfaô álkhaliyyo álnejáo

36

laísa yanjeí mowáyadón' min hhezárín  
 rása th'údin' wahhurrah'on rajlaó

37

famelecná bidhelica álnáio hhattaí  
 maleca álmondhiro íbno mái álfamáo

38

wahú álrabbo wálshéheido âlai yaúmi  
 álhayaráini wálbeláo beláo

39

melico ádh'laô álberiyyah'i má yújado  
 feihá limá ledáihi cofao

40

fátrrocúá álth'éíkha wáltaâddeí waïmmá  
 teteâáshúá fafeí áltâásheí áldác

41

wádh'corúá khalfá dhei álmejázi wamá  
kaddama feíhi álôhúdo wálcofláo

42

hhadhara áljúra wáltaâddeí walen  
tenkadhó má feí álmoháriki álhawáo

43

áâlimúá ínná wáryyácomo feímá  
áshtarathná yaúma ákhtalofná sawáo

44

áâlaíná jonáhho condah'a áp  
yâtami gáziyyohom waminná áljázáo

45

ám âlaíná jerá hhaneífah'a áú.má  
jamaât min mahháribin gabráo

46

ám janáyá beni âteíkiní famen  
yâdhoró fai'nná min hharbihim boráo

47

ám âlaíná jeraí álibádo camá neíthá.  
bijúzi álmohhammili áláâbáo

48

ám âlaíná jeraí kodh'âh'a  
ám laifa âlaíná feímá janúá'índáo

49

ám âlaíná jeraí íyádin' camá  
keíla lith'afmin' ókhúwâtomo alibáo

50

laísa minná álmodh'arriyúna walá kaísín'  
walá jondalon' walá áihhaddáo

51

ânanán' báthilán' wadh'olmán' camá  
yátoro feí hhojrah'á álrabeídh'i áldh'ibáo

52

wathemánína min tameímin' bíáydihiin  
rimáhhon s'odúrohinna álkadh'áo

53

lam yahhillúá beneí, rizáhhin' biborkáa  
nith'áin' lehom âlaíná·doááo

54

terecúhom molajjaibeíná waábúá  
binehabin' yasímmo minho álhhiidáo

55

thomma jáúá yesterjiúna  
falam 'térjâ lehom shámah'ón' walá zahráo

56

thomma fáúá minhom bikásimah'i áldh'ehri  
walá yabrodo álgaleíla álmao

57

thomma khaílon' min bâdi dháca mâa álgalláki  
lá ráfah'ón' walá íbkáo

58

má ás'abúá min taglebiyyin' famath'lúlon'  
âlaíhi ídhá tawalleí alófão

59

catecáleífi kaúmañá ídhá gazá  
 álmondhiro hal nahhño líbni hindin' roğáo

6c

ídhá hhalla' alâlyáo kobbah'a maísúná  
 fáadneí diyárahá álkhalth'áo.

61

fataáwwat lehom káádh'ibah'on' min  
 culli hlayyin caïnnahom ílkáo

62

fahadáhom biáláswadaíni waámro  
 állahi balgon' yaškeí bihi áláshkiyáo

63

\*ídh temenúhomo áfrán' fasákát-hom  
 ílaícom ámníyyah'on íshréo

64

lam yogrúcomo gorúráń' walacin  
 yerfaô álalo jemôhom wáldh'ohháo

65

áyyohá álháneíó álmoballigo ánná  
 ìndá ámrúin' wahal lídháca ínteháo

66

ín ámrúon' lená ledáhi khilálon'  
 gaíri shaccin' feí cullihjinna álbeláo

67

melicon' mukfith'on waácmelq men yámshi  
 wamin dúni má ledáhi ákthenáo

68

áramiyyon' bimithlihi jálati áljinno  
faábat likhes'mihá álájláo

69

men lená ìndaho mina áikhaíri áyátin  
theláthin feí cullihinna álkadh'áo

70

áyah'on' sháriko álshakeíkahí ídji  
jáúá jameíâán' liculli hhayyin' liwáo

71

hhaúla kaísín' mostalameína bicabshin'  
koradh'iyin' caïnnahó ábláo

72

was'ayitin' min álâwátici má  
tenháho lílá mabeíd'háh'on' ráláo

73

radadnahomo bith'ânín' çamá yakhrojo  
min khríbahí álmezádi álmáo

74

wahhamalnáhomo áláí hhazami thahláni  
shilálén' wadommiya álánsáo

75

wafaâlná bihim camá álima állahon'  
wamá án lilhháyanéína dimáo

76

thomma hhojrán' áâneí sibna ómmi fathámin'  
waleho fârsiyyah'on' kliedh'ráo

77

asadon' feí állikái wirdon' hemúson'  
warabeñion' ín shannáat gabráo.

78

fajabhanáhomó bidh'árbin' camá tenhozo  
ânjamínahí álth awiyyi áldiláo

79

wafacacná gilla ámri álkáisí ânho  
bâda má thála hhabsoho wálánáo

80

waákadnáho rabba gassána biálmondhiri  
carhán' ídh lá tocála áldomáo

81

wafadoínáhomó betisâh i ámlácín  
cirámin' áslábchom ágláø

82

wamaí aljúna júna áli bennéí áláúsi  
ânuðon' caïnnáho dafwáo

83

má jazíná tahhta álajáji ídh  
walat biáfkáiyihá wahharr álsiláo

84

wawalidná ámrúa íbna ommi áyásín  
min kareibin' lemá atáná álhkibáo

85

mithlohá takhi ojo álnas'éíhah'o lílkaúmi  
faláh'on' min dúnihá. áfláø



POEMS;  
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF  
TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
. THE ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

---

—Juvat *integros accedere fontes,*  
*Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.*      EUCR.

---



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS SPENCER,

THESE EASTERN PIECES,

AND, PARTICULARLY,

THE POEM OF

S O L I M A,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



## THE

## PREFACE:

THE reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those *Eastern* originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine translations from the languages of *Asia*, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture; but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of *Formosa*. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called

*Solima*, is not a regular translation from the *Arabick* language ; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia*: for when I was reading some of their verfes on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an *Arabian* princeſs, who had built a *caravansera* with pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims ; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Asia*. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgement of the rest:

*Kad alama c'ddbaijo wa'l mojteduno  
I'a ba agbbara ofkon wababbat sbemalan,  
Wakbalat an auladiha elmordhiato.  
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,  
Beenca conto 'errabio el moghitbo  
Leman yatarica, waconto ibemalan,  
Waconto' nebara behi sbemfo'o,  
Waconto dagiyyi' U'ili fibi helulan.*

that is ; \* the stranger and the pilgrim well know, when the sky is dark, and the north-wind

\* See this passage versified, *Solima*, line 71. &c.

*rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.*

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, translated a few years ago. from the *Persian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the *India-Company*; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes from other *Eastern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of *Roshang*, in the second volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Persian* poet *Nezāmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabshah*, a native of *Damascus*, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is *An history of the life of Tamerlane*: but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the *Arabian*

tales of \* *a thousand and one night*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was 'procured for me by a learned friend at *Alepp*.

The song, wich follows, was first printed at the end of a *Perfian* grammar; but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottomr of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Asiaick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the *Easterns*: some of the *Perfian* songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*; one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the *Perfian*,

*Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe  
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da 't'oro  
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,  
E poi'l raccolgi, e'r bei nodi l'increse.*

since there is scarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the same image, of the

\* See the story of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calandar* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57., &c.

breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl, is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inserted with the same view of forming a comparison between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the description of the fountain of *Valchiūja*, or *Vallis Clauſa*, which was close to Petrarch's house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by *Avignon*.

The *Turkish Ode* on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by *Mefibi*, a poet of great repute at *Constantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or the *Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to *Catullus*; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of *Mefibi* are preserved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the *Pastoral*, and the poem upon *Chess*, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of *Asia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue; and that the publick would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of *Arabia* and *Persia* in an *English* dress. The heroic poem of *Ferdusi* might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*, and I see no reason why *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* should not be a subject as interesting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Mesihî*, would suit our lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to *Anacreon*; and the seven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are several fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and

the admirers of native genius: but when I propose a translation of these *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages, in which they are written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.

## SOLIMA,

### AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1703.

---

YE maid's of Aden, hear a loftier tale  
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.  
The smiles of Abclah, and Maia's eyes,  
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;  
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,  
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;  
Love-tincfur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom  
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;  
Invite no more the wild, unpolish'd lay,  
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.  
Then farewell, love ! and farewell, youthful fires !  
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.  
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:  
Flow smooth, ye rivulets ; and, ye gales, be still.  
See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,  
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;  
~~Whene~~ every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,  
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales !

See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,  
 Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!  
 Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,  
 Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,  
 Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,  
 And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?  
 \* Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;  
 Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.  
 But not with idle shows of vain delight,  
 To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;  
 At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,  
 Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;  
 Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,  
 Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—  
 Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,  
 And bade all Eden spring before our eyes  
 Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,  
 (Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)  
 To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;  
 To lull the weary on the couch of rest;  
 To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;  
 The young to cherish, to support the old;  
 The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;  
 The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—  
 These are her cares, and this her glorious task;  
 Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

\* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Russ.

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,  
Ye friendless orphans, and ye flowerless maids !  
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,  
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;  
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,  
At night defend you, and at noon o'er shade;  
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,  
And new delights beguile each varied hour.  
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears ?  
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years ?  
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,  
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft ?  
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;  
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.  
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,  
Through the thick forest gains her easy way :  
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,  
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;  
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,  
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :  
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,  
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,  
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears  
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves  
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,  
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,  
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,

While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,  
 And thrilling horrour howls in every blast;  
 She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,  
 By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;  
 Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,  
 And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed  
 Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head !  
 Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,  
 Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays !  
 And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower  
 Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,  
 Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume  
 For ever flourish, and for ever bloom !  
 These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,  
 While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;  
 O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,  
 And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains  
 Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.  
 Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,  
 The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;  
 The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,  
 Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;  
 Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,  
 And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent :  
 He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,  
 And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wopt;

Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest  
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.  
Now hasten the swain to tune his rapturous tales  
In other meadows, and in other vales.. .

THE

PALACE OF FORTUNE,  
*AN INDIAN TALE.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1769

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,  
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,  
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,  
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades ;  
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,  
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair !  
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,  
And rising passions rebb'd her mind of rest ;  
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,  
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.  
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,  
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,  
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,  
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,  
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,  
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul :  
“ Why glow those checks, if unadmir'd they glow ?  
“ Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow ?

“ Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,  
“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?  
“ Ye heavens ! was that love-breathing bosom made  
“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?  
“ Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face,  
“ Some tap'stred hall, or gilded bower, might grace ;  
“ Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,  
“ And fire with amorous flames the youthful train.”

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light  
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.  
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,  
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes ;  
When through the yielding air she saw from far  
A goddess gliding in a golden car,  
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,  
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn :  
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance  
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,  
Celestial shapes ! in fluid light array'd ;  
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd ;  
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,  
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)  
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,  
And finer than the nets of pearly dew  
That morning spreads o'er every opening flower,  
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,  
Sat in the centre of encircling light.

Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,  
And by her side in silent slumber laid :  
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,  
And flew resplendent through th' aerial plain ;  
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,  
And, as they rose, fresh gales of-sweetness shed ;  
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild ;  
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bowers  
The glittering car descends on bending flowers :  
The goddess still with looks divinely fair  
Surveys the sleeping object of her care ;  
Then o'er her cheek her magick singer lays,  
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,  
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,  
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear :

“ Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene  
“ For ever beauteous, and for ever green ;  
“ Here living rills of purest nectar flow  
“ O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow ;  
“ Here aurorous gales their scented wings display,  
“ Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May ;  
“ Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,  
“ Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest.”

The damsel hears the heavenly notes distil,  
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.  
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,  
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind.

On all around she turns her roving eyes,  
And views the splendid scene with glad surprize ;  
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bowers,  
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flowers ;  
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,  
And silver brooks, where wanton damsels play,  
Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd  
O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold ;  
A rising fountain play'd from every stream,  
Sprung as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,  
Then, gently falling in a vocal shower,  
Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flower,  
That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,  
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride ;  
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,  
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,  
With each gay object fed her eager sight,  
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,  
And led her trembling o'er the flowery land,  
Soon she beheld, where through an opening glade  
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd ;  
In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd  
O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd ;  
And on a rock of ice, by magick rais'd,  
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd ;  
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,  
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd ;

To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,  
 With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread :  
 And now, more radiant than the morning sun,  
 Her easy way the gliding goddess won ;  
 Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,  
 And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid :  
 They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,  
 Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,  
 Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof ;  
 And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,  
 On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,  
 As on a sky with living stars inlay'd ;  
 Of precious diadems a regal store,  
 With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry floor,  
 Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,  
 And glittering zones a starry lustre shed :  
 But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,  
 Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace shone,  
 Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne :  
 To this the queen ascends with royal pride,  
 And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.  
 Around the throne in mystick order stand  
 The fairy train, and wait her high command ;  
 When thus she speaks : (the maid attentive sips  
 Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

“ Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know  
 “ From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow :

“ Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,  
“ The mighty empress of yon rolling ball :  
(She rais’d her finger, and the wondering maid  
At distance hung the dusky globe survey’d,  
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein’d,  
And labouring clouds on mountain-tops sustain’d.)  
“ To me has fate the pleasing task assign’d  
“ To rule the various thoughts of humankind ;  
“ To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,  
“ And some to grant, and some to waste in air.  
“ Knew farther ; as I rang’d the crystal sky,  
“ I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie ;  
“ Mark’d the rough storm that gather’d in thy breast,  
“ And knew what care thy joyless soul opprest.  
“ Straight I resolved to bring thee quick relief,  
“ Ease every weigh., and soften every grief ;  
“ If in this court contented thou canst live,  
“ And taste the joys these happy gardens give :  
“ But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,  
“ And view without a wish yon shining store :  
“ Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,  
“ And kneeling votaries my shrine attend ;  
“ Warn’d by their empty vanities beware,  
“ And scorn the folly of each human prayer.”  
She said ; and straight a damsel of her train  
With tender fingers touch’d a golden chain.  
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,  
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears ;

Through the calm air the melting numbers float,  
 And wanton echo lengthens every note.  
 Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,  
 Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows ;  
 Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,  
 As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud :  
 Through the four postals rush'd a various throng,  
 That like a wintry torrent pour'd along :  
 A crowd of every tongue, and every hue,  
 Toward the bright throne with eager rapture flew.

\* A lovely stripling stepp'd before the rest  
 With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest ;  
 His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,  
 And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd :  
 Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,  
 O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam ;  
 The floating ringlets of his musky hair  
 Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air :  
 With modest grace the goddess he address,  
 And thoughtless thus preferr'd his fond request.

“ Queen of the world, whose wide-extended sway,  
 “ Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,  
 “ Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,  
 “ The day with varied pleasures to beguile ;  
 “ Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,  
 “ And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine ;

“ Grant me to feed on beauty’s rifled charms,  
“ And clasp a willing damsel in my arms ;  
“ Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,  
“ And gently bounding like a playful roe ;  
“ Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,  
“ And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair ;  
“ Let new delights each dancing hour employ,  
“ Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.”

The goddess grants the simple youth’s request,  
And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest :  
“ On that smooth mirror, full of magick light,  
“ Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight.”  
She looks; and in th’ enchanted crystal sees  
A bower o’er-canopied with tufted trees :  
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,  
And by his side reclines a blooming maid;  
O’er her fair limbs a silken mantle flew,  
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,  
And part conceal’d, and part disclos’d to sight,  
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,  
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine,  
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,  
And, fearing to be view’d by envious day,  
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,  
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies ;  
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,  
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.

But Maia turns her modest eyes away,  
And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again, and sees with sad surprize  
On the clear glass far different scenes arise :  
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,  
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn ;  
With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,  
And curling adder's gales of venom breath'd :  
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,  
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound ;  
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam, .  
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam ;  
Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,  
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :  
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,  
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold ;  
From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue  
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,  
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bower,  
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower : .  
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,  
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air,  
Whilst in their place was left a ~~reckless~~ train,  
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.  
Aside the damsel turn'd her weeping eyes,  
And sad reflections in her bosom rise ;  
To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen ?  
“ Take sage example from this moral scene ; ”

" See, how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,  
 " How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss !  
 " Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,  
 " Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose;  
 " Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,  
 " And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky."

\* Next tow'rd the throne she saw a knight advance;  
 Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance;  
 A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;  
 And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;  
 O'er his broad bosom blaz'd his jointed mail  
 With many a gem, and many a shining scale;  
 He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,  
 And thus with haughty words address'd the queen :  
 " Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,  
 " And bind my temples with a victor's meed;  
 " Let every realm that feels the solar ray,  
 " Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway :  
 " Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,  
 " And trembling Ganges dread my potent name."

The queen consented to the warriour's pray'r,  
 And his bright banners floated in the air :  
 He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,  
 Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;  
 Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,  
 And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,  
 Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys :  
 She sees the hero in his dusky tent,  
 His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper spent;  
 His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,  
 On the rich floor with idle state he lays;  
 His gory Falchion near his pillow stood,  
 And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;  
 A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,  
 And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd.  
 Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,  
 Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose :  
 In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,  
 He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;  
 • Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,  
 And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.  
 But lo ! the faithless page, with stealing tread,  
 Advances to the champion's naked head;  
 With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,  
 And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest :  
 Then cries (and waves the steel that drops with gore),  
 " The tyrant dies; oppression is no more." • •

\* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace;  
 Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;  
 A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,  
 And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.

The queen with faltering speech he thus address :

" O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest !"

" Behold, said she, and wav'd her powerful hand,

" Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand :

" There load thy coffer with the golden store;

" Then bear it full away, and ask no more."

With eager steps he took his hasty way,  
 Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;  
 There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,  
 Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil,  
 But bitter was his anguish, to behold  
 The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :  
 And every time he heap'd the darling ore,  
 His greedy chest grew larger than before :  
 Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,  
 With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor'd :  
 On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,  
 Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,  
 Stepp'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd ;  
 But with surprize he saw the stores decay,  
 And all the long-sought treasures melt away :  
 In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,  
 And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

\* Next to the shrine advanc'd a reverend sage,  
 Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;

His few gray locks a sable fillet bound,  
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground :  
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,  
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;  
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,  
Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace ;  
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye ;  
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.  
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,  
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen :  
“ Twice forty winters dip my beard with snow,  
“ And age's chilling gusts around me blow :  
“ In early youth, by contemplation led,  
“ With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed ;  
“ To nature first my labours were confin'd,  
“ And all her charms were open'd to my mind,  
“ Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,  
“ And every shrub that in the forest grew :  
“ From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,  
“ Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,  
“ Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,  
“ Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.  
“ At length sublimer studies I began,  
“ And fix'd my level'd telescope on man ;  
“ Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,  
“ What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd :  
“ But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,  
“ So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

“ His soul, a bright obscurity at best,  
“ And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,  
“ His life, a flower, ere evening sure to fade,  
“ His highest joys, the shadow of a shade:  
“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,  
“ Bewail my folly, and heaven’s laws obey,  
“ Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,  
“ And to my Maker’s will my soul submit :  
“ Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,  
“ On me the last best gift of heaven bestow.”

He spoke : a sudden cloud His senses stole,  
And thickening darkness swam o’er all his soul;  
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,  
And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now from the throng a deafening sound was heard,  
And all at once their various prayers preferr’d;  
The goddess, wearied with the noisy crowd,  
Thrice wav’d her silver wand, and spoke aloud :  
“ Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,  
But take unheard whate’er you first desire.”  
She said : each wish’d, and what he wish’d obtain’d ;  
And wild confusion in the palace reign’d.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,  
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;  
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,  
Wish’d on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish’d from her sight,  
And the gay fabrick melted into night;

But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes  
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise :  
She sat deserted on the naked shore,  
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar ;  
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,  
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting, •  
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,  
And all the painful family of care !

Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,  
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :  
But when the night his raven wing had spread,  
And hung with sable every mountain's head,  
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,  
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd ;  
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,  
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,  
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone ;  
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,  
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day :  
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,  
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air ; •  
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,  
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light ;  
His sunny plumes descending he display'd, •  
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid :

“ Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,  
What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress ;

" To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,  
" And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief."

The maid replied, " Ah, sacred genius, bear  
" A hopeless damsel from this land of care;  
" Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,  
" Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns."

She spoke; and swifter than the glance of thought  
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd : the scented air was mild,  
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd ;  
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,  
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung;  
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,  
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprize,  
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,  
That shone with pleasure like a starry beam,  
Or moonlike sparkling on a silver stream.  
  
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,  
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;  
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale  
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale :  
Led by these flattering hopes from glade to glade,  
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd;  
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,  
And not a fairy glided through the wood;  
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,  
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bowers :

On every side she saw vast mountains rise,  
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;  
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,  
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.  
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,  
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'er cast the gloomy scene,  
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene,  
Yet on she wander'd till with grief oppress'd  
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast:  
Now to the heavens her guilty head she rears,  
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;  
Then plaintive speaks, " Ah! fond mistaken maid  
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!  
" Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,  
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;  
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,  
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?  
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,  
" Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise;  
" Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,  
" Ye panting gales that on the branches dia;  
" Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain  
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?  
" In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,  
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.  
" Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;  
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play.

" Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,  
 " And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.  
 " Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,  
 " My maiden herse unwater'd with a tear."

Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,  
 She rends her silken robes, and golden hair :  
 Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,  
 On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws ;  
 The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays  
 Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :  
 Sudden descends the genius of the ring,  
 And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;  
 Then speaks, " Who calls me from the realms of day ?  
 " Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey."

She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,  
 And stopp'd the gushing current of her tears;  
 Then kiss'd his skirts, that like a ruby glow'd,  
 And said, " O bear me to my sire's abode."

Straight o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,  
 And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.

By this with flowers the rosy-finger'd dawn  
 Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;  
 She wak'd, and saw a new-built tomb that stood  
 In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,  
 While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade :  
 " Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade."  
*She sigh'd, she wept; she struck her pensive breast,*  
 And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land  
She saw advance a slowly-winding band;  
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue  
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;  
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,  
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb..  
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,  
And tun'd in notes of wo the funeral strain :  
When from her face her silken veil she drew,  
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.  
Overpowered with bursting joy she runs to meet  
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.  
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,  
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.  
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,  
And form with lamps an artificial day :  
Ere long the damsel reach'd her native vale, .  
And told with joyful heart her moral tale;  
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,  
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

## SEVEN FOUNTAINS,

*AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1707.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,  
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,  
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,  
And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain :  
Smooth were the waves ; and scarce a whispering gale  
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.  
High on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne  
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone ;  
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,  
His sandals purple, and his mantle green ;  
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,  
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.  
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,  
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys ;  
Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,  
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings ;

\* The follies of youth

Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,  
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumbering main :  
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,  
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,  
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep ;  
\* But now a glittering isle arose in view,  
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue :  
Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above  
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love),  
And higher still a thousand blazing spires  
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.  
Now each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,  
And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.  
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,  
Took his lone way along the silver sand ;  
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,  
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps the young adventurer stray'd  
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade :  
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,  
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings ;  
† And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,  
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,  
Rush'd with quick pace along the solemn wood,  
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood :

\* The world.

† The follies and vanities of the world.

In loose transparent robes they were array'd,  
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,  
And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle !  
" For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,  
" Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold :  
" Hail, sacred king ! and from thy subject's hand,  
" Accept the robes and sceptre of the land."

" Sweet maid, said he, fair learning's heavenly beam  
" O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring gleam ;  
" Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,  
" While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.  
" How should a simple youth, unfit to bear  
" The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear !"  
" Ah ! said the damsels, from this happy shore,  
" We banish wisdom, and her idle lore ;  
" No clarions here the strains of battle sing,  
" With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.  
" Peace to the brave ! o'er us the beauteous reign,  
" And ever-charming pleasures form our train."

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,  
She plac'd respectful on his golden curls ;  
Another o'er his graceful shoulder threw  
A silken mantle of the rose's hue,  
Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,  
And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.  
Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,  
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,  
 With all that could allure his ravish'd sight ;  
 Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots, he view'd,  
 And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.  
 On every bank, and under every shade,  
 A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd ;  
 Some wantonly were tripping in a ring  
 On the soft border of a gushing spring ;  
 While some, reclining in the shady vales,  
 Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales :  
 But when the sportful train beheld from far  
 The nymphs returning with the stately car,  
 O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,  
 And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim ;  
 With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,  
 And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,  
 Where on a hill a radiant palace stood ;  
 A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,  
 Which on its walls and on its gates display'd  
 The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,  
 The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow..  
 And now a numerous train advance to meet  
 The youth, descending from his regal seat ;  
 Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,  
 With silken carpets delicately spread ;  
 There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,  
 Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd \*,

\* The pleasures of the senses.

And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand  
They gave the glittering sceptre of command ;  
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,  
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :  
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,  
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd :  
“ Say, gentle damsels, may I ask unblam'd, ”  
“ How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd ?  
“ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,  
“ Are you of earthly or celestial race ?  
“ To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,  
“ Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone ;  
“ And, slowly winding on my native shore,  
“ Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;  
“ Till from the waves with many a charming song,  
“ A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along :  
“ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,  
“ Alur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands :  
“ I went, saluted by the vocal train,  
“ And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again ;  
“ When on this island struck the gilded crew,  
“ I landed full of joy : the rest you know.  
“ Short is the story of my tender years :  
“ Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening ears !  
“ These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,  
“ The maid replied, and these the fragrant bowers,  
“ Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,  
“ The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport ;

" And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heavenly line ;  
 " Our souls immortal, as our forms divine :  
 " For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,  
 " In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace ;  
 " At last she rested on this peaceful shore,  
 " Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,  
 " Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth  
 " She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.  
 " Lie on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove  
 " Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,  
 " Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,  
 " A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied :  
 " There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,  
 " A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dews ;  
 " (This maid by some, for some our race defame,  
 " Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name :)  
 " Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,  
 " Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew ;  
 " For, long disporting in the silver stream,  
 " She shunn'd the blazing day-star's sultry beam ;  
 " And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,  
 " Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :  
 " Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and press'd  
 " Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.  
 " At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,  
 " The rivulet smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.  
 " Of these fair parents on this blissful coast  
 " (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)

“ I with five sisters, on one happy morn,  
“ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.  
“ When they to brighter regions took their way,  
“ By Love invited to the realms of day,  
“ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,  
“ And said, departing, Here let Beauty reign.  
“ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,  
“ And, ah ! we know thee of no mortal line.”

She said ; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,  
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd :  
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around  
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground ;  
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,  
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,  
And said, “ Fair nymph (but let me not be bold),  
“ What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold ? ”  
“ To six gay bowers, the maid replied, they lead,  
“ Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead ;  
“ Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,  
“ Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray.”  
“ But the seventh door, said he, what beauties grace ? ”  
“ O, 'tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,  
“ A scene of nameless deeds, and magick spells,  
“ Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells :  
“ Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,  
“ And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend.”  
She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door :  
Swift he descends ; the damsel flies before ;

She turns the lock ; it opens at command ;  
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,  
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd \* ;  
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,  
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue ;  
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,  
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray ;  
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam  
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam ;  
The sapphire simil'd like yon blue plain above,  
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.  
“ These are the waters of eternal light,  
“ The damsel said, the stream of heavenly sight ;  
“ See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill  
“ A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),  
“ See, how the living waters bound and shine,  
“ Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine !”  
From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,  
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look :  
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,  
And all the scene was open'd to his view ; . . .  
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,  
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold ;  
Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays  
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise :

Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,  
Though balm and amber drop'd from every reed ;  
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand  
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.  
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,  
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues ;  
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,  
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,  
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,  
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes ;  
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain  
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train ;  
And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show  
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow ;  
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,  
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd ;  
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,  
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.  
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,  
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.  
But now the damsel calls him from his trance ;  
And o'er the lawn delighted they advance :  
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,  
And enter now with joy the second gate \*.  
A soothing sound he heard (but tasted first  
The gushing stream that from the valley burst),

\* Hearing..

And in the shade beheld a youthful quire  
 That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre :  
 Melodious notes, drawn'out with magick art,  
 Caught with sweet'extasy his ravish'd heart ;  
 An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,  
 And melting voices died along the glade ;  
 The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,  
 The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,  
 The beughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,  
 Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.  
 The concert ends : 'and now the stripling hears  
 A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears ;  
 A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,  
 That on a leafy arbour sits alone,  
 Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,  
 And thus in human accents softly sings :

“ Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites  
 “ Your eager steps, a bower of new delights ;  
 “ Ah ! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,  
 “ Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.  
 “ Youth, like a thin anemone, displays  
 “ His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.  
 “ See, gentle youth, a lily-bosom'd bride !  
 “ See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side !  
 “ Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,  
 “ A sweeter how'r your wandering steps invites.”  
 He ceas'd ; the slender branch, from which he flew,  
 Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.

The damsel smil'd ; the blushing youth was pleas'd,  
 And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd :  
 The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,  
 To the third gate \* conducts the amorous boy ;  
 She turns the key ; her cheeks like roses bloom,  
 And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene\* of pleasure meets,  
 A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets ;  
 But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream,  
 That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.  
 Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,  
 On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,  
 Arabian odours on the plants they left,  
 And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft ;  
 Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,  
 Th' musky roes, and fragrant civets, play'd.  
 As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves  
 From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,  
 Where some rich caravan not long before  
 Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,  
 Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,  
 His grateful journey gayly he pursues ;  
 Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,  
 And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole :  
 Soon the fourth door † he pass'd with eager haste,  
 And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,  
On high a purple canopy appear'd ;  
And under it in stately form was plac'd  
A table with a thousand vases grac'd ;  
Laden with all the dainties that are found  
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.  
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,  
His wanton nymph was seated by his side :  
All that could please the taste the happy pair  
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care ;  
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine  
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine ;  
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung  
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung ;  
With these were other fruits of every hue,  
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.  
An hundred smiling pages stood around,  
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound :  
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore  
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store ;  
The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the sun  
Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run ;  
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,  
Op'd the fifth door\* : a stream before them play'd.  
The king, impatient for the cooling draught,  
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd ;

\* Touch.

Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)  
 From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss :  
 On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd ;  
 And, whilst a chaplet 'for his brow she twin'd,  
 With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,  
 His pliant arms were folded round her breast.  
 She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes ;  
 And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise ;  
 Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,  
 To the sixth gate \* her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around ;  
 The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound :  
 The boy delighted ran with eager haste,  
 And to his lips the living fountain plac'd ;  
 The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,  
 And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.  
 Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,  
 Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flowers ;  
 A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid ;  
 And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,  
 Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,  
 And in her arms infolds the blushing boy :  
 They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,  
 Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morn ing spread around her purple flame,  
 To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came;

\* The sensual pleasures unjted.

They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,  
 And bade him make with speed a second choice.  
 Hard task to choose; when all alike were fair!  
 Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care:  
 Then to the first who spoke his hand he lent;  
 The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.  
 The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride;  
 They left the bower, and wander'd side by side,  
 With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight;  
 With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.  
 Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,  
 And all by turns partook his nuptial bed;  
 Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away;  
 All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,  
 More blest, he thought, than any son of heaven:  
 Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,  
 The train of nymphs before his bed appears;  
 And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,  
 Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks:

“ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail  
 “ (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail);  
 “ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,  
 “ Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown;  
 “ Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,  
 “ Expect us at a splendid feast to-day;  
 “ What joy to us can all their splendour give?  
 “ With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.

“ Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford  
“ Some pleasing solace to our absent lord ?  
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,  
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,  
“ Accept : the seventh (but that you heard 'before)  
“ Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar ;  
“ A sullen, dire, inhospitable' eell,  
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.  
“ Farewel, dear youth ; how will our bosoms burn  
“ For the sweet moment of our blest return !”

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,  
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.  
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,  
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,  
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;  
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought,  
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.  
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,  
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more :  
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew ;  
He sigh'd, lie, wish'd, and long'd for something new :  
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,  
And sat repining on his royal seat.  
Now on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes,  
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise :  
“ The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,  
“ Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :

“ What harm to open, if it be a cell  
 “ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?  
 “ If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;  
 “ If new or strange, my soul desires no more.”  
 He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,  
 And op’d the door : the hinges mov’d with ease.

Before his eyes appear’d a sullen gloom,  
 Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.  
 Yet as he longer gaz’d, he saw afar  
 A light that sparkled like a shooting star.  
 He paus’d : at last, by some kind angel led,  
 He enter’d, and advanc’d with cautious tread.  
 Still as he walk’d, the light appear’d more clear;  
 Hope sooth’d him then, and scarcely left a fear.  
 At length an aged sire surpriz’d he saw,  
 Who fill’d his bosom with a sacred awe \*:  
 A book he held, which, as reclin’d he lay,  
 He read, assisted by a taper’s ray;  
 His beard, more white than snow on winter’s breast,  
 Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest;  
 A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,  
 Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.  
 Soon as the youth approach’d the reverend sage,  
 He rais’d his head, and clos’d the serious page;  
 Then spoke : “ O son; what chance has turn’d thy feet  
 “ To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ?”

\* Religion.

To whom the youth : “ First, holy father, tell,  
 “ What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ?  
 “ This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,  
 “ Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,  
 “ Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king,  
 “ And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.  
 “ For some important cause to me unknown,  
 “ This day they left me joyless and alone;  
 “ But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,  
 “ My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.”  
 “ Youth, said the sire, on this auspicious day  
 “ Some angel hither led thy erring way :  
 “ Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,  
 “ Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.  
 “ Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law;  
 “ List, stripling, list ! (the youth stood fix'd with awe :)  
 “ \* But seventy days the hapless monarchs reign,  
 “ Then close their lives in exile and in pain;  
 “ Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,  
 “ Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.  
 “ Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care  
 “ May save thee, son, from this destructive snare.  
 “ Not far from this a lovelier island lies,  
 “ Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes :  
 “ On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows  
 “ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows;

" Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before  
 " Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.  
 " But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,  
 " Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,  
 " \* Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,  
 " And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves;  
 " If to my words obedient thou attend,  
 " Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.  
 " A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,  
 " That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore;  
 " And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,  
 " In the rude cave an exile thou art left,  
 " Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,  
 " And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea."

The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,  
 And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake:  
 All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin'd;  
 His reason brighten'd; and reform'd his mind:  
 Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,  
 And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk'd.  
 At night the stripling to the hall return'd;  
 With other sires his alter'd bosom burn'd.  
 O ! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,  
 Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen!  
 He view'd the stars, he view'd the crystal skies,  
 And bless'd the power all-good, all-great, all-wise;

How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,  
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe !  
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !  
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morn ing, clad in mantle gray,  
Brought in her rosy car the seventieth day,  
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious scound,  
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;  
From his young head the diadem they tore,  
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;  
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,  
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw;  
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,  
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.  
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous croud  
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud :  
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,  
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground :  
They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign !)  
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,  
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;  
At last the sirc's expected voice he knew,  
And tow'r'd the sound with hasty rapture flew,  
The promis'd pinnace just afloat he found,  
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;  
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,  
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,

He stopp'd : his guardian caught his lingering hand,  
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;  
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,  
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,  
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;  
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,  
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold :  
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view  
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.  
They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,  
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;  
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,  
And floated as they went with heavenly grace.  
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,  
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave  
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave;  
He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam  
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam;  
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd;  
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd;  
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,  
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place  
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;  
Who, smiling, spake : " Here ever wilt thou rest,  
" Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest;

“ So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more  
“ With the gay follies of that perilous shore.  
“ See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,  
“ With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold !  
“ There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite;  
“ Bliss-without care, and morn without a night.  
“ But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence;  
“ Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.  
“ To yon pernicious island I repair,  
“ Swift as a star.” He speaks, and melts in air.  
The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight;  
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

## A PERSIAN SONG

*OF HAFIZ.*

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,  
And bid these arms thy neck infold;  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :  
Tell them, their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

---

### *G A Z E L.*

EGER an Turki Shirazi  
Bedest ared dili mara,  
Be khali hinduish bakhshem  
Samarcand u Bo'kharara.

Bedehe, saki, mei baki,  
Ke der jennet nekhahj yaft  
Kunari abi Rocnabad,  
Ve gulgeshtj Mosellara.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids,  
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
 Their dear destructive charms display;  
 Each glance my tender breast invades,  
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :  
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
 New lustre to those charms impart ?  
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate : ah ! change the theme,  
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,  
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :  
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;

Fugan kein luliani shokh  
 I shiringari shehrashob  
 Chunan berdendi sabr az dil  
 Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma  
 Jamali yari mustagnist  
 Be ab u reng u khal u khatt  
 Che hajet ruyi zibara.  
 Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,  
 Va razi dehri kemter ju,

To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
That even the chaste Egyptian dame  
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:  
For her how fatal was the hour,  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear  
(Youth should attend when those advise  
Whom long experience renders sage):  
While musick charms the ravish'd ear;  
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied  
    Be hikmet ein moammara.

Men az an husni ruzafzun  
    Ke Yusuf dashti danestem  
Ke eshk az perdei ismet  
    Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,  
    Ke az jan dostiter darend  
Juvanani saadetmend  
    I pendī peeri danara.

What cruel answer have I heard !  
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :  
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?  
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
 Which nought but drops of honey sip .

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
 Like orient pearls at random strung :  
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;  
 But O ! far sweeter, if they please  
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khursendam,  
 Afac alla, neku gufti,  
 Jawabi telkhi mizeibed  
 Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr sufti,  
 Bea vakhosh bukhan Hafiz,  
 Ke ber nazmi to afshaned  
 Telek ikdi suriara.

## ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO

*THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.*

YE clear and sparkling streams,  
 Warm'd by the sunny beams,  
 Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd:  
 Ye boughs, that deck the grove,  
 Where Spring her chaplets wove,  
 While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;

---

## Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,  
 Ove le belle membra  
 Pose golei, che sola a me par donna;  
 Gentil ramo, ove piacque  
 • (Con sospir mi rimembra)  
 A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

\* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase<sup>o</sup> of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

Sweet herbs, and blushing flowers,  
 That crown yon vernal bowers  
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;  
 And ye, that heard my sighs  
 When first she charm'd my eyes,  
 Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear.  
 If heaven has fix'd my doom,  
 That Love must quite consume  
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;  
 Ah! grant this slight request,  
 That here my urn may rest  
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.  
 This pleasing hope will smooth  
 My anxious mind, and sooth  
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;

Erba, e fior', che lâ gonna  
 Leggiadra ricovèrse  
 Coll' angelico seno;  
 Aer sacro sereno  
 Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor ni' aperse;  
 Date udienza insieme  
 Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.  
 S' egli è pur mio destino,  
 E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,  
 Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,  
 Qualche grazia il meschino  
 Corpo fra voi ricopra;  
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda:  
 La morte fia men cruda,  
 Se questa speme porto  
 A quel dubbioso passo;

My spirit will not grieve  
 Her mortal veil to leave  
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.  
 Happly the guilty maid  
 Through yon accustom'd glade  
 To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;  
 Where first her beauty's light  
 O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,  
 When Love on this fair border bade me stray;  
 There sorrowing shall she see,  
 Bencath an aged tree.  
 Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;  
 Too late her tender sighs  
 Shall melt the pitying skies,  
 And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

---

Che lo spirto lasso  
 Non poria' mai in piu' riposato porto  
 N'en piu tranquilla fossa  
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.  
 Tenbo verrà ancor forse  
 Ch' all' usato soggiorno  
 Torni la fera bella e mansueta;  
 E là, ov' ella mi scorse  
 Nel benedetto giorno  
 Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,  
 Cercandomi, ed, o pietà,  
 Già terra infra le pietre  
 Vedendo, Amor l'inspiri  
 In guisa che sospiri  
 Si dolcemente che merecè m'impetre,  
 E faccia forza al cielo  
 Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,  
 When on yon bank she lay,  
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild ;  
 The young and blooming flowers,  
 Falling in fragrant showers,  
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd :  
 Some on her mantle hung,  
 Some in her locks were strung,  
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold ;  
 Some, in a spicy cloud  
 Descending, call'd aloud  
 "Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."  
 I view'd the heavenly maid,  
 And, rapt in wonder, said  
 "The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"

---

Da' bei rami scender  
 Dolce nella memoria  
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo ;  
 Ed ella si sedea,  
 Humile in tanta gloria  
 Coverta già dell'amoroso nembo :  
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,  
 Qual sulle treccie bionde,  
 Ch' oro forbito e perle  
 Eran quel di a ved'erle,  
 Qu'l si posava in terrá, e qual sull' onde ;  
 Qual con un vago errore  
 Girando parea dir, " Qui regna Amore."  
 Quante volte diss'io  
 Allor pien di spavento  
 " Costei per ferro nacque in paradiiso,"

Her look, her voice, her smile,  
 That might all heaven beguile,  
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:  
 The star-bespangled skies.  
 Were open'd to my eyes;  
 Sighing I said " Whence rose this glittering scene?"  
 Since that auspicious hour,  
 This bank, and odorous bower,  
 My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.  
 Well mayst thou blush, my song,  
 To leave the rural throng,  
 And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;  
 But were thy poet's fire  
 Ardent as his desire,  
 Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

---

Così carco d' oblio  
 Il divin portamento  
 E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso  
 M'aveano, e si diviso  
 Dall' imagine vera,  
 Ch' i' dicea sospirando,  
 " Qui come venn' io, o quando? " .  
 Credendo esser' in ciel, non là dov' era.  
 Da indi in quà mi piace  
 Questa erba si ch' altrove non o pace.  
 Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,  
 Potresti arditamente  
 Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.

# M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE

OF

## *THE FIRST STANZA,*

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque, &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,  
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,  
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,  
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;  
  
Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage  
Agité par les Zephirs  
La couvris de son ombrage,  
Qui rappelles mes soupirs.  
En rappellant son image,  
  
Ornemens de ces bords, et rilles du matin,  
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'Elle,  
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,  
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,  
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,  
Immortalisé par ses charmes,  
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes  
L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,  
Ecoutez mes derniers accens.  
Recevez mes dernières larmes.

## LAURA,

### *AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.*

\* IN this fair season, when the whispering gales  
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,  
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play ;  
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay ;  
The nightingale in many a melting strain  
Sings to the groves, “ Here Mirth and Beauty reign.”  
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,  
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers :  
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,  
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.

### IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zesiro tofna, e'l bel tempo rimena,  
E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia ;  
E garnir Progne, e pianger Filomela ;  
E primavera candida, e vermiglia :  
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rassereña ;  
Giöve s'allegra di mirar sua figlia ;  
L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra è d'amor piena ;  
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia :

I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,  
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild,  
 For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,  
 Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more :  
 Lost are those tresses, that outshone the moon,  
 And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.  
 \* Ah, death ! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower,  
 That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower ;  
 Thy dart has lay'd on yonder sable bier  
 All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear ;  
 Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,  
 Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.  
 † Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow  
 A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe !

## IMITATIONS.

Ma' per me, lasso, tornanb i piu gravi . . .  
 Sospiri, che del cōr profondo tragge  
 Quella ch' al tiel se ne porto le chiavi :  
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir.piagge,  
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,  
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

\* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato'al, morte, il piu bel volto  
 Che mai si vedē, e'i piu begli occhi spenti ;  
 Spirto piu acceso di vistuti ardenti  
 Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto !

† Ver. 28. Sonnet. 230.

O nostra vita, ch'è si bella in vista !  
 Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina  
 Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,  
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd !  
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,  
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light ;  
 But soon the gathering clouds o'er shade the skies,  
 Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise !  
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,  
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years !

\* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,  
 Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.  
 Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,  
 Form her rude diadem, and native throne :  
 There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,  
 Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.  
 Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,  
 And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow ;  
 Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,  
 The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains ;

## IMITATIONS.

\* Ver. 33.. See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulieres.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,  
 Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verds,  
 Une source orgueilleuse et pure,  
 Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers  
 D'une mousse verte couverts,  
 S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure ;  
 Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,  
 Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concert,

Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,  
 And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies ;  
 From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar ;  
 Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.  
 Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,  
 The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam ;  
 From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,  
 And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride ;  
 Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,  
 And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on these banks (ah, dream of short delight !)  
 The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight ;  
 Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,  
 That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.  
 I saw—and O ! what heart could long rebel ?  
 I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.  
 Where'er she nov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,  
 And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May ;  
 Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale ;  
 The rising flowers impurpled every dale :  
 Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;  
 An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene :  
 But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,  
 (\* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)  
 O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;  
 Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;

\* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327 ; and she died on the same day in 1348.

The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,  
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flowery bier,  
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.  
There to the awfāl shade due homāge pay,  
And softly thus address the sacred clay :  
“ \* Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,  
“ Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?  
“ Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?  
“ Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?  
“ Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile;  
“ Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile;  
“ You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;  
“ You taught me how to love, and how to weep.”  
† No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,  
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,

## IMITATIONS.

\* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto; avara terra,  
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto.

• And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno. . .

Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella?  
Ov' è 'l bel giglio, e l' uva e l' altra stella,  
Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno? &c.

• † Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non è sterpe, ne sasso in questi monti,  
Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;  
Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba;

No floweret blushes in the morning rays,  
 No stream along the winding valley plays,  
 But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,  
 What pains consume me, and what cares infest.  
 \* At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,  
 Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,  
 Sits on the border of each purling rill,  
 Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.  
 † Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?  
 Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?

## IMITATIONS.

Stilla d' acque non ven di queste fonti,  
 Ne fierce an questi boschi si selvagge,  
 Che non sappian quant' è mia pena acerba.

\* Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,  
 Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,  
 E pongasi a seder' in su la riva:  
 Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca  
 Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,  
 Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

† Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde  
 Mover scavemente all' aura estiva,  
 O roco mormorr di lucid' onde  
 S'ode d'una siorita e fresca riva,  
 La v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e schriva;  
 Lei che'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nasconde,  
 Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva  
 Di si lontano a' sospir miei risponde.

Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,  
 And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?  
 Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn  
 The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?  
 My Laura's voice in many a soothing note  
 Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:  
 " Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bower?  
 " Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?  
 " Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet  
 " Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.  
 " Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade;  
 " Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:  
 " Through crystal skies I wing thy joyous flight,  
 " And revel in eternal blaze of light;  
 " See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,  
 " And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears;  
 " Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,  
 " And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more."  
 She ends: the fates, that will no more reveal,  
 Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

## IMITATIONS.

Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?  
 Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi  
 Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?  
 Di me non pianger tu; che miei di farsi,  
 Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,  
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gl' occhi, apersi.

" Return, sweet shade ! I wake, and fondly say,  
 " O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray !  
 " Return : thy charms my sorrow will dispel,  
 " And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell ;  
 " Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,  
 " And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."  
 She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return ;  
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.  
 \* Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born ;  
 Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn ;  
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay ;  
 Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray :  
 You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew  
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue ;  
 But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,  
 My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain !

## IMITATIONS.

\* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;  
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;  
 Fere selvreste, vaghi augelli, e pesci ,  
 Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;  
 Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena ;  
 Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci ;  
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci ;  
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi nien'a ;  
 Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme ,  
 Non, lasso, in me, che da si lieta vista ,  
 Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia .

Henceforth, to sing in smoothly-warbled lays  
 The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;  
 \* To see the morn her early charms unfold,  
 Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;  
 † Led by the sacred Muse at noon to rove  
 O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove ;  
 To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,  
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;  
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,  
 And warble to the woods her amorous strain;  
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,  
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

## IMITATIONS.

Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,  
 Col la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro.

† Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle ;  
 Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati ;  
 Ne per campagne cavalieri armati ;  
 Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle ;  
 Ne d' aspettato ben fresche novelle ,  
 Ne dir d' Amore in stili alti ed ornati ;  
 Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati  
 Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle ;  
 Ne altro sarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga ,  
 Si seco il seppe quella sepellire ,  
 Che sola a' gli occhi miei fu lume a speglio .

\* Nymphs, who in glimmering glades by moonlight  
dance,  
And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,  
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;  
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.  
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;  
Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkness, rise;  
Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd;  
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade!

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## IMITATIONS.

\* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitatori de' verdi boschi,  
O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erboso fondo  
Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

# A TURKISH ODE

*OF MESIHR.*

HEAR how the nightingales, on every spray,  
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !  
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,  
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows : -  
The smiling season decks each flowery glade  
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.  
What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!  
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.

---

DINLEH bulbul kissa sen kim gildi eiamî behar,  
Kurdi her bir baghda hengamî ei'hengami behar,  
Oldi sim afshan ana ezhari badamî behar  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiamî behar.  
Yineh enwei shukusileh bezendi bagh u ragh,  
Ysh ichun kurdî chichekler sahni gulshenda otagh, ..

*Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, " that the vernal season approaches." The Spring has spread bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.*

*The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers: a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful, &c.*

Who knows what cares await that fatal day,  
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?  
 Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.  
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,  
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.  
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,  
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!  
 Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?  
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,  
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.  
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,  
 Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage).

Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola sagh?  
 Ysh u nush it, kim gicher kahnaz bu eiamni behar.  
 Tarafi gulshen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,  
 Sebzelerinda sehabeli lalehi kheirulaldur,  
 Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.  
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kahnaz bu eiamni behar.  
 Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi suseni,  
 Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,

*The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohamed, this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.*

*Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright scymilar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful, &c.*

While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose-like Zeineb's cheek appears,  
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.  
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;  
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."  
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

See yon anemones their leaves unfold,  
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!  
While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,  
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.

Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.  
Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,  
Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,  
Aldanup sanma ki bualar boileh baki kalehlar.  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,  
Gulistanda giorunjin laleh u gul naoman leh  
Baghda kan adi shemsun eishteri baran leh.

*The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful, &c.*

*Tulips, roses, and anemones, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.*

Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,  
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:  
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,  
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;  
In silken robes each hillock stards array'd.  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,  
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;  
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:  
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.

Arefun bu demi khosh gior bu giun yaran leh,  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.  
Gitti ol demler ki olup sebzeler sahib ferash,  
Guncheh fikri gulshenun olmishdi bagherinda bash,  
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.  
Ebr gulzari ustyneh her subh goher bariken,  
Nefhc badi seher por nafei tatariken:  
Ghasil olmeh alemun mahbublighi wariken.  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar

*The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and  
the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom.  
The season comes in which mountains and rocks are co-  
lored with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.*

*Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-gar-  
den: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk.  
Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of  
the world. Be cheerful, &c.*

Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,  
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale,  
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,  
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.  
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,  
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.  
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,  
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.  
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'er shade,  
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Buyi *gulzar* itti sholdenlu hewai mushknab  
Kim yereh inengeh olur ketre<sup>i</sup> shebnem *gulab*.  
Cherkh otak kundi *gulistan* ustuneh giunlik<sup>i</sup> sehab.  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu<sup>i</sup> ciami behar.  
Gulistanun her ne sen aldi sjah badi khuzan,  
Adl idup bir birileh wardi yineh shahi jehan.  
Deuletinda badehler kam oldi sakii kamran.  
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.*

*Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.*

May this rude lay from age to age remain,  
 A true memorial of this lovely train.  
 Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,  
 Thyself the rose, and He the bird of spring :  
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.  
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

---

Omerem buleh, Mesihi, bu merbaʃ isktihar,  
 Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,  
 Bulbuli khosh gui sen gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.  
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*"By these strains I hopeu to celebrate this delightful valley; may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring fassés soon away: it will not last."*

# THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF THE

## *PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.*

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arb<sup>o</sup>tos,  
Veris adventum canentes annulo modulamine;  
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
ab<sup>i</sup>t!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,  
Quique prata, quique saltūs, quique sylvulas amant;  
Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit?  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
ab<sup>i</sup>t!

Quantus est nitor rosarum! quantus hyacinthi decor!  
Non ocellus, cùm renidet, est puellæ lætior:  
Hic levi dies amori est, hic voluptati sacer:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
ab<sup>i</sup>t!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ coris micant,  
Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite liliū;  
Auribus gratuū, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos;  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
ab<sup>i</sup>t!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo nitet,  
 Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:  
 Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ spores decus.  
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
 abit!

Aspice, ut rosata amictu' discolori splendeant,  
 Prata dum fecundat æther lœta gratis imbribus,  
 Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.  
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
 abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx;  
 Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,  
 Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:  
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
 abit!

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulae,  
 Quas odorifer resolvit lenis aurae spiritus;  
 Hæc pyropis, hæc smaragdis cariores Indicis.  
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
 abit!

Is tenellis per viret: spirat è rosis odor,  
 Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,  
 Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.  
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
 abit!

Acri<sup>s</sup> olim cum malignis saeviit ventis hyems;  
Sed roseto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor;  
Floruit nemus repente, dulce manavit merum:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,  
abit!.

His iners modis, Mesihi, mellea<sup>n</sup> aptabas chelyn;  
Veris ales es poeta; verita cantat gaudia,  
Et rosas carpit tepeñtes è puellarum genis.  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit.  
abit!



# ARCADIA,

*A PASTORAL POEM.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the *Guardian*; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed; seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustick style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

## ARCADIA.

IN those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd  
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,  
Menalcas reign'd: from Pan his lineage came;  
Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.  
When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,  
The listening nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd:  
To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;  
A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.  
But now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,  
Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,  
\* Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung;  
His reed neglected on a poplar hung:  
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,  
He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating sheep.  
Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;  
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:

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### IMITATIONS.

#### Guardian, N° 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

#### NOTE.

\* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the Εγκωμία τοῦ Πτολεμαῖου, the Διόνυσος, and others, which are of the heroick kind.

Loye, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;  
And Daphne this, and Hyl'a that was nam'd.

\* The first was bashful as a blooming bride,  
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;  
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,  
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot;  
Where many a flower, in mystick order plac'd,  
With myrtle twin'd, her silken fillet grac'd;  
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,  
And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd;  
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,  
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;  
A graceful ease in every step was seen,  
She mov'd a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.

• Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,  
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;  
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,  
And, fann'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air;  
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,  
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.

† The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm;  
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm:

#### \* IMITATIONS.

\* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis.  
She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most  
easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly  
in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

† She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had  
rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who

But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,  
 Though something rustick warbled from her tongue.  
 Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,  
 Their manners different, yet their charms the same.  
 The young Arcadians, tuncful from their birth,  
 To love devoted, and to rural mirth,  
 Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,  
 And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;  
 From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd;  
 And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:  
 Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,  
 And in gay order spread the shining store;  
 Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,  
 With ebon knots, and studs of silver, wrought;  
 Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,  
 Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;  
 The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,  
 And ris'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride:  
 But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,  
 Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.  
 Hence some, whom love with lighter names had fir'd,  
 Broke their soft flutes, and in despair reth'rd;

## IMITATIONS.

heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

To pluck the flowers, and to sit in the shade,  
 And see the water Daphne in the side.

It happen'd on a clear bright morn of May,  
 When ev'ry thing was built in fresh array,  
 The shepherds, in their glee, in an early hour,  
 In crowds assembled round the regal bower,  
 There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;  
 And tender accents trembled through the glades.

Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay  
 Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,  
 By chance was roving through a bordering dale,  
 And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.  
 He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind  
 To sooth their cares indulgently design'd:  
 Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,  
 And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listening band:

“ Arcadian shepherds, to my words attend!  
 In silence hear your monarch, and your friend.  
 Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,  
 Exite my pity, yet my anger move.  
 Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,  
 Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;  
 When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng.  
 To them my sylvan empire will belong;  
 But, lest with them the royal line should fail,  
 And civil discord fill this happy vale,  
 Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,  
 To share their power, and grace the genial bed:

\* So may the swains our ancient laws obey,  
 And all Arcadia own their potent sway.  
 But what sage counsel can their choice direct?  
 Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?  
 So like your passion, and so like your strain,  
 That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.  
 Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led  
 To steep Cylene's ever-vocal head,  
 With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,  
 And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me stood;  
 A flute he held, which as he softly blew,  
 The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;  
 Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,  
 And said, " Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind :  
 " This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,  
 " When love inflam'd him, and the ♀ viewless maid,  
 " Receive : ev'n Pan thy trueful skill confess'd,  
 " And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.

---

## IMITATIONS.

\* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

## N O T E.

† Echo.

“ Thy daughter’s beauty every breast inspires,  
 “ And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:  
 “ But let those favour’d youths alone succeed,  
 “ Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed.”  
 \* This said, he disappear’d. Then hear my will:  
 Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;  
 Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,  
 And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains:  
 But mark! whoe’er shall by too harsh a lay  
 Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,  
 He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,  
 To some disgraceful penance must submit.”

He ends; the shepherds at his words rejoice,  
 And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.  
 Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,  
 And sits triumphant on th’ ideal throne;  
 Kind Vanity their want of art supplies,  
 And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;  
 —Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,  
 And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

### IMITATIONS.

When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,  
 And evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;  
 When, in a bower by Ladon's lucid stream,  
 Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,  
 So thick the curling eglantines display'd,  
 With woodbines join'd, an aromatick shade,  
 The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,  
 His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:  
 The royal damsels, seated by his side,  
 Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride:  
 The swains before them crowded in a ring,  
 Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,  
 Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:  
 His air was courtly, his complexion fair;  
 And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,  
 That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,  
 With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls;

### IMITATIONS.

appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had a sheep-hock in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful

A *ward* of cedar for his crook he bore;  
 His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,  
 Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,  
 With beaming eyes and silken ribbands bound;  
 The plumage . . . . . enrich grae'd his head,  
 And with embroider'd flowers his mrtle was overspread.

\* He sung the darling of th' Italian queen,  
 Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;  
 When weeping graces left the faded plains,  
 And tun'd their strings to elegiack strains;  
 While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,  
 " Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more."

The theme displeas'd the nymphs, whose ruder ear  
 The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.  
 The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,  
 And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance:  
 So wildly, so affectedly, he play'd,  
 His tune so various and uncouth he made,  
 That not a dancer could in cadence move,  
 And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve: .

## IMITATIONS.

presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of fea-

## NOTE.

\* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,  
 While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.  
 Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire  
 The silken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:  
 Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,  
 Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand ;  
 'They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw'  
 A weed of homely grain and russet hue;  
 Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,  
 And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks ;  
 There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,  
 Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

\* 'The next that rose, and took the mystick reed,  
 Was wrapp'd ungraceful in a sordid weed :  
 A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread,  
 And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head ;  
 Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,  
 He rude'y walk'd, and thus address'd the fair :

#### IMITATIONS.

ther's, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

\* The second that appeared was in a very different

" My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss;  
 " Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss." •  
 The damsels blush with anger and disdain,  
 And turn indignant from the shameless swain;  
 To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,  
 To make his musick hateful as his lay.  
 The gods assent: the flute he roughly takes,  
 And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes;  
 But when in jarring notes he forc'd his song,  
 Just indignation fir'd the rural throng:  
 Shame of Arcadia's bowers! the youths exclaim,  
 Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!  
 The watchful heralds, at Menalas' nod,  
 Pursued the rustick with a vengeful rod;  
 Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore  
 To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

## IMITATIONS. •

garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, " He had hugged " his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to " kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no musick. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcatlia to keep

\* Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,  
 Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd;  
 Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest  
 Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:  
 † " Fair nymph, said he, the roses, which you wear,  
 " Your charms improve not, but their own impair.  
 The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,  
 Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.  
 When in his hand the sacred reed he took,  
 Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;  
 Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shrill'er note  
 Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;  
 Through every interval, now low, now high,  
 Swift o'er the stops his singers seem'd to fly:  
 The youths, who heard such musick with surprize,  
 Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:

## IMITATIONS.

the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

\* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, " Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty; but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so

## NOTE.

† See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,  
 Then said, \* " Arcadia shall resound my praise,  
 " And every clime my powerful art shall own;  
 " This, this ye swains, is melody alone:  
 " To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,  
 " Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains."

To whom Menalcas: " Stranger, we admire  
 " Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;  
 " But ere to these fair valleys thou return,  
 " Adopt our manners, and our language learn:  
 " Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,  
 " And teach thee how to speak, and how to move."

† Soon to the bower a modest stripling came,  
 Fairest of swains; and † Tityrus his name:  
 Mild was his look, an easy grace he show'd,  
 And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd:

## IMITATIONS.

intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

\* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of musick composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

† The fourth that stepped forward was young Amynatas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the

## NOTE.

‡ The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

As through the croud he press'd, the sylvan choir  
 His mien applauded, and his neat attire ;  
 And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,  
 Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.  
 He now begins ; the dancing hills attend,  
 And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend :  
 He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,  
 \* When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade ;  
 Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains  
 Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains :  
 But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,  
 What deep attention hush'd the rival crew !  
 He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,  
 That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung ;  
 Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid stream,  
 Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme ;

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## IMITATIONS.

same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured, air : she blushed as he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vov's to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance ; and the old shepherd affirmed, that they had often heard such musick by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

## NOTE.

\* Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. Virg.

Then through the yielding waves in transport glanc'd;  
 Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:  
 " We oft, said they, at close of evening flowers,  
 " Have heard such musick in the vocal bowers:  
 " We wonder'd; for we thought some amorous god,  
 " That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,  
 " Had faint'd with starry plunck's the floating air,  
 " And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair."

He ended; and as rolling billows loud . . .  
 His praise resounded from the circling crowd.  
 The clamorous tumult softly to compose,  
 High in the midst the plaintive \* Colin rose,  
 Born on the lilyed banks of royal Thame,  
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;  
 Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;  
 The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd:  
 And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,  
 Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:  
 With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,  
 And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:  
 Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,  
 The bloom of April, and December's cold . . .  
 † The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer  
 In every month that decks the varied year.  
 Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,  
 And his soft numbers died along the shade;

## NOTES.

\* Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

† See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,  
And every voice his easy tune approv'd;  
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,  
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.

Now all were hush'd. no rival durst arise;  
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.  
Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,  
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,  
Address'd th' attentive throng: " Arcadians, hear!  
" The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:  
" Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,  
" And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.  
" Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,  
" Shall clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:  
" And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms  
" Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:  
" O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,  
" And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.  
" What splendid visions rise before my sight,  
" And fill my aged bosom with delight!  
" \* Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,  
" ARMS AND THE MAN in every clime shall ring:  
" Thy muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,  
" Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,  
" Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,  
" The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.

## NOTE.

\* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the *Aeneid* of Virgil, and the *Fairy-Queen* of Spenser.

“ And thou, O Colin, heaven-defended youth,  
 “ Shalt hide in fiction’s veil the charms of truth;  
 “ Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,  
 “ And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;  
 “ Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,  
 \* And lead th’ enchanted soul through fancy’s maze;  
 “ Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana’s name,  
 “ And fill the world with Britain’s endless fame.”

\* To Tityrus then he gave the sacred flute,  
 And bade his sons their blushing brides salute;  
 Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,  
 Till mountains echo’d, and till valleys rung.

† While thus with mirth they tun’d the nuptial strain,  
 A youth, too late, was hastening o’er the plain,  
 Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;  
 ‡ Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue;  
 A slave, ill-dress’d and mean, behind him bore  
 An osier-basket, fill’d with fishy store;  
 • The lobster with his sable armour bold,  
 The tasteful mullet deck’d with scales of gold; •

## IMITATIONS.

\* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation. . . .

† While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. • He had an angling

## NOTE.

‡ See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phincas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;  
 And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed:  
 Among them shells of many a tint appear;  
 \* The heart of Venus, and her pearly car;  
 The nautilus, on curling billows born;  
 And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;  
 Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye;  
 With all the race that seas or streams supply;  
 A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung:  
 Thus was the stranger clad, and thus he sung:  
 “ Ah ! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep;  
 “ ‘Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep:  
 “ There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,  
 “ And sports, unknown before, beguile the day;  
 “ To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,  
 “ Or pluck the samphire from th' impending cliff:

## IMITATIONS.

rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothe.. carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. “ Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?” said Menalcas, “ to them shalt thou return.” The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arca-

## NOTE.

\* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful shells.

" My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,  
 " And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."

" To them, Menalcas said, thy numbers pour;

" Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more."

He spoke; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,  
 And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:

Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain,  
 (But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain);

Then, dropping, rose; and, like the rushing wind,  
 Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind:

\* He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,  
 But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.

† Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming sun  
 His course resplendent in the Zodiack run,  
 The royal damsels, bashful now no more,  
 Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;  
 From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,  
 And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;

### IMITATIONS.

dia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

† Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

### NOTE.

\* This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,  
 And both the manners of their sires retain'd :  
 \* Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,  
 In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,  
 More soft than rills that through the valley flow,  
 Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow ;  
 He sung the tender woes of artless swains,  
 Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains ;  
 When early spring has wak'd the breathing flowers,  
 Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bowers :  
 † But Colinet in ruder numbers tells --  
 The loves of rusticks, and fair-boding spells ;  
 Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,  
 And softly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,  
 But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

## NOTES.

\* See Pope's pastorals.

† See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

# CAISSA:

OR,

*THE GAME AT CHESS.*

A POEM.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY R. 1703.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled "SCACCHIA LUDUS," which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caïssa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

## CAISSA.

OF armies on the chequer'd field array'd,  
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd ;  
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,  
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms ;  
Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill  
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.

† Thou, joy of all below, and all above,  
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love ;  
Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose  
And many a pink thy blooming train repose :  
Assist me, goddess ! since a lovely pair  
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,  
And rise translucent in the solar ray ;  
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower,  
Where spring's soft influence purpled every flower;

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### IMITATIONS.

Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris  
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et Ludicra regna :  
Ut gemini integ se reges, albusque nigerque,  
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.  
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta. . . *Vida.*  
Æneadum genitrix, hominum divumque voluptas,  
Alma Venus! &c. *Eurætius.*

Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,  
 And envying blossoms crowded round their seat:  
 Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her side  
 The sweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride :  
 Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,  
 That from their native stalk dispense perfume ;  
 Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day :  
 Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.  
 A band of youths and damsels sat around,  
 Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound ;  
 Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,  
 And gentle Thyrsis, by the muse inspir'd ;  
 With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train ;  
 And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.  
 Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,  
 With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks :

“ The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,  
 “ And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight ;  
 “ Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile ;  
 “ What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile ?  
 “ Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,  
 “ Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart ?  
 “ At distance shall we view the sylvan chace ?  
 “ Or catch with silken lines the finny race ?”

Then Delia thus : “ Or rather, since we meet  
 “ By chance assembled in this cool retreat,  
 “ In artful contest let our warlike train  
 “ Move well-directed o'er the colour'd plain ;

" Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;  
 " Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:  
 " No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;  
 " We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame."

The nymph consents: the maids and youths prepare  
 To view the combat, and the sport to share;  
 But Daphnis most approv'd the bold design,  
 Whom Love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.

He rose, and on the cedar table plac'd  
 A polish'd board, with differing colours grac'd;  
 \* Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;  
 These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;  
 Like the broad target by the tortoise born,  
 Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.

Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,  
 O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour'd;  
 The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,  
 † Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;

### IMITATIONS.

\* Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes  
 Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat.  
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una  
 Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:  
 Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim  
 Albentes nigris; testudo picta superfie  
 Qualia deinceo gestat discrimina tergo. *Vida.*

† Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,  
 Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.  
 Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique  
 Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas. *Kida.*

In shape and station different, as in name,  
 Their motions various, nor their power the same.  
 Say muse! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd)  
 Who form'd the legions on the level field?

High in the midst the reverend kings appear,  
 And o'er the rest their pearly scepters rear:  
 One solemn step, majestically slow,  
 They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;  
 If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,  
 And die with rapture if they savé their king;  
 On him the glory of the day depends,  
 He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their consorts stand;  
 Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;  
 Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,  
 And thin the trembling ranks from side to side;  
 Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,  
 Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:  
 Fierce as they seem, some bold Piebeian spear  
 May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,  
 Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;  
 Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their  
 height,

\* Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

#### NOTE.

\* The chief art in the Tacticks of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

To right and left the martial wings display,  
 Their shining arms, and stand in close array.  
 Behold, four archers, eager to advance,  
 Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;  
 Through angles ever they assault the foes,  
 True to the colour, which at first they chose.  
 Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and speed,  
 Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:  
 \* Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,  
 Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows:  
 Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,  
 By one quick bound two changing squares they gain;  
 From varying hues renew the fierce attack,  
 And rush from black to white, from white to black.  
 Four solemn elephants the sides defend;  
 Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:  
 In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;  
 Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.  
 Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise  
 Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:  
 Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,  
 Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.

## IMITATIONS.

\* Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,  
 Come gli altri, l' arringo unqua non fende,  
 Må la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista  
 Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,  
 E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,  
 Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Now swell th' embattled troops with hostile rage,  
 And clang their shields, impatient to engage ;  
 When Daphnis thus : A varied plain behold,  
 Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,  
 As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,  
 Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.  
 No mortal hand the wonderous sport contriv'd,  
 By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd :  
 \* From them, the British nymphs receiv'd the game,  
 And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;  
 Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,  
 As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,  
 Her air enchanting, and her aspect mild ;  
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,  
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy ;  
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,  
 And fair Caissa was the damsel nam'd.  
 Mars saw the maid ; with deep surprize he gaz'd,  
 Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd:  
 His golden bow the child of Venus bent,  
 And through his breast a piercing arrow sent :  
 The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;  
 The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.

## IMITATIONS.

\* Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri  
 Nereides, vastique omnis gen's accola ponti;  
 Siquando placidum mars, et humida regna quierunt.

*Vida.*

Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;  
 The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:  
 He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,  
 And still he press'd, yet still Caissa frown'd;  
 But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)  
 Fnr'd all his soul, and all his senses won.  
 He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,  
 And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;  
 Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,  
 And fair Caissa was his plaintive theme.  
 A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,  
 And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;  
 Then mildly spake: " O thou, whom love inspires,  
 " Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.  
 " The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;  
 " And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;  
 " The scaly sheals devour the silken weeds;  
 " Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.  
 " Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain  
 " Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,  
 " With gentle art thy martial look beguile;  
 " Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.  
 " Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,  
 " To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?  
 " So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame.  
 " And ev'n Caissa own a mutual flame."  
 " Kind nymph, said Mars, thy counsel I approve,  
 " Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.

“ But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:  
 “ So may thy stream ne’er swell with gushing rain;  
 “ So may thy waves in one pure current flow,  
 “ And flowers eternal on thy border blow!”  
 To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:  
 “ Above the palace of the Paphian queen  
 “ \* Love’s brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,  
 “ By gods nam’d Euphron, and by mortals Sport:  
 “ Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,  
 “ And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.  
 “ His temple hangs below the azure skies;  
 “ Seest thou yon argent cloud? ‘Tis there it lies.”  
 This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,  
 And sought the mansion of her blue-hair’d train.

Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,  
 Had reach’d the temple of the sportful boy;  
 He told Caissa’s charms, his kindled fire,  
 The Naiad’s counsel, and his warm desire.  
 “ Be swift, he added, give my passion aid;  
 “ A god requests.”—He spake, and Sport obey’d.  
 He fram’d a tablet of celestial mold,  
 Inlay’d with squares of silver and of gold;  
 Then of two metals form’d the warlike band,  
 That here compact in show of battle stand;

## IMITATIONS.

\* Ecco d’ astuto ingegno, e pronta mano  
 Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,  
 Gioco s’apella, ed è d’ amor germano. *Marino, Adone. 15.*

He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,  
 And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name:  
 (Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,  
 Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Chess*.)  
 The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport;  
 Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.  
 With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor stay'd,  
 Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid:  
 Tir'd with the chase the damsels sat reclin'd,  
 Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.  
 He took the figure of a wanton Faun,  
 And stood before her on the flowery lawn;  
 Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd the nymph survey'd  
 The lifeless troops in glittering ranks display'd;  
 She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain  
 The various motions of the splendid train;  
 With eager heart she caught the winning lore,  
 And thought ev'n Man less hateful than before:  
 "What spell, said she, deceiv'd my careless mind?  
 "The god was fair, and I was most unkind."  
 She spoke, and saw the changling Faun assume  
 A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;  
 His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew.  
 Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;  
 The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,  
 Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;  
 The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,  
 Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,

That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,  
 And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:  
 (Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,  
 Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)  
 With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,  
 But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.  
 The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,  
 Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd.

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;  
*To arms*, the groves and sounding vales reply.  
 Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,  
 And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.  
 Who first, O muse, began the bold attack;  
 The white resplendent, or the mournful black?  
 Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,  
 Moves her pale legions tow'rds the sable train:  
 From thought to thought 'er lively fancy flies,  
 Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warriour moves with haughty strides;  
 Who from the plain the snowy king divides.  
 With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;  
 His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:  
 Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;  
 Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.  
 Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,  
 Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:  
 The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow  
 Of life and place deprives his ivy foe.

Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,  
 Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.  
 Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,  
 Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.  
 But see! the wifte-rob'd Amazon beholds  
 Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:  
 Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,  
 By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;  
 Seven squares she passes with majestick mien,  
 And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.  
 Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,  
 The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:  
 Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,  
 And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.  
 Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king  
 Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;  
 Till, unforeseen, an iv'ry courser sprung,  
 And, wildly prancing in an evl hour,  
 Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:  
 Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,  
 Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd;  
 Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,  
 And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping mail,  
 And on her cheek the rose began to fade:  
 A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,  
 She wip'd in silence, and conceu'd from all;

From all but Daphnis: He remark'd her pain;  
 And saw the weakness of her ebon train;  
 Then gently spoke: " Let me your loss supply,  
 " And either nobly win or nobly die:  
 " Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,  
 " And led to triumph in the fields of Chess."  
 He said: the willing nymph her place resign'd,  
 And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.  
 Thus when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,  
 And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,  
 The Cyprian goddess wounded left the plain,  
 And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field;  
 (To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)  
 Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,  
 But finds his art less powerful than her eyes:  
 Wisdom and strength superior charms obey;  
 And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.  
 By this a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,  
 Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent;  
 Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,  
 Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.  
 Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unsung  
 Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;  
 For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,  
 And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.  
 The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,  
 And strove in vain their sovereign to defend:

Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,  
 And flew like lightning to the fatal square;  
 His limbs dilated in a moment grew  
 To stately height, and widen'd to the view:  
 More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,  
 Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warriour queen.  
 As when the sage on some unfolding plant  
 Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,  
 His hand the microscopick frame applies,  
 And lo! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes;  
 He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd;  
 Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold;  
 Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,  
 And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.  
 The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,  
 He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;  
 Then springs indignant on the dark-robd band,  
 And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.  
 Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,  
 His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field:  
 \* So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn,  
 With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,...

## IMITATIONS.

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— Medio rex æquore inermis  
 Constitit amissis sociis; velut æthere in alto  
 Expulit ardentes flamas ubi lutea bigis

Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault retires,  
 Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires.  
 He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;  
*Clock* the deep vales, and *Clock* the woods rebound.  
 No place remains: he sees the certain fate,  
 And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,  
 And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:  
 " A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,  
 " By Mars protected, and by Venus' son;  
 " The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,  
 " The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart."  
 She smil'd, the nymphs and amorous youths arise,  
 And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their chest the mimick troops were lay'd,  
 \* And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade.

### IMITATIONS.

*Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis  
 Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.*

*Videlicet, ver. 604*

\* A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Iliad,  
 " And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

## CARMINUM LIBER.

### I. ODE SINICA.

VIDES ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet  
Argenteus rivi latex;  
Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine  
Arundines interstrepant:  
Sic, sic, ameno cincte virtutum choro  
Princeps, amabiliter nites.  
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ  
Efingit artifex ebur,  
Sic ad benignitatem amica civiam  
Blandè figuras pectora.  
Ut delicata geminulam exposit manus  
Fulgore lucentem aureo,  
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam  
Ornare morum lumine.  
O quam verenda micat in oculis lenitas!:  
Minantur & rident simul.  
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,  
Et quantus incessu decor!  
Scilicet, ameno cincte virtutum choro  
Princeps, amabiliter nites.  
Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum  
Memoria floresceret tui?

### II. ODE PERSICA.

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adsit, amici,  
Suavis voluptatum cohors:  
Sic montere senes.

Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,

Quin sacra mute:rus mero

Stragula nectareo?

Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,

Quam molli in amplexu tenens

Pocula læta bibam.

Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas:

Cur non canoros barbiti

Elicimus modulos?

En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,

Quod amoris extinguat faciem,

Nectareos latices.

Suavè loquens Philomeña vocor: qui fiat ut umbrâ

Tectus rosarum nexili

(Veris avis) taceam?

### III. ALTERA.

AFFER seyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri

Purpureos latices

Effunde largius, puer.

Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,

Difficilesque scenum

Emollit ægritudines.

Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;

Nectareis foveat

Dic luna solem amplexibus.

Flamas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet

Fervidioris aquam

Flammæ nitentis æmulam.

Quod si r̄osarum fragilis avolat decor,

• Sparge, puer, liquidas

V̄ni rubescens rosas.

Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,

Pocula leta canant

Non elaboratum melos.

Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas;

Laetaque mæstiam

Doppelit informem chelys.

Somnus beatos, somnus amplexus dabit:

Da mihi dulce meum

Somnum quod alliciat levem.

Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,

Ut placidâ madidus

Oblivione perfruar.

Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:

Seu vetitum fuerit,

Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

#### IV. ODE ARABICA.

##### AD FABULUM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente luna,

Multâ reclines in rosa

Urgere blandis osculis puellas;

Aut, dum præa levi pulsat pede delicata virgo

Comam renodans auream,

Molli cupidinis tepere flammam:

Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub antro

Ad suave zephyrorum melos  
 Rore advocati spargier soporis:  
 Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,  
 His, mite dum tempus favet,  
 Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.  
 Quicunque aut rerum domini sumus, aut graves coacti  
 Curas egestatis pati,  
 Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

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## V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus;  
 Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi  
 Fluctus, vel celer unda  
 Ganges auriferâ lavit,  
 Læli, si mea sit dives opum domus:  
 Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea  
 Servo carmina blandis  
 Nympharum auribus insolens,  
 Quarum tu potior pectora candidis  
 Mulces alloquii, te potiorem amat  
 Musa, utcunque puellæ  
 Pulsas. Eoliæ fides.  
 Quin illis acies mittere commodus  
 Tornatas' meditor, quæ bicoloribus  
 Armis compiciendæ  
 Bella innoxia destinant;  
 Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni  
 Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,

Cōnicum manus albis  
 • Nigrans certat oloribus.  
 Cur non sub viridi luctuus ilicis  
 Umbrā suppositi? Dic veniat genis  
 Ridens Lydia•pulchris,  
 Et saltare decens Chloe:  
 Dic reddant mihi me. Lulgite, virginēs;  
 Me testudineis aut Venerem modis  
 Dicente, aut juvēnilis .  
 Telum dulce Cupidinis.

## VI. AD LUNAM.

CŒLI dulcē nitens decūs,  
 Lentā lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:  
 Pulchræ recta peto Chloës,  
 Et labrum roseo nectare suqvius.  
 Non prædator ut iñprobus,  
 Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias;  
 Nec, dum lux radiat tua,  
 Ultricem meditor figere cuspīdem.  
 Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel  
 Placatum tepidū lenieris face,  
 Illum deseruit furor,  
 Et telum facili dēcidit ē manu.  
 Nec delicta per & nefas  
 Furtiva immeritus gaudia p̄sequor;  
 Blandā victa Chloë prece  
 Peplum rejiciet pūrpureum libens.

## VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis  
 Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,  
 Quæ grati fruticeta æcolis Idali,  
 Herbosamque Amathunita, & viridem Cridon,  
 Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,  
 Quæ nunc, Tænariâ iminitior pesculo,  
 Mœrentis Licini sollicitum melos  
 Ridet. Non' liquidæ carmine tibiæ,  
 Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem  
 Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam  
 Cervicem tepidum flectat ad' osculum.  
 (Quantum est & vacuis hectar in osculis! )  
 Quod si carminibus mitior applicet  
 Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu  
 Te solvente) pari flœ tepeat face,  
 Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,  
 Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam;  
 Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam  
 Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,  
 Tum nigranti hederâ & tempora laurea  
 Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos:  
 At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium  
 Me ridet, comitum cœtus amabilis;  
 Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors  
 Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo  
 Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia  
 Abrupta Itaud facili virginè satuium  
 Monstrant, & violâ pallidior gena.

## VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,  
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,  
Sea Paphi regina potens, Cyprique.

Laetior audis,

Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruscum  
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,  
Hiuc veni, & tecum properet soluto  
Crine Thalia.

Jam venis! nubes placidi serenas  
Passeres findunt; super albicantes  
Dum volant sylvas, celeresque versant

Leniter alas.

Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed alma  
Dulcè subridens facie, loquela  
Melle conditam liquido jacentis

Fundis in aurem.

“ Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellū,

“ Lucidis venanti oculis amantes?

“ Cur doces modestas resonare lucum,

“ Care, querelas?

“ Dona si rideat tua, dona mittet;

“ Sive te molli roseos per hortos

Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur

“ Ipsa fugacem.”

Per tuos oro dea mitis, ignes,

Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ

Lenias. Et te, Venus alma amore

• Forsit Adonis.

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE  
HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem  
 Vedit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressus;  
 Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,  
 Et secum in solio jucit considerc eburneo,  
 Cælato rutilanti auro, insertisque pyropis.  
 Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquellâ,  
 Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,  
 Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,  
 Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis:  
 Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.  
 Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis;  
 Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat  
 Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;  
 Non equus in latris Arabum it velocior agris.  
 Cùm subito trepidam prevenit rumor in urbem  
 Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,  
 Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur:  
 Ilicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas  
 Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,  
 Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat:  
 Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes  
 Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.  
 Quale in arenoso nigraruin colle laborat  
 Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;  
 Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis  
 Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;  
 Tales prosiliuere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi

Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus  
 •Alior, aut vernans excelso in monte cupressus.  
 At Peleum artus gelida formidine solvi  
 Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor:  
 Hoc vidi, & valido torquens hastile lacerto  
 Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;  
 Irruit alatus sonipes, centorvus in arvis  
 Elephum & elephas, neque sensit habenam:  
 Militibus vires rediere, & pristina virtus.  
 Ac velat, undantis cum surgant flumina Nili,  
 Et refluxant, avidie haud injucunda colonis,  
 Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;  
 Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis:  
 Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem  
 Findens galeas & ferrea scuta bipernis,  
 Cercius, horrilico complens loca vasta boatu,  
 In me flexit equum, me crudelensem petebat,  
 Captivusque areto voluit constringere nodo:  
 Frustra; nam, humans habilem nec seganter arcum,  
 Populeas mihi laro mucrone sagittas,  
 Flammarien ritu, aut per nubila fulminis actu:  
 Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque monates  
 Incipitat, letumi minitans, rigidasse catenas:  
 Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,  
 Pulsus ut & clipeus clypeo est, & casside cassis  
 Illum insurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus  
 Conantein, arripui, qua discolor ilia cinxit  
 Balteus, & rutilis subpexa est fibula baccis.  
 Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans

E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,  
 Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit;  
 Pectora cui nivea, & ferrata cuspide costas  
 Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam  
 Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.  
 Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,  
 Saxa per & colles; nostris victoria turmis  
 Affulsit, cæsosque dolcs, Hyrcania, natos.  
 Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,  
 Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!  
 Dixit; & heroas Persarum rector evantes  
 Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas  
 Instaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia ponit:  
 Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.

## ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat?  
 An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?  
 Bacciferumne celer fruticetur, devorat ignis?  
 Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?  
 Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,  
 Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?  
 Quàm juyat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessus  
 Mente, per ignos dum vigor exul agros?  
 Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,  
 Num colit assuctos mollis amica lares?  
 Jamne crient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur  
 Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?

An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,  
 Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?  
 Quot mea felices vidisti gaudia, campi,  
 Gaudia vae! misero non renovanda mihi?  
 Ecquis apud Nageali lucos aut pascua Tadæ  
 Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?  
 Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,  
 " Heu! quid Cadæco in monte sodalis agit?"  
 Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?  
 Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?  
 Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?  
 Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!  
 An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turbæ, puellæ  
 Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?  
 An viride saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum  
 Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?  
 Visamne umbriseros, loca dilectissima, saltus,  
 Dicit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?  
 Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,  
 Ah! quoties lacrymis humili facta meis?  
 Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,  
 Antra puellarum quam bene nota gregi?  
 Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos  
 Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.  
 Tempus erit, levibus quo pævigilata cachinnis  
 Nox dabit unaniimi gaudia plena choro;  
 Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,  
 Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

## FABULA PERSICA.

**RIGANTE** molles imbre campos Persidis,  
**E**nube in æquor latpea pulviæ guttula est;  
**Quæ**, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,  
 “ **Quid hoc loci?** inquit, **quid rei misella sum?**  
 “ **Quò me repente,** ah! **quò redactam sentio?**”  
**Cùm** se verecundantì animulâ sperneret,  
**Illam** recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;  
**Tandemque** tenuis aquula facta est unio;  
**Nunc** in coronâ lœta Regis emicat,  
**Sibi** non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

## AD MUSAM.

**VALE**, Camena, blanda cultrix ingeni,  
**Virtutis altrix**, mater eloquentia!  
**Linquenda** alumnō est laurus & chelys tuo:  
**At tu** dearum dulcium dulcissima,  
**Seu** Suada mavis sive Pitho dicier,  
**A te** receptus in tuâ vivam fidē:  
**Mihi** sit, oro, non inutilis toga,  
**Nec** indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus.

AN

## ESSAY.

ON THE

POETRY OF THE EASTERN NATIONS.

ARABIA, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Afiaticks* know by the name of *Yemen*, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indostan*, called *Cashmîr*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of *Yemen* are

proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of *Asia*, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by Providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East \*.

Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, usually considered as its metropolis; *Zebid*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of *Orman*; and *Aden*, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the Equator, and seventy-six from the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Canaries*, where the geo-

\* I am at a loss to conceive, what induced the illustrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend, that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who considered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to insist on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is described by the *Asiaticks* themselves as a large division of that peninsula which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more reason for annexing it to *India*, because the sea, which washes one side of it, is looked upon by some writers as belonging to the great *Indian ocean*, than there would be for annexing it to *Perſia*, because it is bounded on another side by the *Perſian gulf*.

graphers of *Asia* fix their first meridian. It is observable that *Aden*, in the Eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode*, its second, *delight, softness, or tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe in this place that *Yemen* itself takes its name from a word, which signifies *verdure*, and *felicity*; for in those sultry climates, the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meant to translate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamick plants, that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air \*: now it is certain that all poetry

\* The writer of an old history of the *Turkish Empire* says, "The air of Egypt sometimes in summer is like any sweet perfume, and almost suffocates the spirits, caused by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices."

receives a very considerable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roses of *Sheron*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the sources of many pleasing metaphors and comparisons in the sacred poetry: thus the odours of *Yemen*, the musk of *Hadrāmut*, and the pearls of *Oman*, supply the Arabian poets with a great variety of allusions; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be just, that whatever is delightful to the senses produces the *Beautiful* when it is described, where can we find so much beauty as in the *Eastern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliest objects in nature?

To pursue this topick yet farther: it is an observation of *Demetrius of Phalera*; in his elegant treatise upon style, that it is not easy to write on agreeable subjects in a disagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expressions* naturally rise with beautiful images; for which reason, says he, nothing can be more pleasing than *Sappho's poetry*, which contains the description of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces: thus, when she speaks of a stream softly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a sound, that brings on a quiet slumber, her lines flow without labour as smoothly as the rivulet

she describes. I may have altered the words of *Demetrius*, as I quote them by memory; but this is the general sense of his remark, which, if it be not rather specious than just, must induce us to think, that the poets of the *East* may vie with those of *Europe* in the graces of their diction, as well as in the liveliness of their images: but we must not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can please only by its descriptions of beauty; since the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *sublime*, when they are aptly described, are no where more common than in the *Desert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we see nothing so frequently painted by the poets of those countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and forests, rocks and wildernesſes.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually conversant, to be *sublime* and *beautiful*, our next step must be, to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories are so likewise; for an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eastern* figures are common to other nations, but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be lost, if

they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those, who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world. Again; it is very usual in all countries, to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation, who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning*, *their locks to the night*, *their faces to the sun*, *to the moon*, or *the blossoms of jasmine*, *their cheeks to roses*, or *ripe fruit*, *their teeth to pearls*, *hailstones*, and *snow-drops*, *their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus*, *their curled hair to black scorpions*, and to *hyacinths*, *their lips to rubies or wine*, *the form of their breasts to pomegranates* and *the colour of them to snow*, *their shape to that of a pine-tree*, and *their stature to that of a cy-*

*press, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c.,*\* these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idiosyncrasy, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew* †, and that of *a warriour, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.* ..

These are not the only advantages, which

See *Noweiri*, cited by the very learned *Reiske*.

ف شبها الجبين بالصبح والشعور بالليلي  
والوجه بالشمس والقبر وشبها الخدود بالورد  
والتغاخ وشبها الشعور بالاقحوان والعيون  
بالنرجس والليم بالعقارب . &c

† See the *Arabick Miscellany*, entitled *Shecardán*, ch. 14.

قال ابن الرومي  
رأيت البنفسج في مروصه  
واحدائقه للند شاهرة \*  
يحاكى بها الزهر زرق العيون  
واجفانها بالبكا قاطره

the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of most other countries: they preserve to this day the manners and customs of their ancestors, who, by their own account, were settled in the province of *Yemen* above three thousand years ago; they have never been wholly subdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the First* made a descent on their coast, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a show of allegiance to the Sultan, and act, on every important occasion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the swiftness of their horses, and the vast extent of their forests, in which an invading enemy must soon perish: but here I must be understood to speak of those *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the coun-

try, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure, of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects; and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring: for we may apply to part of *Arabi*, that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer-island*,

The gentle spring, that but salutes us here,  
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the sun, which must be very intense in a climate so near the Line, is tempered by the shade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of fresh streams, that flow down the mountains. Hence it is, that almost all their notions of felicity are taken from *freshness* and *verdure*: it is a maxim among them that the three most charming objects in nature are, \* *a green meadow*; *a clear rivulet*, and *a beautiful woman*; and that the view of these objects at the same time affords the greatest delight imaginable. *Mahomed* was so well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he described the pleasures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains*, *green bowers*, and *black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally signifies in *Arabick*: and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his

\* See the life of *Tamerlane*, published by *Golius*, page 299.

إِلَّا وَالْخَضْرَةُ وَالْوَجْهُ الْجَسِنُ

*Alcoran*, he mentions a garden, called *Iram*, which is no less celebrated by the *Asiatick* poets than that of the *Hesperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once seen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deserts in search of a lost camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impostor, as a type of a future state of happiness. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat disposes the *Eastern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leisure to cultivate their talents, or whether the sun has a real influence on the imagination (as one would suppose that the Ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry); whatever be the cause, it has always been remarked, that the *Asiaticks* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the liveliness of their fancy, and the richness of their invention.

To carry this subject one step farther: as the *Arabians* are such admirers of beauty, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be susceptible of *that passion*, which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds,

and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence almost all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatic shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness; or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a description of the horse or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not sufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unless they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their ex-

pressions may be worthy of their sentiments; the *Arabians* have this advantage also in a high degree: their language is expressive, strong, sonorous, and the most copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almost every tribe had many words appropriated to itself, the poets, for the convenience of their measure, or sometimes for their singular beauty, made use of them all, and, as the poems became popular, these words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little streams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a most plentiful river, flow rapidly into the sea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the present case (and no single man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eastern* poetry from the poems 'themselves, because no single man has a privilege of judging for all the rest), if the foregoing argument have any weight, we must conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually conversant with the most beautiful 'objects, spending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the softer passions, and having the advantage of a language singularly adapted to poetry, must be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners* and *customs* be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly so, it will not be difficult to prove. :

The fondness of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the respect which they show to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occasions of rejoicing among them, were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical Academy, that used to assemble at stated times, in a place called *Ocadb*, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple, whence they were named *Modhabebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suspended*: the poems of this sort were called *Casseida's* or *eclogues*, \* seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that

\* These seven poems, clearly transcribed with explanatory

were written before the time of *Mahomed*. The fourth of them, composed by *Lebid*, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, because it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair *Novara* (a word, which in *Arabick* signifies *a timorous fawq*) but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag pursued by the hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will see by the following passage, which I shall attempt to imitate in verse, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly lost in a verbal translation:

*But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play  
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;*

notes, are among *Peacock's* manuscripts at Oxford, No. 164: the names of the seven poets are *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zobeir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Hareb*. In the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript, containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being suspended in the temple at Mecca: this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient *Arabick* literature.

*Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,  
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime ; .  
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,  
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade ;  
We sip'd till morning purpl'd ev'ry plain,  
The damsels slumber'd, but we sip'd again :  
The waking birds, that sung on ev'ry tree  
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we \*.*

The *Mahomedan* writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems, among the old *Arabians*, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting.

In Arabick,

بل انت لا تدرين نعم مبن ليلة  
طلقت لذيد لهوها وندامها  
قد بقى سامرها وغاية تاجر  
وأفيت ان رفعته وعمر مبداهما  
بصريح صافية وخذب كرينة  
بهواتر تاتا لي معًا إيهامها  
باكررت حاجتها الدجاج بسخرة  
لاعل منها حين هبت نيمانها

at *Oeadb*, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and gave some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of *Mahomed*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion : *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those, which He confers?*\* These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them ; till *Mahomed*, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his *Alcoran* (the second, I think), placed the opening of it by the side of *Lebid's* poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival ; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of *Anralkis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomed*: the *Asiaticks* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged some time after, that no heathen poet had ever pro-

\* In Arabick,

لَا كُلُّ شَيْءٍ مَا خَلَقَ اللَّهُ بَاطِلٌ  
وَكُلُّ نَعِيمٍ لَا مَحَالَهُ زَانِيلٌ

duced a nobler distich than that of *Lebid* just quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the most famous of them is called *Hamáfa*, and contains a number of epigrams, odes, and elegies, composed on various occasions: it was compiled by *Abu Teman*, who was an excellent poet himself, and used to say, that fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets and strings of pearls \*. When the religion and language of *Mahomed* were spread over the greater part of *Afia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a fashion for the poets of *Perſia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mauritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabicks*; and the most beautiful verses in that idiom, composed by the brightest genius's of those nations, are to be seen in a large miscellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of their works are transcribed separately: it will be needless to say much on the

In *Arabick*,

أَنِ الْقَوْافِي وَالْمُسَاعِي لَمْ تَنْزَلْ  
مُثْلِ النَّظَامِ إِذَا اصَابَ فَرِيَدًا  
هِيَ جَوْهَرُ نَشْرِ فَانِ الْفَتَنَهُ  
فَالشِّعْرُ صَارَ قَلْبِيَّاً وَعَقْوَدًا

poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, since most of the arguments, before used in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with respect to the other *Mahomedans*, who have done little more than imitate their style, and adopt their expressions; for which reason also I shall dwell the shorter time on the genius and manners of the *Perians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call PERSIA, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran*; since the word *Perſia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Perſis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but, in compliance with the custom of our geographers, I shall give the name of *Perſia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one side between the *Caspian* and *Indian* seas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candabar*, or *Paropamisus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from south to north, and rather more from east to west.

In so vast a tract of land there must needs be a great variety of climates: the southern provinces are no less unhealthy and sultry, than those of the north are rude and unpleasant; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and, from the beginning of May to September; there is scarce a cloud to be

seen in the sky: the remarkable calmness of the summer nights, and the wonderful splendour of the moon and stars in that country, often tempt the *Perians* to sleep on the tops of their houses, which are generally flat, where they cannot but observe the figures of the constellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in some measure account for the perpetual allusions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to censure the oriental style for being so full of metaphors taken from the sun and moon: this is ascribed by some to the bad taste of the *Afaticks*; the works of the *Perians*, says *M. de Voltaire*, are like the titles of their kings, in which the sun and moon are often introduced: but they do not reflect, that every nation has a set of images, and expressions, peculiar to itself, which arise from the difference of its climate, manners, and history. There seems to be another reason for the frequent allusions of the *Perians* to the sun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old-language and popular religion of their country: thus *Mibridād*, or *Mithridates*, signifies the gift of the sun, and answers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the Eastern monarchs, which seem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no less void of meaning than those of

*European* princes, in which *serenity* and *height* are often attributed to the most *gloomy* and *low-minded* of men.

The midland provinces of *Perſia* abound in fruits and flowers of almost every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Asia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any considerable river, since the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Aixaxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the farthest limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, supply that defect by artificial canals, which sufficiently temper the dryness of the soil; but in saying they *supply* that defect, I am falling into a common error, and representing the country, not as it *is* at present; but as it *was* a century ago; for a long series of civil wars and massacres have now destroyed the chief beauties of *Perſia*, by stripping it of its most industrious inhabitants.

The same difference of climate, that affects the air and soil of this extensive country, gives a variety also to the persons and temper of its natives: in some provinces they have dark complexions, and harsh features; in others they are exquisitely fair, and well made; in some others, nervous and robust: but the general character of the nation is that *softness*, and *love of pleasure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made

them an easy prey to all the western and northern swarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial spirit; and, if they are not naturally barbe, they are at least extremely docile, and might, with proper discipline, be made excellent soldiers: but the greater part of them, in the short intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, constantly sink into a state of inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable, yet studious retirement; and this may be one reason, why *Perſia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly poets, than all *Europe* together, since their way of life gives them leisure to pursue those arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greatest calmness and serenity of mind. There is a manuscript at *Oxford* \*, containing the lives of an hundred and thirty-five of the finest *Perſian* poets, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the versifiers, and moderate poets, if *Horace* will allow any such then to exist, are without number in *Perſia*.

This delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected their language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, in

\* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory discourse to this curious work, which comprises the lives of ten *Arabian* poets.

the world: it is not possible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a passage from a *Perſian* poet in *European* characters; since the sweetnes of sound cannot be determined by the sight, and many words, which are soft and musical, in the mouth of a *Perſian*, may appear harsh to our eyes, with a number of consonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be absurd to set down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafez*, which, if it be not sufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at least show the liveliness of his poetry.

*Ai bad nesimi yârdari,  
Zan nefbeï mušcbâr dari:  
Zinbar meçun diraz-desti!  
Ba turreï o che cár dari?  
Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeibaşh.  
O taza, wa to kbarbâr dari.  
Nerkes, to cujâ wâ cheşmi mestesh?  
O serkhosb, wa to khumâr dari.  
Ai seru, to ba kaddi bulendesh,  
Der bagb che iytebûr darî?  
Ai akl, to ba wujûdi ijbkeş?  
De dest che ikhtiyâr dari?  
Riban, to cujâ wa khatti sebzesh?  
O mušhc, wa to ghubâr dari.  
Ruzi bures bewaşli Hafiz,  
Gber takati yntizâr dari.*

That is, word for word, *O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour. Beware! do not steal: what hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns: O narcissus, what art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O wisdom, what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil, what art thou, to be compared with her fresh cheeks? They are perfect musk, but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day.* This little song is not unlike a sonnet ascribed to Shakespeare, which deserves to be cited here, as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine.

*The forward violet thus did I chide:*  
“ Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,  
“ If not from my love’s breath? The purple pride,  
“ Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
“ In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dyed.”

*The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And huds of marjoram had stol'n thy bair ;  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
 A tthird, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
 And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath ;  
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flow'r's I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But scent or colour it had stol'n from thee.*

Shakespeare's Poems, p. 207.

The *Persian* style is said to be ridiculously bombast, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in *Asia* as elsewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the *Persian* language, we shall find that those authors, who are generally esteemed in *Perſia*, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Boſtán*, or, *The Garden*, will be a sufficient proof. *I have heard that king Nushirvan, just before his death, spoke thus to his son Hormuz: Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless; and be not confined in the chains of*

*thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominion, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, It is enough. A wise man will not approve the shepherd, who sleeps, while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a king raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root.\**

Are these mean sentiments, delivered in .

شنیدم که در وقت نزع روان  
 به مرز چنین کفت نوشیروان  
 که خاطر نگهدار درویش باش  
 نه در بند اسایش خویش باش  
 نیا ساید اندر نیام تو کبس.  
 چو اسایش خویش مخواهی و پس  
 نیا ید بینزد یک دانا پسند .  
 شبان خفته و کربک در کو سفند  
 برو پاسن درویش محتاج دار  
 که شاه از رعیت بود تاجداد  
 رعیت چو پیخت و سلطان درخت  
 درخت ای پسر باشد از بین سخت

pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young king? Yet *Sadi's* poems are highly esteemed at *Constantinople*, and at *Ispahan*; though, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in *Europe*, for spreading with too strong a glare the light of liberty and reason:

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferdusi*, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise, to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnâma*, and contains the history of *Persia*, from the earliest times to the invasion of the *Arabs*, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an heroick poem of one great and interesting action, namely, *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* from the oppressions of *Afrasiab*, king of the *Transoxian Tartary*, who being assisted by the emperors of *India* and *China*, together with all the dæmons, giants, and enchanters of *Asia*, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the *Persians*. This poem is longer than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profu-

sion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer*: that great father of the *Grecian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of *Persia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness*; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry*.

As the *Perians* borrowed their poetical measures, and the forms of their poems, from the *Arabians*, so the *TURKS*, when they had car-

ried their arms into *Mesopotamia* and *Affyria*, took their numbers and their taste for poetry from the *Perians*;

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio.*

In the same manner as the *Greek* compositions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, so were those of *Perisia* imitated by the *Turks*, who considerably polished and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of simple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Perian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Montague* very justly observes, that *we want those compound words, which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language*; but her interpreter's led her into a mistake in explaining one of them, which she translates *stag-eyed*, and thinks *a very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride*; now it never entered into the mind of an *Asiatick* to compare his mistress's eyes to those of a stag, or to give an image of their *fire and indifference*; the *Turks* mean to express that *fullness*, and, at the same time, that *soft and languishing lustre*, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means resembles the *unpleasant wildness* in those of a stag. The

original epithet, I suppose, was \* *Abú cbeshm*, or, *with the eyes of a young fawn*: now I take the *Abú* to be the tame animal with the *Gazál* of the *Arabians*, and the *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which their poets allude in almost every page. I have seen one of these animals; it is a kind of antelope, exquisitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the same sort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate simile: *Thy two breasts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the hilles.*

A very polite scholar, who has lately translated sixteen Odes of *Hafiz*, with learned illustrations, blames the *Turkish* poets for copying the *Persians* too servilely: but, surely, they are not more blameable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the measures and expressions of the *Greeks*, but even translated, almost word for word, the brightest passages of *Alceus*, *Anacreon*, and others; he took less from *Pindar* than from the rest, because the wildness of his numbers, and the obscurity of his allusions, were by

This epithet seems to answer to the Greek ἐλακῶτης, which our grammarians properly interpret Λαε nigris oculis decora est et venusta: if it were permitted to make any innovations in a dead language, we might express the *Turkish* adjective by the word δορυώτης, which would, I dare say, have sounded agreeably to the Greeks themselves.

no means suitable to the genius of the *Latin* language : and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *Julius Antonius*, whc might have advised him to use more of *Pindar's* manner in celebrating the victories of *Augustus*. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the *Turkish* empire has produced a great number of poets; some of whom had no small merit in their way: the ingenious author just mentioned assured me, that the *Turkish* satires of *Rubi Bagdadi* were very forcible and striking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which seemed not unlike the manner of *Juvenal*. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at *Constantinople*, containing the finest verses of *five hundred and forty-nine Turkish poets*, which proves at least that they are singularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it.'

The descendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language and poetry of the *Persians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compose their verses in imitation of them. The best of their works, that have passed through my hands, are those of *Huzzein*, who lived some years ago at *Benares*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *English*, who resided there, by the name of *the Philosopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and

one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would suit our language admirably well, but it is too long to be inserted in this essay. The *Indians* are soft and voluptuous, but artful and insincere, at least to the *Europeans*, whom, to say the truth, they have had no great reason of late years to admire for the opposite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Persians*, and may, perhaps, before the close of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *English*.

I must request, that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of *Asia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables: and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the *Afiaticks*, which are reposed in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the *Eastern* nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be opened for specu-

lation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind; we should be furnished with a new set cf. images and similitudes; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate.

# ESSAY

ON

## THE ARTS,

COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

IT is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superior genius: one of these is the assertion of Aristotle, that *all poetry consists in imitation*, which has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and criticks, who have written upon the subject of *poetry, musick, and painting*, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely *imitative*: yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest

*poems, pieces of musick, and pictures,* upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from *imitation*. *M. le Batteux* has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be said of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *musick* had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both *poetical* and *musical*, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* seems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *musicians* both by nature and by art: as in some *Mahometan* nations; where *sculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing arts, *of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *musick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry* and *musick*; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous re-

marks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It seems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a strong and animated expression of the human passions, of *joy* and *sorrow*; *love* and *hate*, *admiration* and *anger*; sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the voice and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *measure*; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whose talent is chiefly conversant about *praise* or *censure*; and we may collect from several passages in *Tully*, that the fine speakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a sort of *rhythm* in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in *praising the Deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from

bursting into an extasy of joy, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This *kind of poetry* is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of *Bacchus*; so that the only species of poetical composition (if we except the Epick) which can in any sense be called *imitative*, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon personal *beauty*: hence arose the most agreeable *odes*, and love-songs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyrick poets, not filled, like our *jonnets* and *madrigals*, with the insipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but simple, tender, natural; and consisting of such unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

\* Teneri sdeggni, e placide e tranquille  
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinements of society, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the passion of love so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it\*.

The grief which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their *detestation* of it in the strongest manner, and to show their *resentment* against the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cold precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

\* See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and translated by *Boileau*.

Where there is vice, which is *detestable* in itself, there must be hate, since *the strongest antipathy in nature*, as Mr. Pope asserted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *subsists between the good and the bad*: now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, since the *Satire* of the Romans was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra*\*, intimating, that the poem, like *a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have several examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very measures and manner of *Archilochus*.

These are the principal sources of *poetry*; and of *music* also; as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is first necessary to say a few words on *the nature of sound*; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the *vibrations of chords*, or *the undulations of the air*, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between *a common sound*, and *a musical sound*, which consists chiefly in this, that the

\* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

former is simple and entire in itself like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole system of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have also their own harmonicks, which are dissonant from the principal note: these horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

— to paint the lily,  
And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some, vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced, in a common voice, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such

an expression of the passion will be *genuine poetry*; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense: but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a *musical voice* (that is, in sounds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*), if it were sung in due time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be *pure and original musick*; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an *imitation of nature*, but the *voicé of nature herself*. But there is another point in which *musick* must resemble *poetry*, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in *musick*. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have;

and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a *mode*, or a *tōne*, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, arising from the position of the *modal* note, and from some minute difference in the ratio's, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprizing effect in modulation, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

The *modes* of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, because of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of

poetry, and a particular instrument; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Pbrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Locrian*, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the *Pbrygian mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, which, if we believe *Aristoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, was probably confined to the pathetick and tragick style: that these modes had a relation to poetry, as well as to *musick*, appears from a fragment of *Lafus*, in which he says, *I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibaea, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity*; and *Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian song*. If the Greeks surpass'd us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor scale*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal note*, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of *grief* and *affliction*: the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the high-

est degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent *Pergoleſi* in his *Stabat Mater*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words;* and *true musick* to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear.* It is in this view only that we must consider the musick of the ancient Greeks, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence; whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the na-

tural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of musick into *celestial* and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellectual* and *oratorial*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between *musick of mere sounds*, and the *musick of the passions*, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are "in the right," if the first speaks only of that musick, which took its rise from the *multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body*, and the second, of that, which rose from the *accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions*: to decide, as *Rousseau* says, whether of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have described what it really was among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Persians*.

The lamentation of *David*, and his sacred odes, or psalms, the song of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is *really* joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyrick verses of *Alceus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moschus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet *Alceus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moschus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. Aristotle himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it:

“ *O virtue, who proposest many labours to the  
human race; and art still the alluring object of  
our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess,  
it was always an envied happiness in Greece  
even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the  
most afflicting evils: such are the immortal  
fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits,  
more precious than gold, more sweet than the  
love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Her-  
cules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda,  
sustained many labours, and by their illustrious  
actions sought thy favour; for love of thee,*

" Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of  
" Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the  
" prince of Atarnea also was, deprived of the  
" sun's light: therefore shall the muses, daughters  
" of memory, render him immortal for his glorious  
" deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality,  
" and the honours due to a lasting friendship."

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some *Eastern* fables, some *odes*, a *panegyrick*, and an *elegy*; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least *imitation* in either of them: *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real grief, and the *Persian* poet was too sincere a lover, to *imitate* the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an *imitation* than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise; since many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *history* told in a regular measure.

What has been said of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *musick*, which is *poetry*, dressed to advantage; and even to *painting*, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of considering them will set the refinements of modern artists in their

true light; for the *passions*, which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form; and no man, truly affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expressed the one in an *acrostick*, or the other in a *fugue*: these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly *imitative*, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some *passion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various representations of the *crucifixion* by the finest masters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *sacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Tizianthes* was affecting to the highest degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be said to *imitate*, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from *sympathy*.

It is asserted also that *descriptive* poetry, and *descriptive* musick, as they are called, are strict *imitations*; but, not to insist that mere *description* is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to

visible objects: and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous *fugues*, *counterfugues*, and *divisions*, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern musick: even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook*, or *the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally apprised before-hand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises, but, if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of *poetry*, *musick*, and *painting*, which relate to the passions, affect by *sympathy*, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of *substitution*, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses: Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar

to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the sentiment is varied: he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes; and he will place the *tenor* generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the *passions* only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while *description* can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all.

visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by imitating the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a 'gaudy' composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.

As the *passions* are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is

obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from *sympathy* or *substitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform standard of taste*; since the *passions*, and, consequently, *sympathy*, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, musick, and painting, are expressive of the *passions*, and operate on our minds by *sympathy*; that the inferior parts of them are *descriptive* of natural *objects*, and affect us chiefly by *substitution*; that the expressions of *love*, *pity*, *desire*, and the *tender* *passions*, as well as the *descriptions* of *objects* that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* *passions*, as well as *objects*, which are *unpleasing* to the

senses, are productive of the *sublime*, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

# THE MUSE RECALLED,

*A N O D E*

ON THE NUPTIALS OF

LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP

AND

MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES LORD LUCAN.

MARCH VI, MDCCCLXXI.



# THE MUSE RECALLED,

*AN ODE.*

**RETURN**, celestial Muse,,

By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,  
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread  
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues;

Return ! thy golden lyre,  
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,  
Which in Astraea's fane I fondly hung,  
Bold I reclaim : but ah, sweet maid, .  
Bereft of thy propitious aid  
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.  
In vain I call . . . What charm, what potent spell  
Shall kindle into life the long-unwaken'd shell ?

Haste ! the well-wrought \* basket bring,  
Which two sister Graces wove,  
When the third, whose praise I sing, .  
Blushing sought the bridal grove,  
Where the slow-descending sun  
Gilt the bow'rs of WIMBEDON.

\* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

In the vase mysterious fling  
Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,  
Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,  
Daughters fair of early spring,  
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,  
Or with Iris' mingled dyes :  
Then around the basket go,  
Tripping light with silent pace,  
While, with solemn voice and slow  
Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace  
On the silken texture bright,  
Character'd in beamy light,  
Names of more than mortal pow'r,  
Sweetest influence to diffuse ;  
Names, that from her shadiest bow'r  
Draw the soft reluctant muse.

First, I with living gems enchase  
The name of Her, whom for this festive day  
With zone and mantle elegantly gay  
The Craces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,  
MOLESWORTH . . . hark ! a swelling note  
Seems on Zephyr's wing to float,  
Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd ?  
Next Her, who braided many a flow'r  
To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,  
BINGHAM, with gentle heart and aspect mild :  
The charm prevails . . . I hear, I hear  
~~Spirits~~ nearer yet, and yet more near.

Still, ye nymphs and youths, advance,

Sprinkle still the balmy shower,

Mingle still the mazy dance.

Two names of unresisted pow'r,

Behold, in radiant characters I write:

O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,

For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,

DUNCANNON\*, heav'nly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE† invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?

Heard ye not a warbled strain?

Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,

Shall his ancient sound regain.

One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!

She comes . . . how swift th' impatient air

Drinks the rising accent sweet!

Soon the charm shall be complete

Return, and wake the silent string;

Return, sweet Muse, for AUSTHORP bids me sing.

'Tis she . . . and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre

Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,

Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,

Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car

O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam:

Thou saw'st the blooming pair,

Like thee serenely fair,

\* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John earl Spencer, and wife of the lord viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the earl of Besborough.

† Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth duke of Devonshire.

By love united and the nuptial vow,  
 Thou seest the mirthful train  
 Dance to th' unlabour'd strain,  
 Seest bound with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.  
 Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night,  
 And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of delight.  
  
 And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,  
 Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat  
 Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,  
 See them with ev'ry gift that Jove bestows,  
 With ev'ry joy replete,  
 Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.  
  
 Flow smoothly, circling hours,  
 And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;  
 Nor let your fleeting round  
 Their mortal transports bound,  
 But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow'rs,  
 Till time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no more.  
  
 Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose,  
 LAVINIA's \* pencil shall disclose  
 New forms of dignity and grace,  
 Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,  
 The curled smile, the bubbling tear,  
 The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,  
 To some poetick tale fresh beauty give,  
 And bid the starting tablet rise and live;

\* Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historick subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

Or with swift fingers shall she touch the strings,  
 And in the magick loom of harmony  
 Notes of such world'rous texture weave,  
 As lifts the soul on seraph wings,  
 Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,  
 Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd leave.

While thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,  
 Lov'd by the Muse and by the poet lov'd,  
 AUTHOR, shouldst emulate the fame  
 Of Roman patriots and th' Athenian name ;  
 Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,  
 With all thy \* mother's grace, and all thy father's sense,  
 Th' applauding senate ; whilst, above thy head,  
 Exulting Liberty should smile,  
 Then, bidding dragon-born Contention cease,  
 Should knit the dance with meekey'd Peace,  
 And by thy voice impell'd should spread  
 An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.  
 But ah ! thy publick virtues, youth, are vain  
 In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,  
 When Albion's sons with frantick rage,  
 In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,  
 Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,  
 Repudiate ; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold !  
 They, on starry pinions sailing  
 Through the crystal fields of air,  
 Mourn their efforts unavailing,  
 Lost persuasions, fruitless care :

Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly  
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantick deep  
A dome by viewless genii shall be rais'd,  
The walls of adamant compact and steep,  
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblazed :  
There on a lofty throne shall 'Virtue stand ;  
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel ;  
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,  
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel !

Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,  
And Arts, that flourish not with slaves,  
Dancing with ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse,  
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heav'ly beams diffuse.

She ceases ; and a strange delight  
Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear :  
What floods of glory drown my sight !  
What scenes I view ! What sounds I hear !  
This for my friend . . . but, gentle nymphs, no more  
Dare I with spells divine the Muse 'ecall :  
Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,  
Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.  
Ah, see how lifeless hangs the lyre,  
Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire !  
Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high  
Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

AN

O D E

IN Imitation of

A L C A E U S.

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ  
Τίχυν τεμέντων οἱ πόλεις μέσην,  
Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ ωτὸν αὐτὸν μάστιγας "ΑΝΔΡΕΣ  
Αὔτες; σώζειν εἰλότες,  
Ἐργασθα τείχη καὶ πόλεις.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-rais'd battlement or labour'd mound;

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;

Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,

Not starr'd and spangled courts,

Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No:—MEN, high-minded MEN,

With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their *duties* know,  
But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
    Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :  
  
These constitute a State,  
And sov'reign LAW, that state's collected will,  
    O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;  
    Smit by her sacred frown  
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,  
    And e'en th' all-dazzling *Crown*  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
    Such was this heāv'n-lov'd isle,  
Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Critan* shore !  
    No more shall Freedom smile ?  
Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more ?  
    Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,  
    'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Abercavenny,  
March 31, 1781.

## ODE

IN Imitation of

## CALLISTRATUS.

'Εν μάρτιον κακές τὸ ξέπλυτον φερόμενοι,  
 'Οστεορρήποις οὐδὲ θάρσος σημείων,  
 'Οτι τὸν τούτον οὐδὲν πλεῖστον  
 'Ισαίαρχος τοῦ Αθηναίου ιστορίων.

Quod si post Idas illas *Mætias* & *Tyrrannoctonis* quispiam *tale aliquod carmen* plebi tradidisset, inque *Sulurram* et fori circulos et in ora vu'gi intulisset, actum profecto fuissest de partibus deque dominatione *Cesarium*; plus mētere valuisset unum *Aquilonis* pīo; quād *Ciceroyis* *Philippicor* omnes.

LOWTH *De Sacra Poesi, Prael. I.*

VÉRDANT myrtle's branchy pride  
 Shall my biting falchion wreathè :  
 Soon shall grace each manly side  
 Tubes that speak and points that breathe.  
 Thus, *Harmodius*, shone thy blade !  
 Thus, *Aristogiton*, thine !  
 Whose, when BRITAIN sighs for aid,  
 Whose shall now delay to shine ?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,  
 Not, like recreant idlers, dead,  
     You with fleet *Pelides* rest,  
 And with godlike *Diomed*.  
  
 Verdant myrtle's branchy pride  
 Shall my thirsty blade intwine :  
     Such, *Harmodius*, deck'd thy side !  
 Such, *Aristogiton*, thine !  
     They the base *Hipparchus* slew  
 At the feast for *Pallas* crown'd :  
     Gods ! how swift their poniards flew !  
 How the monster ting'd the ground !  
  
 Then in *Athens* all was Peace,  
 Equal Laws and Liberty :  
     Nurse of Arts, and eye of *Greece* !  
 People valiant, firm, and free !  
  
 Not less glorious was thy deed,  
*Wentworth*, fix'd in Virtue's cause ;  
     Not less brilliant be thy meed,  
*Lenox*, friend to *Equal Laws* !  
  
 High in Freedom's temple rais'd,  
 See *Fitz Maurice* beaming stand,  
     For collected Virtues prais'd,  
 Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand !  
  
 Ne'er shall fate their eyelids close :  
 They, in blooming regions blest,  
     With *Harmodius* shall repose,  
 With *Aristogiton* rest.

Noblest Chiefs, a Hero's crown  
Let th' *Athenian* patriots claim :  
    You less fiercely won renown ;  
You assum'd a milder name.  
    They thro' blood for glory strove,  
You more blissful tidings bring ;  
    They to death a *Tyrant* drove,  
You to fame restor'd a KING.  
    Rise, BRITANNIA, dauntless rise !  
Cheer'd with triple Harmony,  
    *Monarch* good, and *Nobles* wise,  
People valiant, firm, and FREE !

May 14, 1762.

## LIBERTATEM

## CARMEN\*.

VIRTUS renascens quem jubet ad sonos  
 Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam ? .

Quis fortium cætūs in auras  
 Aetherias juvenum ciebit,

Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis  
 Flavâ in palæstrâ conspicuos comis :

Aut alma Libertas in undis  
 Egelidis ag'les vedebat,

Cæleste ridens ? Qui modulabitur  
 Excelsa plectro carmina Iresbio ;

Quæ dirus, Alcæo sonante,  
 Audiit et tremuit dynastes ?

Quis myrtleâ ensem fronde reconditum  
 Cantabit : Illum, civibus Harmodi

Dilectè servatis, tenebas :

Tuque fidelis Aristogiton.

\* It may be proper, though unnecessary, to inform the classical reader, that some stanzas of this Alcaic are little more than a liberal translation from Collins's Ode to Liberty.

Vix se refrænat fulmineus chalybs :  
 Mox igne divino emicat, exilit ;  
 Et cor reluctantis tyranni  
     Perforat icibus haud remissis :  
 O ter placentem Palladi victimam !  
 Nec tu minorem Roma dabas Jovi ;  
 Ex ore sum Brutus sonaret,  
     Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis,  
 Vox grata Divis,—grataque Tullio !  
 Ah ! lacrymarum nesciæbræ fluant,  
     Afficta Libertas, tuarum :  
     (O pudor ! O miseri Quirites !)  
 Vætri tacebo carnificis dolos,  
 Cui nomen Augusto impia plebs dedit ;  
     Fletura et infandas Neronum  
     Nequitas odiosiorum.  
 Nolo tyrannorum improbioribus  
 Sanctum inquinari norfinibus melos,  
     Quos turpis ætas in Latinæ  
     Dedecus exitiumque gentis  
 Produxit. • His te, Diva, furentibus,  
 Ad tempa cæli et sidereas domos  
     Vidit jugatis subvolantem  
     • Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.  
 At Roma, vasti molibus imperi  
 Sublata, centum nubila brachiis  
     Differt, colosseoque Olympi  
     Vertice verticibus minatur.

Sed, fervidi instar diluvii ruens,  
 Septem relictis turba trionibus  
     Formidolosorum gigantum  
         Hesperios populatur agros.  
 Qui plurimo conamine, plurimis  
 Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,  
     Vix diro amhelantesque frenden—  
         —tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.  
 Gens, te remotâ, nulla diu potest  
 Florere. Mox tu purpureas, Dea,  
     Sedes reliquisti piorum,  
         Ausa novas habitare terras.  
 Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens ..  
 Colles apricos, et nemora aureo  
     Splendore malorum coronans,  
         Te coluit,—coluitque Iuasas ;  
 Casura amatâ, (væ miseræ !) manu.  
 At tu petebas pratula mollium  
     Pisarum, olivetumque Lucæ,  
         Et scopulos tenuis Marini.  
 Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,  
 Dux gloriæ gemmifer Adriæ ;  
     Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,  
         Cæruleum Thetidos cibile.  
 Post exulem te, nobilis insula,  
 Tuttis recepit Corsica rupibus :  
     Quâ Marte non uno subactâ,  
         Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis.

Nunc te nivosas, Diva, libentius  
 •Quæro per Alpes; durus ubi gelu  
 •Helvetius frangit ligone, aut  
     Remigiis agitat Lemanum : ..  
 Quæro per urbēs, dona maris, novas,  
 Et fida sacris tecta ciconiis :  
 Quæro paludosos per agros;  
     Et validæ saliceta gentis ;  
 Quæ fulmen Alþani haud timuit ducis.  
 Hinc pulsa migras? quo, Dea, quo fugis?  
     Ah! grata dilectis Br̄tannis  
         Nympha, tuos video recessūs.  
 Olim, hæc reclusit musa vetustior :  
 Inter feracis littora Galliæ  
     Interque divisum Albionis  
         Nulla solum resonabat unda  
 At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,  
 Salis verendas ad Doroberniæ  
     Sedes adornati ambulabant  
         Glandiferæ Druidæ coronâ.  
 Tunc restuantes ad mare Suevicum  
 Fluctus ruebant tramite dissito,  
     Quo belluosis horret Orcas,  
         Montibus et glaciata Thule.  
 Sed mox resurgens océanus manum  
 Effert minacem; et, dum croceum æthera  
     Scindunt percussis procellæ  
         Fulguribus, validq; tridente

Divellit agros dissociabiles :  
 Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,  
     Silvisque, et arvis, et sonoris  
         Amnibus egregiè triumphans.  
 Gemmata multâ tum Thetis insulâ  
 Risit : sacratis Mona, parenſ mea,  
     Ornata quercetis refulſit ;  
         Et zephyro recreata Vectis.  
 Hæc facta nutu, Diva potens, tuo :  
 Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagæ  
     Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,  
         Nobile perfugium, eligebas ;  
 Remota Gallis :—Galli etenim truces,  
 (Psychen ut antêhac barbari amabilem,)  
     Te reppulerunt exulantem ;  
         Gens meritas, luitura pœnas !  
 Tunc, in recessu fertilis insulæ  
 Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis  
     Fanum smaragdis emicabat  
         Consitum et ætheriis pyropis.  
 Ventura jam tum fama Britanniæ,  
 Mirâ arte, miris picta coloribus,  
     Postesque et excelsum lacunar,  
         Et variam irradiabat aulam.  
 Depictus ensem protulit et stylum  
 Sidneius ; heros, quem neque judicis  
     Vultus, nec infamis tyranni  
         Terruit ira diu reposta.

Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra .  
 • Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis  
     Te, nuda Libertas, videnti  
         Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit ;  
 Nunc templo in ipso, (quâ radiat veter  
 Orâ, profani, dicere,) vatibus  
     Insertus heroumque turmæ  
         Verba canit recitanda Divis.  
 O nympha ! mæstam grata Britanniam  
 Ni tu revisas, percita civium  
     Non mite nepenthes levabit  
         Cordæ, salutiferumve moly.  
 Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,  
 Te thure templisque urget America :  
     Audis ; Atlanteumque pennis  
         Ire patras levibus per æquor.  
 Ah ! ne roseta et flumina deserfas  
 Dilecta nuper : nam piget,—heu piget  
     Martis nefasti fratricidæ,  
         Imperiique malè arrogati.  
 Iam, veris instar, prænitezas novo  
 Pacata vultu : Pax tibi sit comes ;  
     Quæ blanda, civilis duelli  
         Sopiat ignivoinos dracones.  
 Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus,  
 Nectat choream læta Britannia.  
     Neu mitis absit, jam solutis  
         Mercibus, haud violanda Iérne.

O ! quæ paratur copia fulminis,  
Centum reposti navibus, improbos  
Gallos et audaces Iberos,  
Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.

*Idibus Martii.*  
MDCCCLXXXV

# LETTRE.

A

MONSIEUR A\*\*\* DU P\*\*\*

DANS LAQUELLE EST COMPRIS

L'EXAMEN

*DE SA TRADUCTION DES LIVRES*

ATTRIBUÉS À

ZOROASTRE

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— Beatus Fannius ultrò  
Delatis capsis, et imagine. , Hor.

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# L'ETTRE

À

*MONSIEUR A\*\*\* DU P\*\*\*,*

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• **N**E soyez point surpris, Monsieur, de recevoir cette lettre d'un inconnu, qui aime les vrais talents, et qui fait apprécier les vôtres.

Souffrez qu'on vous félicite de vos heureuses découvertes. Vous avez souvent prodigé votre précieuse vie; vous avez franchi des mers orageuses, des montagnes remplies de tigres; vous avez flétri votre teint, que vous nous dites, avec autant d'élégance que de modestie, avoir été composé *de lis et de roses*; vous avez effuyé des maux encore plus cruels; et tout cela uniquement pour le bien de la littérature, et de ceux qui ont le rare bonheur de vous ressembler.

Vous avez appris deux langues anciennes, que l'Europe entière ignorait\*; vous avez rap-

\* Ce n'est point par affectation qu'on suit ici l'orthographe de M. de Voltaire. Ce grand écrivain qui a rendu tant de service à la langue, a certainement raison, lorsqu'il dit qu'on doit écrire comme

porté en France le fruit de vos travaux, les livres du célèbre Zoroastre ; vous avez charmé le public par votre agréable traduction de cet ouvrage ; et vous avez atteint le comble de votre ambition, ou plutôt l'objet de vos ardents désirs ; vous êtes Membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions.

Nous respectons, comme nous le devons, cette illustre et savante Académie : mais vous méritez, ce nous semble, un titre plus distingué.

Christophe Colomb ne découvrit qu'un nouveau monde, rempli de bêtes féroces, d'hommes plus féroces qu'elles, et de quelques mines de ce métal jaune, que vous avez prudemment négligé : mais pour vous, Monsieur, vous avez cherché une nouvelle religion, laissant aux hommes oisifs le soin de cultiver la leur. Les saints pères de votre chère patrie n'ont jamais affronté tant de périls, pour avancer le vrai culte, que vous en avez essayé pour découvrir le faux.

Plus grand voyageur que Cadmus, vous avez rapporté, comme lui, de nouveaux caractères, et de nouveaux dieux. Nous disons de *nouveaux dieux*, car vous n'avez pas oublié, Monsieur, celui que vous volâtes dans une pagode près de Keneri.

*on parle, pourvu qu'on ne choque pas trop l'usage, et qu'étant très-déout à St. François, il a voulu le distinguer des Français.*

A parler franchement, on doit vous faire pour le moins l'Archimage, ou grand prêtre des Guèbres, d'autant plus que, dans ce nouveau poste, vous auriez l'occasion de mettre un peu plus de *feu* dans vos écrits.

Voyageur, Savant, Antiquaire, Héros, *Libelliste*, quels titres ne méritez-vous pas? On se contente de vous offrir celui qu'Horace donnait à Fannius dans l'épigramme de cette lettre, que vous aviez lu, sans peut-être vous douter de la justesse de l'application. Comme lui vous vous applaudissez sans mesure; vous voilà *beatus*: vous avez déposé vos manuscrits à la bibliothèque royale; voilà *delatis capsis*; sans y être invité; voilà *ultra*: et pour rendre la comparaison plus juste, vous nous donnez souvent votre portrait (*imaginem*) duquel vous paraissiez fort épris. Mais Fannius était Poète, et par malheur il s'en faut de beaucoup, à la fiction près, que vous le soyiez.

Vous avez certainement de plus hautes pretentions; sacrifier au bien public les dons les plus brillans de la nature est toute autre chose que de cueillir quelques riers sur le Parnasse, et vous ne nous laissez point ignorer ces sacrifices. Dans votre premier volume, à la vingtième page\*, vous nous contez ce que vous

\* On ne citera plus les pages de ce livre, qui ne sera lu de personne.

souffrîtes pour “*l’impertinence d’un jeune homme bien fait, et d’une très-jolie figure, dont l’air dédaigneux avait indigné les passagers ; ils engagèrent, dites-vous, deux matelots à le plonger dans la mer, lorsqu’ils le portaient à terre en sortant de la chaloupe*” ; ce qui étoit très-social. “*On exécuta cette commission obligante ; mais, par une erreur dont vous fûtes la victime, et dont vous n’étiez pas trop fâché, on vous prit pour le beau damoiseau, et en vous étendit sur le sable, dans un endroit où il y avait quatre pieds d’eau. Vous fûtes le premier à rire de la méprise ;*” et avec grande raison, puisqu’elle devoit vous servir à constater les charmes que vous possédiez avant votre laborieux pélerinage.

“ Oh ! vous avez eu raison de nous faire part de cette anecdote : il importe très-fort, à ceux qui veulent s’instruire des lois de la Perse, de savoir, qu’au mois de Juin 1755 vous ressembliez à un petit-maître amoureux de soi-même.

Nous citerons un autre passage dans vos propres paroles aussi modestes qu’assez bien choisies. “*L’objet, dites-vous, qui m’amenaît dans l’Inde, parut en lui-même beau, mais peu important ; et, si l’on me fit la grâce de ne me pas regarder comme un joli imposteur, qui s’était servi de ce prétexte pour venir dans cette contrée tenter fortune, on crut d’un autre côté que le même*

*"coup de soleil, qui ferait disparaître les roses de mon teint, dissiperaient mes premières idées."*

On ignore, Monsieur, ce que l'on pouvait penser à Pondicheri, sur la beauté, ou sur l'importance de l'objet qui vous y amenait, mais on peut vous assurer, qu'en Europe on ne vous prend pas au moins pour un joli imposteur.

Permettez maintenant, Monsieur, qu'on vous dise sérieusement ce que des gens de lettres pensent de votre entreprise, de vos voyages, de vos trois gros volumes, et de votre savoir que vous vantez avec si peu de réserve. Dans le cours de cet examen, on ne pourra s'empêcher de faire quelques réflexions sur la manière dont vous en usez à la fin de votre discours préliminaire, avec ceux qui méfient votre respect et votre reconnaissance.

On doit aimer le vrai savoir: mais toutes choses ne valent pas la peine d'être sues. Il est inconcevable que dans un siècle, où tous les arts se perfectionnent, et toutes les sciences s'épurent, ce qu'on appelle la littérature en général, soit, par faute de choix, presque barbare. On fait la profondeur des mers, on fait les lois et la marche de la nature, on fait ce qui se passe dans toutes les parties du monde habitable; et on ignore combien de choses on ne doit pas savoir.

Socrate disait, en voyant l'étalage d'un bijou-

tier, " De combien de choses je n'ai pas besoin!" On peut de même s'écrier, en contemplant les ouvrages de nos érudits, Combien de connaissances il m'importe peu d'acquérir!

Si vous aviez fait cette dernière réflexion, vous n'auriez pas affronté la mort pour nous procurer des lumières inutiles.

La curiosité du public et des savans au sujet de Zoroastre cessa dès qu'on eut vu quelques lambcaux de ses prétendus ouvrages dans le Saddar, et dans d'autres livres, écrits en Persan par des Mages qui étaient assurément plus à portée de les faire connaître qu'un Européen *au teint de rose*.

On possédait déjà plusieurs traités attribués à Zerdusht ou Zeratusht, traduits en Persan moderne; de prétendues conférences de ce législateur avec Ormuzd. des prières, des dogmes, des lois religieuses. Quelques savans, qui ont lu ces traductions, nous ont assuré que les originaux étaient de la plus haute antiquité, parce qu'ils renfermaient beaucoup de platitudes, de bêtues, et de contradictions: mais nous avons conclu par les mêmes raisons, qu'ils étaient très-modernes, ou bien qu'ils n'étaient pas d'un homme d'esprit, et d'un philosophe, tel que Zoroastre est peint par nos historiens. Votre nouvelle traduction, Monsieur, nous confirme dans ce jugement: tout le collège des Guèbres aurait

beau nous l'assurer; nous ne croirons jamais que le charlatan le moins habile ait pu écrire les fâdaises dont vos deux derniers volumes sont remplis.

Mais supposons, pour un moment, que ce recueil de galimatias contienne réellement les lois et la religion des anciens Perses; était-ce la peine d'aller si loin pour nous en instruire? Croyez-nous; Monsieur, vous auriez mieux fait de nous en tenir à vos belles lois féodales, et à votre religion Romaine, qu'apparemment vous chérissez. Vous auriez pu être un grand Avocat, si vous parlez aussi bien que vous écrivez; ou un excellent scholastique, avec tant soit peu plus d'orgueil.

Nous dirons même, et nous le dirons hardiment, que, s'il était possible de recouvrer tous les livres de Lycurgue, de Zaleucus, de Charondas, et s'ils ne contenaient rien de nouveau et d'intéressant, leur antiquité ne les ferait pas valoir; ils ne serviraient qu'à satisfaire la ridicule curiosité de quelques fainéans, et n'influeraient nullement au bonheur des hommes; lequel doit, sans contredit, être le but de la véritable littérature.

Daignez-vous rappeler le passage suivant dans un des opuscules de M. de Voltaire; quoi qu'en général nous n'aimions pas les citations, nous faisons gloire d'adopter les pensées de cet illustré.

écrivain, l'honneur de la France : *Enfin*, dit-il, dans ce recueil de cent portes ou préceptes tirés du livre de Zende, et où l'on rapporte même les propres paroles de l'ancien Zoroastre, quels devoirs moraux sont-ils prescrits ? Celui d'aimer, de secourir son père et sa mère, de faire l'aumône aux pauvres, de ne jamais manquer à sa parole, de s'abstenir quand on est dans le doute si l'action qu'on va faire est juste ou non. Malheur au pays qui se trouve obligé de faire chercher ces préceptes dans la Zone brûlante ! et d'ailleurs trouve-t-on rien d'aussi sensé dans vos trois *in quarto* ?

Si ces raisonnemens, Monsieur, ne portent pas absolument à faux, il en résulte que votre objet n'était ni beau ni important ; que l'Europe éclairée n'avait nul besoin de votre Zende Vasta ; que vous l'avez traduit à pure perte ; et que vous avez prodigué inutilement pendant dix-huit ans un temps qui devait vous être précieux.

Mais direz-vous, “ j'ai voulu apprendre deux langues anciennes, qu'aucun Européen n'a sues avant moi.” Quelle pétite gloire que de savoir ce que personne ne sait, et n'a que faire de savoir ! on ne veut pas cependant vous priver de cette gloire : personne ne vous la disputera. On veut même croire que vous avez dans la tête plus de mots Zendes, c'est-à-dire, plus de mots durs, traînans, barbares, que tous les six-

vans de l'Europe. Ne savez-vous pas que les langues n'ont aucune valeur intrinsèque? et qu'un érudit pourrait savoir par cœur tous les dictionnaires qui ont jamais été compilés, et pourrait bien n'être à la fin du compte que le plus ignorant des mortels?

D'ailleurs, êtes-vous bien sûr que vous possédez les anciennes langues de la Perse? Ignorez-vous qu'une langue ne faurait être comprise dans un seul ouvrage? Que tel homme qui lirait assez couramment les livres de Moïse en Hébreu, avec le secours d'un Juif, ne comprendrait rien dans le Cantique des Cantiques sans ce secours; et quand il le comprendrait, il n'en ferait pas plus avancé pour l'intelligence des fables de Sandabar, écrites dans le même dialecte? On ne possède une langue que lorsqu'on a lu un nombre infini de livres écrits dans cet idiome. C'est pourquoi on n'aurait jamais su l'Hébreu sans la langue Arabe, où presque toutes ses racines se sont conservées. Par la même raison on ne saura jamais, ne vous en déplaise, les anciens dialectes de la Perse, tandis qu'ils n'existent que dans les prétendus livres de Zoroastre, qui d'ailleurs sont remplis de répétitions inutiles.

“ Mais,” direz-vous, “ me soupçonne-t-on d'avoir voulu tromper le public?” Non, Monsieur, on ne dit pas cela. Vous vous êtes trompé vous-même. Il était possible d'appren-

dre les caractères Zendes sans sortir de l'Europe ; il était facile de traduire en Français ce que le révérend Docteur Darab vous dicta en Persan moderne, en le comprenant, peut-être, très-peu lui-même : mais vous copiez ce ridicule Phébus ; vous apprenez quelques centaines de beaux mots Zendiques ; et à votre retour en France vous donnez comme le premier qui ait su la langue de Darius Hystaipes, et le seul qui se soit avisé d'écrire *sur la Perse, et sur l'Inde*.

On passera légèrement sur vos voyages, on croit que vous avez assez appuyé vous-même sur ce sujet. On observera seulement, en passant, qu'ils ne ressemblent pas à ceux d'un homme de lettres ; et on se hâte d'examiner la manière dont "vous les décrivez, qui n'est pas celle dont M. Chardin et M. Bernier ont écrit avant vous *sur la Perse, et sur l'Inde*.

Vous paraîtiez sentir vous-même le mérite de votre *discours préliminaire*. " C'est un hors-  
" d'œuvre, dites-vous, que je puis avoir tort de  
" risquer." Eh ! pourquoi donc en importuner le public ? Un auteur a beau s'excuser *sur les* défauts d'un ouvrage qu'il aurait dû corriger ou jeter au feu : mais pour vous, Monsieur, si vous avez manqué à vous faire cette justice, on doit vous pardonner ; vous avez, peut-être, craint de profaner l'élément sacré dont vous vous déclarez l'Apôtre. On louerait même votre piété,

si votre rhapsodie était d'une longueur raisonnable ; mais est-elle une réparation suffisante pour ceux qui ont entrepris la tâche de lire plus de cinq cents pages de détails puérils, de descriptions dégoûtantes, de mots barbares, et de satires aussi injustes que grossières ?

Vous direz, sans doute, que vous n'avez employé que dix-huit ans à nous compiler ce fatras, qui nous fait bâiller, et nous indigne à chaque page. Souffrez qu'à ce propos on vous répète un bon mot du Comte de Rochester, que M. Dryden rapporte dans son *parallelle entre la poësie et la peinture* : un poète, parlant à ce Seigneur de sa tragédie, dit qu'il n'avait mis que trois semaines à la composer ; Comment diable, répondit-il, y avez-vous mis si long-temps ?

Vous vous souvenez, peut-être, du proverbe cité par M. de Voltaire dans sa lettre au chapelain du roi de Suède, *Toutes vérités ne sont pas bonnes à dire*. Permettez qu'on y ajoute cette maximé : Celui qui prétend amuser ou instruire le public, doit le respecter trop pour l'importuner de toutes ses petitesse, et ne doit lui présenter que des choses épurées et triées parmi toutes ses connaissances.

Il semble, à la vérité, que cette maxime n'est pas généralement adoptée ; car dès qu'un écolier a ramassé quelques lieux communs pitayables, il lâche aussitôt les écluses de son grand

savoir sur le public, qui s'en trouve à présent inondé: et à la honte du siècle ces *maiseries* trouvent quelquefois des *lecteurs*. Violà le bien qu'a produit le bel art de l'imprimerie! Tout ceci ne vous regarde pas. Il importe beaucoup à la littérature de savoir combien de fois vous avez pris l'ipékékuñha, et des apozèmes; combien de fois vous avez eu la fièvre, la colique, les dartres: il est de la plus grande conséquence de voir la liste de tous les villages Indiens où vous avez passé et d'avoir le détail de toutes vos querelles.

Un lecteur en île sera sans doute charmé de savoir que dans la pagode d'Ioura “ à gauche et “ continuant par la droite, on aperçoit Maha Deo, “ et au dessous d'e此 Dieu, Raona et neuf de ses “ têtes autour du Lingam, que le deuxième bas-“ relief présente I ba Deo, Parbati, et au-dessous “ les Brabmes de Raona; le troisième Maha Dèo, “ Parbati, Pendi (ou Pando) et au-dessous, un “ bœuf; le quatrième, les mêmes figures; le cin-“ quième, un Brahme; le sixième, Maha Deo, et “ Parbati; le septième, Bangura; le huitième, “ Maha Deo, et Parbati; le neuvième, les mêmes “ figures avec un bœuf; le dixième, la même chose; “ le onzième, Rajah Bal; le douzième, Maha “ Deo, Parbati, et un voleur; le treizième, Ram “ et sa femme Gangam; le quatorzième, Schid-“ dadji et sa femme; le quinzième, Djakodji et sa

" femme ; le seizième, *Maha Deo, Parbati*, et un  
 " bœuf ; le dix-septième, *Seadji* ; le dix-huitième,  
 " *Narchiotar* dans *Kambour* ; le dix-neuvième,  
 " *Toulladji* ; le vingtième, *Mankoudji* ; le vingt-  
 " unième *Satvadji* ; le vingt-deuxième, *Latchi-  
 mana* ; le vingt-troisième, *Dondi* ; le vingt-  
 " quatrième, *Mallari*, le vingt-cinquième, *Bonbi* ;  
 " le vingt-sixième, *Tchemenandji* ; le vingt-sep-  
 " tième, *Makoundji* ; le vingt-huitième, *Moradji* ;  
 " le vingt-neuvième, *Nembadji*, à quatre bras ; le  
 " trentième, *Dondi*, et sa femme à quatre bras ; le  
 " trente-unième *Schamdji*, voleur, qui a quatre  
 " bras, et à gauche sa femme ; le trente-deuxième,  
 " *Anandji*, *Bibi* (femme) ; le trente-troisième,  
 " *Goupala* ; le trente-quatrième, *Manoukou* à  
 " quatre bras, attaché à un pilier ; le trente-cin-  
 " quième, *Anandji*, avec un visage de tigre, dévo-  
 " rant *Kepaldji*, et auquel on tire les entrailles du  
 " ventre ; le trente-sixième, *Ramsedj* couché ; le  
 " trente-septième, *Gurigoorden*, à quatre bras ; le  
 " trente-huitième, *Basék Rajah* à six bras ; le  
 " trente-neuvième, *Kresnedji* (ou *Keeschutnedji*) à  
 " quatre bras, couché sur *Garour* ; le quarant-  
 " ième, *Vischnou* qui avale une femme ; le qua-  
 " rante-unième, *Tchendoupala* à quatre bras,  
 " marchant sur *Matchelé* ; le quarante-deuxième,  
 " *Goindrás* à quatre bras, appuyé sur une espèce  
 " de trône ; le quarante-troisième, *Anapourna*,  
 " *Bibi*."

Voilà à peu près le langage de votre agréable discours préliminaire. Ce ne sont là, diriez-vous, que des fables Indiennes; mais sied il à un homme né dans ce siècle de s'infatuer des fables Indiennes? Ce n'est point ainsi que le Chevalier Chardin écrivit le voyage de Perse, ni M. Bernier celui de Cachemir: ils écrivirent tous deux avec autant de pureté que de goût. Un voyageur doit profiter de ces illustres exemples; la beauté de son *teint*, et cet *air de douceur*, dont vous parlez, ne lui serviront de rien, s'il ne met pas un peu de grâces dans ses écrits.

Quelquefois, à la vérité, il vous prend envie de plaisanter. On vous fit chanter le Crédio en faux-bourdon, et vous insinuez, qu'étant Français, vous étiez pris pour musicien. Tranquillisez-vous, Monsieur; on ne fait pas au juste ce qu'en pensent les prêtres Indiens, mais on vous assure que, si vous revenez en Angleterre, on ne vous fera pas chanter. Les Anglais connaissent trop bien la mélodie de votre nation musicale.

Jusqu'ici, Monsieur, nous n'avons d'autre plainte envers vous, que celle de nous avoir endormis; ce qui n'est pas certainement un crime en soi-même: quant à ceux qui craignent ces vapeurs soporifiques, il leur est facile on de ne pas lire un livre qui les donne, ou de l'oublier; le remède est aussi naturel que la précaution est bonne.

On ne dira rien ici de votre style dur, bas, inélegant, souvent ampoulé, rarement conforme au sujet, et jamais agréable. Il est permis, peut-être, à un voyageur d'écrire un peu à la Persane; mais après le siècle de Bosuet et de Fénelon, et dans celui de M. de Voltaire et de M. d'Allembert, un Français doit au moins écrire avec pureté dans sa langue naturelle; et sûrement un membre de l'Académie des Belles-lettres doit avoir honte qu'un étranger lui reproche les défauts de son style. On voit bien que vous n'êtes pas de l'Academie Française.

Nous aurons plus à dire sur la fin de votre discours. Vous recourûtes, Monsieur, aux Anglais; ils vous protégèrent contre votre nation; vous revîntes en Europe dans un de leurs vaisseaux; vous abordâtes en Angleterre dans un temps de guerre; les hommes les plus distingués du royaume s'empressèrent de vous rendre service; vous allâtes à Oxford; où vous y reçut avec la même politesse: d'où vient donc que vous regardâtes d'un œil si malin une nation que l'Europe entière respecte, et qu'elle respectera? Quelle punition votre Zoroastre donne-t-il pour les ingrats? Combien d'*urine de bœuf* font-ils obligés d'avaler? On vous conseille, Monsieur, de prendre une dose de cette sainte et purifiante liqueur.

Pour épargner le lecteur, on ne releva point

l'indignité avec laquelle vous parlez d'un respectable Astronome qui vous fit l'honneur de vous visiter à St. Hélène. Votre basse et dégoûtante plaisanterie à son sujet est-elle d'un ton à s'allier avec celui du traducteur du Pa-zend? Vous ajoutez: "voilà les Français." C'est insulter, Monsieur, à votre illustre nation que de leur imputer des mœurs, qui ne seraient pas dignes des sauvages du Cap de Bonne Espérance. Nous connaissons des Français de distinction, avec lesquels vous n'êtes pas, ce nous semble, très lié, qui seraient indignés d'un pareil procédé à l'égard du plus vil de leurs vassaux.

Non, Monsieur, vous ne nous persuaderez jamais que c'est votre climat que vous donne la petiteesse d'esprit, et la basseesse du cœur. Ni par votre belle exclamation sur vos compatriotes, ni par vos invectives contre les nôtres, vous ne parviendrez au but de la satire, qui est d'être, cruel, et de porter coup. La société des Français bien nés, bien élevés sera sûre et agréable quoiquela, vôtre soit insipide et dangereuse; et nos gens de mérite necesseraient pas d'être estimables, quand même tous les fots présomptueux de la terre compteraient les verres de vin qu'ils boivent.

En effet, comment traiter un soi-disant littérateur que s'efforce de tourner en ridicule des

personnes, dont il n'a reçu que des marques de bienveillance ? Quel titre faut-il donner à celui qui reçoit des rafraîchissements chez des vivans illustres, ne fût-ce que du théâtre et qui les calomnie sans provocation, dès qu'il les a quittés, qui viole les lois de l'hospitalité, lois si religieusement observées parmi les Orientaux, qui déhonore, nous ne disons pas le titre de savant, mais celui d'homme ?

Nous avons, Monsieur, l'honneur de connaître le Docteur Hün, et nous faisons gloire de le respecter. Il est incapable de tromper qui que ce soit. *Il ne vous a jamais dit*, il n'a pu vous dire, qu'il entendait les langues anciennes de la Perse. Il est persuadé, aussi bien que nous, que personne ne les fait; et ne les saura jamais, à moins qu'on ne recouvre toutes les histoires, les poèmes, et les ouvrages de religion, que le Calife Omar, et ses généraux cherchèrent à détruire avec tant d'acharnement; ce qui rend inutile la peine de courir le monde aux dépens de l'éclat d'un *visage fleuri*. Il ne regrette pas à la vérité son ignorance de ces langues; il en est assez dédommagé par sa rare connaissance du Persan moderne, la langue des Sadi, des Cachefi, des Nezami, dans les livres desquels on ne trouve ni le Barfoni, ni le Lingam, ni des observations ridicules, ni des idées fantastiques,

mais beaucoup de réflexions piquantes contre l'ingratitude et la fausseté.

Vous n'avez qu'à vous hâver de la politesse de cet homme estimable, ainsi que de celle du célèbre Antiquaire, auquel vous vous êtes adressé, et avec lequel vous en uzez si poliment. Ses recherches sur l'histoire, et sur l'antiquité ont reçu une approbation générale. Vous sied-il après cela de prodiguer vos prétendues saillies Françaises au sujet de sa figure ? Mais on peut tout attendre d'un *teint de roses* : il est pour le moins aussi dangereux que le petit nez retroussé dans le conte de M. Marmontel. Le nombre des hommes que l'on plonge dans la mer à cause de leur beauté n'est pas bien considérable en Europe ; comment pouvez-vous, Monsieur, supporter toutes les chétives physionomies qui vous entourent ?

Vous faites l'éloge de M. Stanley : c'est le moins que vous lui deviez ; il vous a rendu des services plus essentiels que ne le font vos louanges. Vous en parlez comme d'un homme de goût, et vous avez raison. Ne perdrait-il pas dans votre opinion, comme sûrement vous perdriez dans la sienne, s'il avait lu votre traduction ? Nous souhaitons pour l'amour de lui qu'il ne la lise jamais.

On ne prendra pas la peine de relever toutes

les estieurs dont votre récit fourmille ; mais on se croit obligé de vous reprendre sur quelquesunes, auxquelles ceux qui n'ont pas encore lu votre Zende Vasta pourraient ajouter foi trop légèrement.

En Angleterre, dites-vous, le titre de Docteur, donné à tous les savans, en fait un corps à part, qui a tout le pédantisme de l'école. La plupart résident à Oxford et à Cambridge, villes, dont l'air, à un mille à la ronde, semble imprégné de Grec, de Latin, et d'Hébreu.

Pouvez-vous croire sérieusement, Monsieur, qu'on ne saurait être savant en Angleterre sans être docteur, et que ce titre est donné à tous les hommes de lettres ? comme si l'on prenait des degrés en littérature ; comme si un ministre, un officier, un membre du parlement, un juris-consulte, qui doit tout savoir, étaient obligés de rester dans l'ignorance à moins qu'ils ne portent le bonnet ! Pouvez-vous ignorer que les nobles, les hommes d'état, les généraux, les interprètes des lois de cette nation, se glorifient d'avoir été élevés dans l'une ou l'autre de ces Universités ? qu'on y étudie les sciences, les beaux arts, les lois civiles et municipales, qui valent pour le moins celles des Guébres ? et si l'on n'a pas honte d'y lire les beaux ouvrages des anciens, c'est avec un esprit bien différent de celui dont

vous avez lu les prétendues lois d'un préteur législateur.

Est-il permis, après avoir publié trois volumes d'inepties, d'appliquer le beau nom de pédans à ceux qui se sont donné tant de peine à simplifier, à épurer la littérature ?

Est-il permis à un homme, dont le seul mérite, selon son propre aveu, est de savoir par cœur quelques milliers de mots Zendiques et Pehlevaniques, de parler avec mépris des langues Grecque et Romaine, que les Despreaux, les Racines, les Bossuets se glorifiaient de savoir, et dont ils tiraient le fond de leurs immortels ouvrages ?

Cet homme extraordinaire, qui a continué pendant soixante années à cultiver les lettres, et à les enrichir, ne fait pas scrupule de dire dans sa lettre écrite, il y a quatre ans, à M. d'Olivet, que *le Grec et le Latin sont à toutes les autres langues du monde ce que le jeu d'échecs est au jeu de dames, et ce qu'une belle danse l'est à une démarche ordinaire*. Michel Cervantes, aussi grand écrivain qu'homme d'esprit, en dit à peu près la même chose, et les appelle *les reines des langues*. Ce n'est pas à cause de leur beauté, de leur mélodie, de leur énergie, que ces auteurs ont loué les anciens idiomés de Grèce et d'Italie; c'est qu'ils étaient ceux de l'Indare, et d'Horace, de

Sappho, et de Catulle, de Démosthène, et de Cicéron. On sent bien, pour toutes ces raisons, que ces langues ne sont pas les vôtres. Mais souvenez-vous de cet axiome : décrier ce qu'on ignore, et parce qu'on l'ignore, c'est le partage des fots.

Daignez aussi vous retouver à la littérature des Anglais, que, si les mots *collège* et *écolier*, sont équivoques dans votre langue, ils présentent un sens très-different dans la leur de celui que vous leur donnez. Dans ce sens leurs Universités ne sont pas composées de *collèges* et d'*écoliers*, comme vous le dites ; mais la noblesse Anglaise, après avoir appris les langues et les éléments des sciences aux *collèges*, passent à l'*Université* trois ou quatre de leurs plus beaux ans pour approfondir ce qu'ils ont déjà effleuré, avant que de visiter les pays étrangers, ou de briller dans la cour plénière de la nation.

Sachez, Monsieur, que l'*Université* que vous décrivez, et dont vous n'avez pas la moindre idée, jouit d'un privilége que n'ont pas vos Académies. C'est celui qui distingue l'homme libre, de l'homme qui ne l'est pas ; celui de faire ses propres lois dans la grande assemblée du royaume. Elle choisit ses représentans parmi ceux qui ont le plus de talent et de vertu. Elle

n'est pas, comme on fait, le seul corps politique de l'Angleterre qui jouisse de ce beau privilége; mais elle fait plus: elle n'est abuse point. La moindre recommandation de la part du ministère; la moindre cabale de la part du candidat suffirait pour le faire rejeter. A-t-il des talents, de la vertu? Il peut espérer d'atteindre à cette haute dignité. N'en a-t-il point? Il ne l'atteindra jamais. Tandis que l'Université d'Oxford préservera ce droit précieux, elle sera la plus respectable Académie qui ait jamais existée.

On se hâte de finir l'examen de votre premier volume.

Vous triomphez, Monsieur, de ce que le Docteur Hyde ne savait pas les langues anciennes de la Perse; et vous ne dites rien de nouveau. Tous les étudiants de la littérature Orientale savaient déjà que les misérables poèmes appelés *Saddar* et *Ardiviraf Nama* étaient écrits en langue Persane moderne, et seulement en caractères anciens. Un jeune homme, qui s'est amusé pendant quelque temps de ces bagatelles, et qui s'occupe à présent à étudier des lois, qui ne sont pas celles de Zoroastre, nous avait expliqué plusieurs années avant la publication de votre livre, ce couplet, dont le sens est

*Ils étendirent de beaux tapis tissus de perles,  
Ils répandirent de tous côtés des parfums et des  
odeurs\*.*

Il nous a dit que les mots *befát tapis*, *bekbár* parfum, et *atar* odeur, étaient Arabes, et que par conséquent ces vers avaient été faits après le milieu du septième siècle. Ce même homme nous a fait remarquer que dans la première édition de l'ouvrage de Hyde, p. 102, on a répété le mot *afkendend*, ils étendirent, deux fois, que là méprise ne consistait qu'en dans une seule lettre, et que l'on doit mettre dans le second vers *afshandend*, ils répandirent ; de manière que le distique s'écrive,

*Befati naghzi goberbaft afkendend  
Bekhor u atar ez her sou afshandend †.  
car en lisant parakendend il y a une syllabe de*

\* En Persan moderne.

بساط نغز گهریافت افکندند  
بخار و خطر از هر سو افسانند

† En caractères anciens.

س و م . ب و ر . د ب د . ب د ب د . ب د ب د .  
د ب د . ب د ب د . ب د ب د . ب د ب د . ب د ب د .

trop dans le vers, à moins qu'on ne lise *bæsteh* au lieu de *baft* dans le premier membre du couplet, ce qui paraît plus grammatical ; et alors le distique se scanera,

*Bëſati nāgh | zī gōbērlāf | tēb āfkēndēnd |  
Bëkkōr u at | ar c̄z bēr sōt | pärākēndēnd |*

Mais il est inutile de vous parler de vers ; ils ne sont pas de votre compétence.

Vous reprenez le Docteur Hyde de ce qu'il ignorait que les cinq *gahs* signifiaissent les cinq parties du jour ; de ce qu'il dit *tou* au lieu de *ton* ; et de ce qu'il ne savait pas qu'*Aherman*, le nom de votre diable Persan, était une abréviation du mot mélodieux *Engbri meniosch* ; car vous savez qu'en changeant *Engbri* en *Aher* et *meniosch* en *man* on fait *Aherman*. De la même manière on peut faire le mot *diable* en changeant *Engbri* en *di*, et *meniosch* en *abl*.

Vous nous apprenez mille autres choses également curieuses et intéressantes, lesquelles valaient bien la peine d'être cherchées entre les Tropiques.

On ne fera point ici l'apologie du Docteur Hyde. C'est le sort de ceux qui se sont appliqués à étudier les lois des Guèbres, d'avoir beaucoup de vaine érudition, très-peu de jugement, et point de goût. Mais souvenez-vous que cet

homme aimable et industrieux ne vivait pas dans le dix-huitième siècle, ou n'en vit que le commencement, et qu'il n'avait ni les secours, que vous avez eus sans en profiter, ni les exemples que vous avez connus sans les suivre. Vous citez de temps en temps la *Bibliothéque Orientale*; ce livre aussi profond qu'agréable aurait pu vous servir de modèle. Mais vous étiez résolu d'être un *original*.

De plus, savez-vous que le Docteur Hyde composa une élégie Persane sur la mort du roi Guillaume III.? Ce petit poème de treize distiques est imprimé en caractères anciens, dont il avait fait fondre des types. Vous n'aurez garde, Monsieur, de nous montrer vos élégies.

Revenons-en aux Guébrés. Vous avez rapporté de l'Inde des manuscrits orientaux que l'Europe possédait déjà: mais vous n'avez pas cherché ceux dont elle avait besoin. Vous n'avez point rapporté l'original du *Calila va Demna*, très charmant, écrit en Indien, et traduit dans toutes les langues connues sous le nom de *Fables de Pilpai*; ni la traduction de même ouvrage en Pehlevi, faite dans le sixième siècle par l'ordre du roi Nouchirvan. Nous avons une traduction Arabo faite à la lettre sur cette dernière, avec le secours de laquelle (si l'on avait les deux autres manuscrits) on pourrait apprendre quelque partie des langues Sanscrite,

et Pehlevanique, si quelqu'un était assezoisif pour entreprendre cette tâche.

Vous n'êtes pas trop exact, même dans les titres de vos manuscrits ; 1. Celui nommé *Tobfat el Irakein*, ou *Le Don des deux Iraques*, n'est pas, comme vous l'annoncez, l'histoix de deux rois Irakiens, mais une description poëtique des rivières, montagnes, prairies, &c. dans les deux provinces nommées Iraques, c'est-à-dire l'ancienne Babylonie, et la Parthie : 2. Le poète Hafez n'était point le cousin germain, ni même le contemporain de Sadi, attendu qu'il mourut dans l'an de notre ère 1394, et que Sadi était né en 1175, et par malheur pour votre calcul, avait vecu seulement six-vingts ans : 3. *Les Coutes du Rerroquet* étaient composés par un natif de Nakhshéb, ville de la Transoxane, qui par conséquent est surnommé *Nakhshébi*, et non *Nakhshi*, comme vous lappelez.

Voilà réellement des minuties ; mais à l'exemple du traducteur du *Zende Vaffü*, on se réserve le droit d'être quelquefois ennuyeux.

Passez à votre second volume, dans lequel vous annoncez la vie d'un grand législateur, et vous débutez par des contes, que le sage dervis, auteur des *Mille et un Jour*, aurait rougi d'insérer parmi les siens. . Ciel ! que de remplissages ! On voit d'abord des notices affommant de vos manuscrits, dont vous avez déjà parlé mille fois ;

puis cent pages de sommaires de tout l'ouvrage, que personne ne lit, et dont nous ne osions feillons la lecture à personne.

La seule chose curieuse qu'on trouve dans vos notices, y est à votre insçu, et par hazard. Vous abrégiez à votre façon un conte Persan, dans lequel un magicien puissant menace de tuer un philosophe s'il ne répond pas à toutes ses questions. Il lui demande ce que c'est que le ~~bed~~ \* sexe desire le plus : l'autre répond que c'est la tendresse d'un amant. Le magicien appelle sa femme pour décider de la vérité de cette réponse : elle veut sauver la vie au philosophe, et lui révèle le secret du magicien en lui avouant que le souverein bonheur de son sexe consiste à être obéi, et à exercer le pouvoir. Or, comme on voit d'abord que cette idée orientale a fourni le sujet d'un agréable conte à notre Chaucer, on peut supposer qu'il l'avait prise des Provençaux dans un temps, où les livres Asiatiques commençaient à être connus en Europe.

Vous étalez le mérite de vos recueils Persans, qu'il vous plaît d'appeler *Ratqaât*, mot Arabé, et par conséquent très-moderne en Perse, qui signifie traditions. Ces recueils ne sont pas rares. M. Fraser en avait rapporté un de l'Inde, qui est plus étendu que le vôtre, quoique vous affectiez d'en parler avec mépris. Cet Ecossais, Monsieur, qui savait le Persan moderne pour

le moins aussi bien que vous, annonce son manuscrit dans sa liste imprimée, comme un recueil de toutes les traditions authentiques touchant les lois de Zoroastre. *Lucius ait.; Fannius negat: utri creditis, Quirites?*

On n'aura garde de mentionner ici toutes vos bêvues : mais on en relèvera quelques-unes, peu importantes, à la vérité, mais telles qu'un savant aurait dû éviter. Le Docteur Darab aurait pu vous dire, Monsieur, que *Zoboré* n'est pas le nom de Jupiter, ni *Moschteri* celui de Venus. Vous avez transposé les noms de ces deux planètes : *Zohora*, qui signifie *lumineuse* en Arabe, est celle que nous nommons Venus, à laquelle les poëtes orientaux donnent un des attributs de l'*Apollon* des Grecs, *Velui de porter une harpe, et de la pincer délicieusement.* Venus est donc selon eux la déesse de la musique ; et dans ce sens les Français ne sont pas nés sous cette planète.

Vous confondez les mots *Iran*, et *Arran*, qui n'ont pas la même orthographe en Persan \*. Vous parlez de *l'Iran proprement dit*. Sachez qu'il n'y a point *d'Arran improprement dit*. Le pays d'*Arran* faisait partie de l'ancienne Médie ; les géographes Asiatiques le joignent souvent avec *l'Azarbigian*. *L'Iran*, ou *l'Airan*, écrit avec un A et un I, est le nom général de l'empire

\* Irán ایران Arrán ارلن

des Persans, opposé à celui des Tartares, ou le Tôuran.

Nous observons que dans vos citations des prétendus livres Zendes, vous faites usage du m<sup>t</sup> *Din* pour signifier la loi et la religion. Or ce mot est purement Arabe, et par conséquent ne pouvait pas se trouver dans un livre Zende. Nous soupçonnons que vos Guèbres ressemblent à ces Bohèmes vagabonds, qui prétendent savoir la langue ancienne de l'Egypte, en tirant une horoscope pour deux sous.

On peut ajouter que la plus grande partie de votre vie de Zoroastre est tirée ou des livres Persans, que nous avons déjà; ou de la traduction de quelques livres Grecs, que nous serions bien aise de n'avoir jamais eus; et que ce législateur, si votre narré est vrai, était le plus détestable de tous les hommes.

Nous venons, Monsieur, à votre fameuse traduction sur laquelle vous fondez toute votre gloire.

Le premier ouvrage que vous nous offrez n'est qu'une liturgie ennuyeuse, avec le détail de quelques cérémonies absurdes. Voici le style de ce livre unintelligible. " Je prie le " Zour, et je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le Barfom, " et je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le Zour, et je lui " fais iefcht. Je prie le Zour avec le Barfom et " je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le Barfom avec le

"Zour, et je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le Zour sur  
 "le Barfom, et je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le Bar-  
 "fom sur ce Zour, et je lui fais iefcht. Je prie le  
 "Zour sur ce Barfom, et je lui fais iefcht, &c.  
 " &c.". Il est bon d'avertir ici que le Zour  
 n'est que de l'eau, et que le Barfom n'est qu'un  
 faisceau de branches d'arbres. Zoroastre ne  
 pouvait pas écrire des sottises pareilles. C'est,  
 sans doute, la rapsodie de quelque Guèbre  
 moderne:

• Ce qui nous confirme dans cette idée, c'est  
 que vous mettez à la marge les mots *pargard awel* pour signifier *premiere section*. Or ce mot  
*awel* est Arabe, et Zoroastre ne savait pas la lan-  
 gue Arabe. Vous citez souvent les mots de  
 cette langue, pour de l'ancien Zende; comme  
*nekâb*, mariage, *tavhid*, déclaration de l'unité de  
 Dieu, et *tûvidb*, un préservatif, qui ne sont que  
 de simples gérondifs Arabes. Dans votre tra-  
 duction des *Fschts Sadés*, manuscrit Zende,  
 vous avez l'effronterie de faire mention de *Nous-  
 chirvan Adrl*, qui régnait à la fin du sixième  
 siècle, et dont le titre d'*Adel* ou *Le Juſte* lui fut  
 donné par Mahomet.. Voilà votre ancienne  
 langue de Perse.

On fera grâce au lecteur du reste de votre  
 traduction, qui ne dit rien ni au coeuf ni à l'es-  
 prit. Tout votre *Zende Vasta* n'est qu'un tiflu  
 d'exclamations puériles, si nous en exceptions le.

*Vendidad*, ou *Pazend*, qui seul a quelque air d'authenticité : encore n'est-ce, selon vous, que la vingtième partie de l'ancien livre de Zoroastre. Nous demandons, Où sont les autres parties ?

Il faut vous demander encore pourquoi les Persans eux-mêmes disent unanimement que Zoroastre publia trois ouvrages, le *Zende*, ou le *livre de vie*, le *I'azeñd*, ou là confirmation de ce *livre*, et le *Vastâ*, ou *Avesta*, qui en était la glo[se] ? \* Les Persans étaient, sans doute, à portée de savoir la vérité de ce qu'ils avançaient. Il faut ajouter foi à leur témoignage.

Nous dirons en passant que vous n'êtes pas le premier qui nous ait enseigné que les livres de Zoroastré étaient écrits dans un ancien dialecte de la Perse, différent du Pehlavanique. M. d'Herbelot le dit dans l'article *Usta* de sa *Bibliothèque Orientale*, livré, qui fait beaucoup d'honneur à votre nation, et que vous citez très-souvent sans en faire votre profit.

Les vingt-deux chapitres de votre *Pazend*, quoique, peut-être, plus anciens que le reste de l'ouvrage, sont de si peu au-dessus de l'*Izeschné*, et *Vispered*, que ce n'était certainement pas la peine de les publier. Ils ne contiennent rien qui réponde au caractère de philosophe et de le-

\* En Persan, پازند، و لستا زند

gificateur. Nous en citerons seulement la description du chien ; et si, après cette absurde rapsodie, la plus intelligible et la plus importante partie du livre, le lecteur veut le lire en entier, il a du courage. Voici donc Zoroastre, qui parle par son *bel interprète*.

*Le chien a huit qualités : il est comme l'Athoriné (le prêtre), il est comme le militaire, il est comme le laboureur principe de biens, il est comme l'oiseau, il est comme le volcure, il est comme la bête féroce, il est comme la femme de mauvaise vie, il est comme la jeune personne.* N'est-ce pas là un beau groupe ! mais il nous faut des détails : oh ! nous en aurons de vraiment sublimes. Ecouteons.

*Comme l'Athoriné, le chien mange ce qu'il trouve; comme l'Athoriné il est bienfaisant et heureux; comme l'Athoriné, il se contente de tout; comme l'Athoriné, il éloigne ceux qui s'approchent de lui : il est comme l'Athoriné.* Voilà ce qui s'appelle une précision géométrique dans les formes. Il y a seulement quelque petit manque de sens commun dans la démonstration ; mais cela est bien racheté par la manière fine et élégante dont Zoroastre satirise les prêtres : et ces paroles, *il mange ce qu'il trouve,* sont fort énergiques. Au reste on voit que le ton poli a été long-temps avant nous de donner le titre de *chien très-libéralement*.

*Le cbien marche en avant comme le militaire ; il frappe les troupeaux purs en les conduisant*

*comme le militaire ; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux comme le militaire : il est comme le militaire.* Il y a bien des guerriers qui ne trouveraient pas la comparaison flatteuse. Monsieur le traducteur, en connaissez-vous, qui s'en accommoderaient ?

*Le chien est actif, vigilant, pendant le temps du sommeil, comme le laboureur principe de biens ; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens ; il rôde derrière, devant les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens : il est comme le laboureur. Devant, derrière, derrière, devant——Répétition gracieuse et emphatique !*

*Comme l'oiseau le chien est gai ; il s'approche de l'homme comme l'oiseau ; il se nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre comme l'oiseau : il est comme l'oiseau.*

De la même manière on peut prouver que le chien ressemble à tous les animaux de l'histoire naturelle de M. Buffon. Le singe se nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre, le chat de même, l'écureuil de même, et tous les animaux de même. Ergo, le chien ressemble à tous les animaux. Ah, la belle chose que la logique Persane ! Si celui qui nous la rend si éloquemment voulait la tenir école, et en imprégner l'air à la ronde, quel ton léger ne serait pas substitué à la pédanterie Latine et Grecque ?

*Le chien agit dans l'obscurité comme le voleur ; il est exposé à ne rien manger comme le voleur ; souvent il reçoit quelque chose de mauvais comme le voleur ; il est comme le voleur. Le pauvre chien commence à perdre dans les parallèles ! mais malgré la bonne intention de Zoroastre en sa faveur, y avait-il beaucoup gagné ?*

*Le chien aime à agir dans les ténèbres comme la bête féroce ; sa force est pendant la nuit, comme la bête féroce : quelquefois il n'a rien à manger comme la bête féroce ; souvent il reçoit quelque chose de mauvais comme la bête féroce ; il est comme la bête féroce. Tournures à chaque instant nouvelles et agréables ! Ne riez pas, lecteur : respectez l'antiquité ; admirez tout dans Zoroastre.*

*Le chien est content comme la femme de mauvaise vie ; il se tient dans les chemins écartés comme la femme de mauvaise vie ; il se nourrit de ce qu'il peut trouver comme la femme de mauvaise vie : il est comme la femme de mauvaise vie. Le philosophe voulait prouver qu'il connaissait parfaitement tous les états ! Qu'importe que ce fut aux dépens du chien et de la raison ? mais patience ! Voici sa dernière comparaison pour le moins aussi juste que toutes les autres.*

*Le chien dort beaucoup comme la jeune personne ; il est brûlant et en action comme la jeune personne ; il a la langue longue comme la jeune personne ;*

*il court en avant comme la jeune personne. Tels sont les deux chefs que je fais marcher dans les tiraux, savoir, le chien Pesschoroun et le chien Yescborcun, &c.*

Ormuzd, -grand Ormuzd, principe de tous biens parmi les Guèbres, si tu as dicté cette chienne de description à Zoroastre, je ne te fais pas ieschbt ; tu n'es qu'un sot Génie ; peut-être, au teint de lis et de roses, mais sûrement sans cervelle !

Vous voyez, Monsieur, que le mal se gagne ; nous donnons à notre tour dans les exclamations : aimeriez-vous mieux ce dilemme ? Ou Zoroastre n'avait pas le sens commun, ou il n'écrivit pas le livre que vous lui attribuez : s'il n'avait pas le sens commun, il fallait le laisser dans la foule, et dans l'obscuité ; s'il n'écrivit pas ce livre, il était impudent de le publier sous son nom. Ainsi, où vous avez insulté le goût du public en lui présentant des sottises, ou vous l'avez trompé en lui débitant des faussetés ; et de chaque côté vous méritez son mépris.

Nous croirons plutôt les Guèbres eux-mêmes, lorsqu'ils nous assureront que les livres de leur législateur furent brûlés par Alexandre. Nous savons d'ailleurs que les Rois de la famille Sasanienne rassemblèrent tous les anciens livres qu'ils pouvaient trouver, et que les généraux d'Qmar les firent presque tous détruire, selon les ordres

que ce Calife avait reçus de Mahomet. Les Mahométans, tolérans pour toutes les autres religions, sont intolérans pour les idolâtres, et les adorateurs du feu ; et si quelques familles de ces malheureux trouvèrent le moyen de se retirer dans l'Inde, ils ne purent conserver que quelques traditions imparfaites au sujet de leurs anciennes lois.

Tels sont les livres que vous allâtes chercher à Surate. Ils sont assez barbares en eux-mêmes, et ils n'ont pas gagné dans votre barbare traduction. Tout votre livre est si bigarré de mots étrangers qu'il est nécessaire de savoir un peu le Persan pour comprendre votre Français. Votre ouvrage a l'air d'un grimoire, mais on y voit bien que vous n'êtes pas sorcier.

On ne dira rien des obscénités qui sont prodigues dans quelques passages de vos prétendues lois, lesquelles vous rendez plus dégoûtantes, s'il est possible, par vos notes. On aurait cru que le précepte *vitanda est rerum et verborum obscenitas* regardait sur-tout les ouvrages de morale, et de religion. Mais vous faites dire au bon principe des Québres des saletés, qu'un sage-femme rougirait de répéter parmi ses comères. Vous ne savez, dites-vous, comment les exprimer honnêtement. Eh ! pourquoi les exprimer du tout ? C'était pour faire voir combien vous possédiez votre Perian,

Quant aux vocabulaires que vous avez traduits, il faut avouer que le révérend Docteur Darab a dû savoir les langues sacrées de sa nation : mais lorsque nous voyons ses mots Arabes corrompus *Dunia* et *Akhré* les deux mondes, *Malke* un roi, *Zéman* le temps, *Gann* animal de bétail, *Damme* sang, *Sanat* année, *Ab* père, *Am* mère, *Awela* d'abord, *Shemfia* le soleil, *La* non, et quelques autres, donnés pour des mots Zendes et Behlevis, ainsi que *Baki* le reste, *Tamám* accompli, &c. pour du Parfi, nous disons hardiment que ce charlatan vous a trompé, et que vous avez tâché de tromper vos lecteurs.

Nous croyons ici entrevoir la vérité. Vous n'avez appris qu'un peu de Persan moderne, et encore moins de l'ancien ; et vous avez traduit ces malheureux livres Zendes, avgo le secours de ce Guèbre, qui ne les entendait probablement lui-même que très-imparfaitement. Vous avez fait en cela comme un homme que nous connaissons, qui traduisait les poëmes Arabes les plus difficiles sous les yeux d'un naïf d'Alep, tandis qu'il ne pouvait pas lire le premier chapitre de l'Alcoran sans se secourir ; et vous êtes semblable à un enfant qui flotte sur des vessies enflées, et se persuade qu'il nage à merveille.

— Mais souvenez-vous qu'un écolier qui apprend le Latin ne s'avise pas de faire imprimer sa no-

menclature? Souvenez-vous aussi qu'un vocabulaire n'est pas plus une langue, qu'une pierre est un château. Il n'y a rien de si facile que d'étaler une vaine érudition. Nous connaissons des auteurs qui citent l'original des livres Chinois sans poavoit lire trois caractères de cette langue. M. Fourmont, qui compila une grammaire de la langue Chinoise à l'aide d'un natif de Peking, n'était pas capable, peut-être, de traduire les Chi-king ou trois cents Odes, dont une, qui est très-belle, est citée par Confucius. Il serait à souhaiter que M. de Guignes voulût employer ses loisirs à traduire ces anciens poëmes, qui sont à la Bibliothéque du Roi de France, au lieu de s'occuper à publier les traductions du P. Gaubil, qui d'ailleurs sont très-curieuses, et très-authentiques.

Le reste de votre ouvrage contient quelques traités assommans, un *précis raisonné* où l'on ne trouve ni précision ni raison, avec une table très-étendue des matières, que peu de personnes s'aviseront de consulter.

Nous avons exposé la quintessence de vos trois énormes volumes; desquels un homme de goût, qui aurait possédé sa langue, aurait pu faire un *in-douze* assez amusant.

Il résulte, Monsieur, de tout ceci, ou que vous n'avez pas les connaissances que vous vous van-

tez d<sup>e</sup>voir, ou que ces connaissances sont vaines, frivoles, et indignes d'occuper l'esprit d'un homme de quarante ans.

Vous insinuez que vous avez quelque dessein de retourner à l'Inde pour y traduire les livres sacrés des Brahmanes. Oh ! pour l'amour de vous-même, et pour celui du public, ne songez plus à ce projet. Votre description des *Linganistes* ne nous donne pas une idée trop avantageuse des philosophes Indiens. D'ailleurs n'est-ce pas assez d'avoir traduit le Zende *Vasta* ?

Croyez-nous, Monsieur, employez mieux votre temps : cessez de médire, et de calomnier des hommes qui vous ont rendu service : cessez de vous infatuer des extravagances d'une misérable secte d'enthousiastes : mettez dans la bibliothèque de votre roi tout ce qu'il vous plaira ; mais ne présentez au public que l'extrait le plus pur de vos écrits. Souvenez-vous surtout de ce couplet du poète Sadi,

اَشْوَّهُ مَالِ شَبَرْ مَانْشَنْ فَرَوْفَدْ  
اَشْرِ يَكْدَنْ لَعْرَ او اَتَنْ بَسْنُوزْ دَنْ

*Quand même le Guâtre aurait entretenu son feu pendant cent années, dès qu'il y tombe, il s'y brûle.*

Vous nous pardonnerez de n'avoir pas lu les mémoires que vous avez insérés dans le *Journal*

*des Savans*, et ailleurs. En vérité nous n'en avons pas eu le courage.

Au reste, Monsieur, ne croyez pas que celui qui vous écrit cette lettre, ait l'intention de vous nuire en la publiant. Il s'est cru obligé de répondre à vos satires, comme on chasse un frelon qu'on voit bourdonnant autour d'un ami, sans pourtant aimer ni haïr le pauvre insecte, qui est hors d'état d'être réellement nuisible à personne.

Il est, cependant, fâché de savoir que *vous n'êtes pas plus opulent*. Le fameux Antiquaire, au sujet duquel vous vous servez de ces mêmes mots, n'a pas tant de raison que vous, Monsieur, de se consoler des rigueurs de la fortune : il n'est riche ni en manuscrits Zendiques, ni en mots barbares, ni en orgueil.

Mais comme vous avez votre vanité, qu'on vous passe sans peine, souffrez, Monsieur, que l'inconnu qui veut bien accorder l'honneur d'une critique à votre livre, ait aussi la sienne, et ne mette dans le frontispice de cette brochure que les lettres initiales de votre nom. Il ignore ce que le public en pensera, et s'il ne condamnera pas cet examen au moins comme inutile. Mais quoi qu'il en soit, il n'a pas jugé à propos de chercher un abri pour la soudre sous vos lauriers.

Pour la même raison, permettez qu'il vous cache son nom ; d'autant plus qu'il n'aspire pas former une correspondance avec vous ; et que,

L'ETTRE A MONSIEUR A\*\*\* DU P\*\*\*. 443

si vous répondez à sa lettre, il est résolu de ne point faire de réplique. Tout ce que vous en saurez est ceci : il n'est, grâce au ciel et à la nature, ni Guèbre ni Français, quoiqu'il respecte la mémoire du véritable Zoroastre, et qu'il connaisse bien des Français dignes d'estime. Il n'est d'aucun pays, quand il s'agit des sciences et des arts, qui ne font d'aucun pays. Mais quand il est question de la gloire de sa patrie, il est prêt ou à la défendre ou à la venger. Enfin, Monsieur, vous devez lui faire bon gré de vous avoir écrit dans une langue qui n'e[st] pas naturelle, uniquement parce que vous la savez un peu.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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